February 7, 1962

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.
Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 1/-

★ Love can help you to diet

★ New clothes from old

★ Why men are quick-tempered

★

Picture Album: Elizabeth II

TEN YEARS A OU

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824397

June Dally-Watkins, Australia's best known fashion and beauty consultant, and head of the June Dally-Watkins Organisation, talks about **Kleenex** *and* **beauty:**

"Often my models have to remove different kinds of make-up seven or eight times a day for as many as seven days a week! When this happens any girl's complexion is threatened. That's why I always advise the use of soft, kind Kleenex tissues. They are the only way of removing cosmetics safely and gently. And at the same time Kleenex removes make-up with complete thoroughness — and with ease."

Every beauty kit needs

KLEENEX* TISSUES

—the softest, gentlest tissues made!

Even kiss-proof lipstick, eye shadow and heavy evening make-up are quickly wiped off by Kleenex. Just cream your face, reach for a tissue, wipe gently and every single trace is absorbed. Kleenex tissues are so kind to your skin and so easy to dispose of! Keep a box on your dressing table, in the bathroom, and at work. *Only Kleenex tissues dispense one at a time!*

Beauty-care hints with your Kleenex tissues!

To stop eye shadow creasing, *blot with a Kleenex tissue; pop on another coat . . . blot again. If your skin is greasy use a stick type shadow.*

Hair sprays *are wonderful but not all over your face. So hold a Kleenex tissue against your forehead, then spray! Take away and you have a neat clean hair-line.*

For smooth lipstick, *apply one coat, blot with a Kleenex tissue, and powder your lips gently. Now add another coat. This you can leave, or blot again for a matt finish.*

Always Kleenex for colds. *So soft, so soothing to tender noses . . . and so much more hygienic. Saves hankie washes, prevents family infection!*

aqua, white 3/9 · 2/- · 1/6

FAM[illegible] Trade Mark—Kimberly-Clark Corp.

There is no [illegible]

And remember, always buy SUPER WET STRENGTH Kleenex* tissues for the heaviest colds, for cleaning car windscreens . . . and for so many household uses!

KK633R

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088W, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 139P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 268A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

FEBRUARY 7, 1962 Vol. 29, No. [illegible]

CONTENTS

Special Features

Queen Elizabeth—10 Years a Queen . . . . . 3 to [illegible]
Let Love Help You To Diet . . . . . 12, [illegible]
In Pace With Fashion . . . . . 20, [illegible]
New Clothes From Discards—special section . 37 to [illegible]

Fiction

The Girl on the Beach, *Arthur Gordon* . . . . . [illegible]
The Secret Sign, *Hero Kanis* . . . . . [illegible]
The New School Boy, *G. M. Hart* . . . . . [illegible]
Death Slept Here (serial, part 2), *Gwen Dalton Hooker* . . . . . [illegible]
Hero of the 8.15, *Charles Stamp* . . . . . [illegible]

Home and Family

Cookery—Salad Garnishes . . . . . 33, [illegible]
Mildew—How To Cope With It . . . . . [illegible]
At Home *with Margaret Sydney* . . . . . [illegible]
Prize Recipes . . . . . [illegible]
Men Lose Their Temper More Often Than Women . [illegible]
Mother's Story . . . . . [illegible]
Collectors' Corner . . . . . [illegible]
Home Hints, Transfers . . . . . [illegible]
Home Plans . . . . . [illegible]
Garden Seats To Make . . . . . [illegible]

Regular Features

Social . . . . . 10, [illegible]
It Seems To Me, *Dorothy Drain* . . . . . [illegible]
Worth Reporting . . . . . [illegible]
Letter Box . . . . . [illegible]
Your Bookshelf . . . . . [illegible]
Stars . . . . . [illegible]
Mandrake, Crossword . . . . . [illegible]
Television Parade, Films . . . . . [illegible]

Fashion

Fashion Frocks . . . . . [illegible]
Fashion Patterns . . . . . [illegible]

Our cover

● Gwyneth Bach, seven-year-old Welsh corgi, raised as a pet by her owner, Miss Patricia Clements, of Vaucluse, N.S.W. The picture is by Sydney photographer Douglass Baglin.

NEXT WEEK . . .

● *Dramatic new suspense serial*

Beginning "Hours To Kill," a serial of chilling suspense, by master mystery-writer Ursula Curtiss.

"Hours To Kill" is the story of a death-trap; of a girl who knows there is to be a killer and victim, but cannot identify them in time to prevent murder. Don't miss the first instalment.

● *Beauties are made, not born*

Your daughter can be a beauty when she grows up — if you start to train her from the time she uses her first toothbrush.

An expert tells how to teach a child the essentials of good health, to care for her teeth, hair, and skin, to have good posture and self-confidence, and the art of simple make-up so that she grows into a pretty, poised 17-year-old.

● *Flavor in a nutshell*

Almonds with prawns, walnuts with tripe or coffee-cream dessert—taste the difference nuts can make to dishes sweet or savory. Try recipes like Golden Pecan Pie, Sweetbread Boats.

● *Hooded suits*

For autumn, 1962, Paris has designed the suit with a hood. See the new hooded suit from Maison Dior and Laroche.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824398

10 YEARS A QUEEN

● This week the Queen completes the tenth year of her reign. Against the background of a happy home life, she has faced exhausting tours, heavy State duties, and many worries. She has been criticised and praised. One of the nicest compliments came from Mamie Eisenhower, who, welcoming the Queen in New York, said simply: "My, you look pretty!"

1952

LEFT: News of George VI's death came to Princess Elizabeth in Kenya's big-game country.

ABOVE: For the first time as Queen, she takes the salute at the Trooping the Color parade.

TYPICAL of her queenly dignity is this picture, taken in connection with the 1956 Order of the Garter ceremony. She wears the habit of the 600-year-old Order. Background is Windsor Castle.

1953

ROYAL FAMILY photographed after the solemn, splendid spectacle of the Coronation in Westminster Abbey. The grey June day contrasted with the purples, blues, and scarlets of robes and uniforms, and magnificent jewels.

1954

SYDNEY'S royal welcome to the Queen and Prince Philip on February 3, 1954, when, for the first time, the Queen set foot in Australia. The harbor was a picture with gaily decorated craft, and the day was fine and sunny.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824399

10 YEARS A QUEEN

1955

Continued from page 3

FAMILY HOLIDAY at Balmoral—the Queen shows Princess Anne how to fix the bridle on the pony Greensleeves. The big question whether to send Prince Charles to school was being mulled over in this year, though he didn't go till later. Another family worry was resolved in October, when Princess Margaret formally renounced Group-Captain Townsend. Annigoni painted the Queen's portrait.

1956

LAGOS four-year-old Olu Jigowu had strict instructions to bow to the touring Queen after presenting her bouquet. But he bowed to the Press instead—so they took this picture. In this year Mr. Khrushchev came to tea at Windsor Castle. State duties were heavy. Princess Margaret first met the then Antony Armstrong-Jones—it was at a wedding.

1957

CHRISTMAS SPEECH was televised for the first time. This was a tough year. In January came rumors (proved false) of a rift with Philip. The marriage of his secretary, Australian Michael Parker, failed. Margaret's every escort made big news.

1959

THE SPACE AGE was well under way, with talk of man-trips to the moon. A ground-to-air guided missile is in the background as the Queen visits a British electric firm. Prince Charles got chicken-pox. The Queen was ill touring Canada and had to slow up for a time. In Chicago welcoming crowds shouted, "Queenie! Queenie!" The Queen saw doctors while on tour and doctors again as soon as she got back home to London.

1960

PRINCE ANDREW was born on February 18. Within a few days Princess Margaret announced her engagement and soon London was busy with preparation for the May wedding. The Queen, who looked peaky at the wedding and far from well at the Trooping the Color, took things fairly quietly, receiving lots of mail from the honeymooners.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824400

1958

YEAR OF GLAMOR: Never had the Queen been lovelier. Her famous boiler suit, at left, worn to inspect a Scots colliery, made headlines, and so did the fact that she changed into it and zipped it up herself. At right is pictured the gown she wore to dinner as guest of Mr. Richard Nixon, then Vice-President of the U.S. This year the Queen created Charles Prince of Wales. He watched his mother's announcement on TV in his headmaster's sitting-room at school.

● It's not all smooth going for the Queen. For instance, her personal maid, Bobo MacDonald, fell ill just before the Queen had to look her best in Paris, and Charles (the apple of her eye) got measles while she was in India. To tell all her behind-the-scenes worries would take books.

1961

NEW, lively guest at the Palace was America's First Lady, Jackie Kennedy. In India the Queen received a greater welcome even than that given to Mr. Khrushchev (a thing the tour planners had hoped for). There was criticism over tiger-shooting and she circled Mt. Everest in an aircraft. She lunched with spaceman Yuri Gagarin. She visited Princess Margaret within hours of the birth of the Princess' son, Viscount Linley. The Duke of Kent got married.

1962

As we go to press, the Queen is still on holiday at Sandringham, where she spent Christmas. She hasn't yet been photographed in 1962. London expects her back early in February, when she has her first public engagement. This year has been planned as a "fairly quiet" one for the Queen, but with so much happening in a restless world, and Royalty so busy always, who can tell?

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824401

who said "MORE CHOCOLATE RIPPLE CAKE"

Everyone who tastes rich, chocolatey, wholesome Brockhoff CHOCOLATE RIPPLE CAKE asks for more. No need to tell them how simple it is to make. Just pass them the plate, try not to look as proud as you feel — and thank goodness you clipped out the recipe.

CHOCOLATE RIPPLE CAKE

INGREDIENTS: ½ lb. Brockhoff Chocolate Ripple Biscuits, 1 teaspoon castor sugar, ½ pint cream, vanilla essence, chopped nuts.

METHOD: Add sugar and a drop of vanilla essence to the cream and whip until very stiff. Join biscuits alternately with generous spreads of cream. Cover thickly and entirely with cream. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts or Chocolate Ripple crumbs. If desired decorate with crystallised cherries. Allow cake to stand at least 6 hours to set. It will be greatly improved if placed in the refrigerator. Cut on an angle to ensure alternate layers of cake and cream in each slice.

baked oven-crisp by **BROCKHOFF**

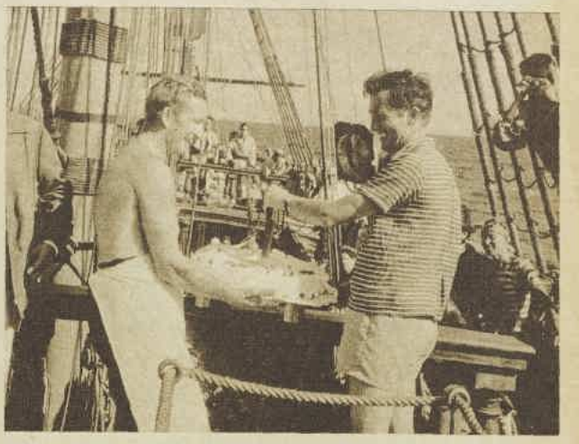
Chocolate Ripples are crisp and chocolatey. Really satisfying with morning and afternoon tea or coffee breaks. In stay-fresh packets or loose from the tin.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824402

SOME STARS ARE FUN, SOME "TRYING"

says Sydney man who has made good abroad in films

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD



BIRTHDAYS for assistant film director Claude Watson usually coincide with film-making. Left, he cuts his cake during "Sink the Bismarck," watched by Kenneth More ("nice chap"), Dana Wynter ("marvellous girl"), and producer Lord Brabourne. Right, receiving 1961 cake from unit cook during "H.M.S. Defiant."

● Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, Jayne Mansfield, Sir Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde . . . Australian Claude Watson knows them well. He works with them.

CLAUDE is an assistant film director freelancing in London. The films he has worked on include "Sink the Bismarck," "The Grass is Greener," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Carry On Regardless," and "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw."

Taking a breather after making two films in Spain — unreleased as yet — he has come home to visit his family at Randwick, N.S.W., for the first time since he struck out for London 13 years ago.

His main job in films is to help the director organise the actors in each scene for the shooting.

"Actors ARE temperamental," said Claude. "Some of the artists — we call them artists rather than actors — can be quite trying, women less so than men.

"Women seem to be more conscientious, perhaps because there are fewer roles for them."

At the mention of Cary Grant as a possible "trying" artist — they worked together on "The Grass Is Greener"— Claude just grimaced.

"Generally, though, Hollywood-trained people are much more co-operative and slick than English actors," he said.

Jayne is sweet

However, the bosomy, supposedly temperamental Jayne Mansfield is "charming" to work with, says Claude. And Deborah Kerr, with whom he has worked in three films, is indescribably good.

"My favorite," he said simply.

Peter Ustinov and Sir Alec Guinness are also high on Claude's list of favorites — Ustinov for his "incredible funniness all the time."

Claude worked very closely with him during the recent filming of "Billy Budd," which hasn't been released yet.

Ustinov directed the film and starred in it as well. His good humor was remarkable, considering that most scenes were filmed aboard a rolling, pitching sailing barque in the Spanish Main in broiling sun.

Nearly everyone, including Peter Ustinov, who wore his heavy film costume for directing as well as acting, was seasick. All were cramped and hot.

Claude's job wasn't too easy, either — though his clothes could at least be comfortable.

"There were 150 actors to place on that tiny boat," he said, "and I seemed to spend any extra time rowing to and from the shore to collect and deliver Peter's mail."

Claude's next film, "H.M.S. Defiant," was also made aboard a rolling ship in the Spanish Main. But by that time he'd found his sea-legs.

Best wishes

The fun he had aboard with the cast, headed by Sir Alec Guinness and Dirk Bogarde, is caught by a photograph of Guinness autographed, "Best wishes, Claude. See you at the top of the rigging."

"He knows I'm just terrified of heights," said Claude.

Heights—and animals.

"One of the most difficult jobs I had was making 'Swiss Family Robinson' on the island of Tobago," he said. "There was literally a whole zoo to cope with.

"Snakes, cheetahs, a baby elephant — the lot — were shipped from the Florida Zoo.

"We had a terrible time with a lot of ducks in one sequence. Instead of swimming to shore, they dashed out to sea, and I had to help catch them.

"And a poor cow, swimming ashore with floats, suddenly overturned, waving all fours in the air. I had to dive in and put her right."

Obviously an assistant director has to be a placid sort of fellow.

"That's right," said Claude. "The chap who had my job in 'Ben-Hur' had a nervous breakdown after the filming."

Claude, wearing his thirty-and-some years and a magnificently cut suit with ease, looks unlikely nervous - breakdown material.

Though his accent is pretty English, his easy-going humor is straight from Randwick.

Sympathy

"But you've got to have sympathy with the artists as well," he said.

That he has, through having been an actor himself—at first in his early twenties with the old Minerva Theatre in Kings Cross, later in England in repertory groups all over the country.

A chance job as a "third assistant director" in "The Silent Enemy," filmed on location in Gibraltar, set him up in his present career.

"Very menial job at first," said Claude. "You must get the artists from their rooms on to the studio floor, and you get all the blame when they're late."

As "second assistant director," Claude went on to handle the call sheet and the cues.

"But a FIRST assistant director is the guiding factor on the floor for the director. As unit manager, he can also arrange all the accommodation for the artists. He lives their sort of life, goes on location everywhere.

"He gets his name on the credits at the beginning of the film."

So watch for Claude Watson's name when "H.M.S. Defiant," "Billy Budd," and "The Innocents"—starring Deborah Kerr and in Claude's opinion "a staggeringly good film" — are released. He was in them, too.

● Claude Watson with star Deborah Kerr during filming of "The Grass is Greener." He says that of all stars she is his favorite.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824403

Get rid of these dangerous *and annoying* insect pests

with

Mortein Insect Powder

Mortein Insect Powder destroys silverfish, cockroaches, ants and fleas rapidly. It is unequalled for ridding dogs of fleas and it is non-irritating. The original Mortein Insect Powder was the forerunner of all household insecticides in Australia. Today, modern Mortein Insect Powder is still in advance of all others . . . proving the wisdom of the famous Mortein slogan, "When you're on a good thing, stick to it!"

Mortein Plus

Mortein Plus is the safest, surest insect killer you can put in your spray gun. That is why it outsells all others by 4 to 1. Mortein is fatal to flies but harmless to humans and household pets . . . guaranteed free from D.D.T., Lindane and similar toxic ingredients. Its amazing insect-killing power results from the inclusion of pyrethrum and piperonyl butoxide in the exclusive Mortein formula.

Mortein Pressure★Pak

No sprayer required! Killing insects with Mortein Pressure ★ Pak is "Dead Easy". Just push the button and a fine, highly concentrated insecticidal mist floats to every part of the room . . . even behind curtains and furnishings. It quickly kills all flies and mosquitoes. Properly used, Mortein Pressure ★ Pak goes very much further than ordinary fly sprays. It will not taint foodstuffs, so can be used with complete safety at all times.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824404

● *Mamma, Rocky, and her six other sons (from left, clockwise), Antonio, 26, bus-driver; Stefano, 23, also a bus-driver; Francesco, 15, still at school; Domenico, 30, married, a P.M.G. worker; Giuseppe, 28, electrician; Fortunato, 12, schoolboy.*

'BRAVO, ROCKY!'

six brothers say

ABOVE the crowd's excited roar when young Italian-born Rocco (Rocky) Gattellari knocked out flyweight champion Jackie Bruce after six rounds last week, he could be heard calling: "Have you rung Mamma?"

Mrs. Gattellari has never been to one of Rocky's fights and she doesn't know enough English to listen over the radio—but with Maria, her son Domenico's wife, she sits by the phone and prays.

Assured that Mamma knew he was all right, Rocky asked about his defeated opponent. "It was sad that he should walk away alone carrying his gear," he said. "I bought him a milkshake."

Slightly built, the friendly good looks and spirited fighting of Rocky have made him overnight a boxing sensation.

● *Giuseppe Gattellari stands with his boxer son on the family farm at Bonnyrigg, N.S.W. Mr. Gattellari takes his produce to market at 3 a.m. each day.*

Eleven years ago his father, Giuseppe, migrated to Australia and worked in a factory. Over the years he managed to send back for his six sons and his wife, Annunziata. He bought seven acres of land at Bonnyrigg, N.S.W., and set up as a market gardener.

Now Rocky, at 20, is the star of the family—but when he began boxing he wasn't so popular. His parents wanted to see him in a steady job like his brothers. They tried to discourage Tony from sparring with him and training him.

But Rocky did well and was chosen to represent Australia in the Rome Olympics. Recently he became a professional, and he has won all of his four fights since. The experts are saying he has the makings of an Empire title-holder.

Friends, neighbors, relatives have been flocking to the Gattellaris' fibro cottage at Bonnyrigg, where the walls are decked with family photos and boxing pictures of Rocky. Warmly hospitable, Mamma pours everyone a glass of beer, and over huge plates of spaghetti they talk volubly about The Fight.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824405

● *Liz's current Cleopatra make-up and hairstyle.*

LIZ: The Sphinx of Rome

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● Elizabeth Taylor recently told a Hollywood friend that because of her health she could no longer have children of her own.

HER grave illness last year had added to other medical difficulties, Liz said, and doctors had advised her that childbirth would now be dangerous.

It is not surprising that Liz and husband Eddie Fisher, both very fond of children (between them they have five from previous marriages), would want some living symbol of their own marriage.

But the announcement that Liz and Eddie had adopted a baby girl in Rome was not instantly followed by the usual rash of publicity shots.

Roman scandal sheets have taken this unprecedented shyness as an omen of sinister implications.

Where film correspondents gather to swop gossip, there have even been insinuations that Maria does not exist.

Liz got her private secretary, Dick Hanley, to make a brief announcement of the adoption of Maria.

Close-mouthed

Mr. Hanley, usually a genial, chatty public relations man, merely said:

"The baby is one year old, an orphan called Maria. I am not authorised to say more."

The only official addition to this statement was made by Eddie Fisher when he said:

"Maria has brought infinite happiness to our family."

● *Rapturous reunion in Paris for Liz and husband Eddie Fisher. She flew there to spend two days with him, avoiding reporters.*

Eddie was in Paris looking for a script and a director for the film he will soon produce, starring Liz.

Liz took two days off from both work and family duties to fly there to meet him. But she said not one word on any subject.

This was even more remarkable, because Liz had gone straight to famous hairdresser Alexandre on arrival and added to her already pretty noticeable appearance the now notorious Cleopatra hairstyle and weirdly exaggerated Cleopatra eye make-up.

While Liz luxuriated in one of Alexandre's private rooms, Princess Grace of Monaco was just down the corridor in an equally plush private boudoir.

At lunchtime, two trays were taken in: both carried ham sandwiches, one with a bottle of coke, the other with champagne.

Alexandre could not be persuaded to reveal which client drank which, but my bet is that the Queen of the Nile is keener on bubbly than the Princess.

In any case, the magic wrought in Alexandre's was far more likely to attract attention to Liz rather than hide her.

Liz escaped back to Rome unquoted.

Liz's friends have said that Maria is living in the vast old villa on the Appian Way with Liz's other children, Michael and Christopher Wilding, aged eight and six, and Lisa Todd, three.

All this secrecy reportedly so riled Italians that they bring up every legal stumbling-block to the possibility of Liz adopting the child in Rome.

The director of the Italian branch of the International Welfare Service told me from her office in Rome just one week after the announcement:

Mink-lined

"We have not been asked to arrange legal adoption of this child. On the contrary, we have not even been consulted."

Liz may be planning to take the child to America and adopt her there.

Whatever happens, the mysterious Maria is in no danger of neglect from worldly causes. But if she is a stateless orphan, as some reports say, how dramatically her prospects have changed from the horrors of a D.P. camp or impersonal institution to the mink-lined family circle of those luxurious gipsies, the Fishers.

● *Children of Liz Taylor's two previous marriages, Michael (8) and Christopher Wilding (6) and Elizabeth Todd (3). Eddie Fisher's son and daughter are with their mother, Debbie Reynolds.*

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

CATCHING the bridal bouquet thrown by Lieutenant Terry Jones' bride (the former Carol Kelly) six weeks ago was a romantic omen for fair-haired Judy Lee Solomon, one of Carol's three bridesmaids.

The most lovely ruby ring set with baguette diamonds has just been slipped on the third finger of her left hand by John Reynolds, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Reynolds, of Point Piper.

Judy Lee and John have been friends and neighbors since their schooldays.

They'll celebrate their engagement at a Sunday afternoon party being given by Judy Lee's mother, Mrs. Emanuel Solomon, at her home in Wunulla Road, Point Piper, on February 4.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the first to wish Keighley Quist "many happy returns" on his sixteenth birthday was his mother, Mrs. J. L. W. ("Red") Merson, who telephoned him from the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu, where she and Commander Merson are honeymooning for three weeks. Incidentally, Carolyn Quist's duties as bridesmaid to her mother included custody of a plain gold ring for presentation to the bridegroom during the ceremony at H.M.A.S. Watson's Naval Memorial Chapel. Carolyn insured the ring's safety by wearing it to the church on the thumb of her right hand over her white kid glove, but hidden from view by her Victorian posy.

★ ★ ★

BRILLIANT young Chinese pianist Fou Ts'ong and his wife, Zamira (Yehudi Menuhin's eldest daughter), will be feted at a supper party given by the newly formed Friends of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra at "Bethzion," Edgecliff, after Fou Ts'ong's first Sydney concert on February 1.

★ ★ ★

LONDON-BOUND in the Arcadia, Alison Davies, of "Moulin," Coonabarabran, and Robin Powell, of "Bunnia Downs," Coolah, are looking forward to attending Patsy Crago's wedding to Victorian Lieutenant Archie McQueen, R.A.N. It's to be at Greenwich Naval College Chapel on March 23. Patsy and Archie, who is doing a marine-engineering course at Greenwich, met skiing in Austria. She dashed home to have Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Crago, of "Spire View," Tooraweenah, and returned to England again several weeks ago with her mother. To put friends and relatives who won't be at her wedding "in the picture," Patsy brought the lovely white paper shantung Hartnell gown she'll wear at the ceremony out with her and modelled it at informal "parades" at "Spire View."

★ ★ ★

EXPECTING a cool climate, Don Nell, of Orange, and his bride, formerly Jeanette Millard, packed mainly winter woollies for their honeymoon in Tasmania. Instead, they struck a heatwave, with Hobart chalking up a record night temperature of 96 degrees during their stay!

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY engaged Denise Cleary, of "Amaroo," Camden, and Peter Ritter, of "Tulagi," Gurley, met last year studying woolclassing at the Sydney Technical College. Denise, who is a well-known polocrosse player, has a lovely sapphire-and-diamond ring. They'll wed after shearing next year.

KISS for Mr. Brian Jones' bride, formerly Miss Annette Eilbeck, of Wahroonga, from her sister-in-law, Miss Barbara Jones, at reception at the Wentworth Hotel, after the wedding of the young couple at St. Martin's Church, Killara. They will make their home at "Kalua," Moree.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824406

WINNER of the Individual Novice Dressage Competition. Mr. Neil Lavis, of "Rewlee," Bodalla, with his fiancee, Miss Velma Veitch, of Ulladulla. Mr. Lavis won gold and silver medals at the Rome Olympics in 1960.

HORSE TRIALS

● Nearly two thousand enthusiasts attended the One-Day Event equestrian trials at "Dunmore," Colonel and Mrs. Philip Parbury's property, near Kiama. The programme included dressage, show jumping, and an exciting cross-country contest over a 3200-yard course, with twenty-one obstacles to be jumped. Winner of the main trophy was Mr. John Davidge, of Moruya.

ABOVE. Colonel and Mrs. Philip Parbury with their daughter Anabel and son Adam. Colonel Parbury and his wife (who is a niece of the Duchess of Gloucester) make their property available each year for One-Day Event trials arranged by the N.S.W. Branch of the Equestrian Federation of Australia and the South Coast and Southern Tablelands District Sub-Committee of the Federation.

AT LEFT. Mr. Rod Murchison, of "Kaytoun," Tamworth, with Miss Annemarie ("Tweed") Walton, of St. Ives (centre), and Miss Merilyn Martin, of Cassilis, admiring his horse, Maurie.

KEEN SPECTATORS. From left, Mr. Frank Thompson, of "Widden," Muswellbrook, Mrs. Paul Martin, of "Rotherwood," Cassilis, Mrs. W. N. Parry-Okeden, of Sydney, and her husband (sitting on the grass), Mr. Clive Ogilvy, of "Mimosa Farm," Burradoo, and Mr. Ken Armstrong and Mr. Carl Jurenak, of Boweral.

CLEARING A FENCE. Mr. Brien Cobcroft, of Willow Tree, competing in the show-jumping section of the One-Day Event. Sixty contestants vied for laurels at the trials, which were held in brilliant summer weather, although the course was heavy after recent rains.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824407

FATHER

"What'll we do for excitement?"

MOTHER

"No!" "No!" "No!!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

COMMONERS who are considering proposing to princesses must be having second thoughts this past few weeks.

They must be appalled at the plight of Lord Snowdon, who certainly fails to please all the people all the time.

The announcement that he had been appointed as "artistic adviser" to the "Sunday Times" was at first hailed as good news. But the paper in direct competition, the "Observer," protested that Royalty was being used to commercial advantage. Some other papers agreed and the public began to change its tune.

Murmurs from journalists irritated by Tony's reported salary of £10,000 a year were more or less drowned by the general outcry. Realistic members of the trade knew that Tony was not keeping anyone out of a £10,000-a-year job. An "artistic adviser" from the rank and file could not hope to command the same figure.

As an accomplished photographer, Tony has some qualifications for the job he is supposed to do. There have been rumors that he may take pictures on special occasions, though these rumors are not confirmed.

All the same, it is easy to understand why Tony's colleagues and competitors will regard him rather warily at first. They will remember the newspaper joke about the butler announcing the Press to his master by saying: "Some reporters to see you, sir, and a gentleman from 'The Times'."

Its up-to-date version would run, "Some photographers to see you, sir, and Lord Snowdon."

★ ★ ★

THE newly formed organisation, Gamblers Anonymous, at present operating in several American cities, including Las Vegas, will probably achieve good results along the lines of the pioneer body in this field, Alcoholics Anonymous.

When a member feels an urge to gamble he will be helped by a reformed addict. They will talk the problem out until the danger is past.

Families who may thus gain financial relief should not, however, be too optimistic about other changes in the pattern of life.

Associates of punters, for instance, are often bored by the post mortems. These go like this: "So I had a sort of a feeling about this horse—33 to 1 it was—and then I thought, oh, well, there's no money for it, and I changed my mind, and . . ." The climax to that story is victory for the horse and remorse for the punter.

A racing member of Gamblers Anonymous will tell the same kind of story, glazing the eyes of his non-racing friends. The only difference will be in the triumphant ending: "So the thing ran last."

As usual, however, by that time nobody will be listening.

ONE of the claims put forward for the new dance, The Twist, is that it is not confined to the young, but is enjoyed by the middle-aged.

I am not sure how many middle-aged Australians really dance The Twist, but they certainly talk about it. Judging by party conversations I have heard lately, its main fascination lies in the fact that some medical authorities say it causes slipped discs.

People begin to talk about the new dance. A harmless subject, you think, not likely to lead to argument or boredom. But in five minutes' time someone mentions "slipped discs."

If you're wise, that is the moment to twist gently off to another group before anyone starts telling you about his fibrositis.

Another new dance, The Slop, has come into vogue overseas.

It is described as a "waddle" and is not nearly as energetic as The Twist.

One advantage of both dances is that the partners' feet don't tangle.

As for appearance—well, attractive people look nice and unattractive ones don't. Which goes for most dances.

★ ★ ★

THERE is a British organisation called the Guild of Lady Drivers, a fine old-world title which must have been chosen when women drivers were fewer.

With their patron, Lady Barnett, guild members are campaigning for more pigeonholes and lockers inside cars, also a shoe rail for spare shoes.

I suppose some of these things would be a good idea, but already a family car has a fair bit of space for clutter. When children are regular passengers, tidying up the car is as big a task as tidying up the living-room.

★ ★ ★

IN Hamburg, Germany, a citizen who crossed the street against a red light said that there were no vehicles approaching and that "blind obedience to a machine was incompatible with the dignity of man." The magistrate fined him 14/-.

He gazed to left, he gazed to right,
There wasn't anything in sight.
Or nothing, save the light marked "stop."
(There must have been a hidden cop.)
At first, obediently he balked,
And then across the road he stalked.
His sense of foolishness was keen
At being ruled by a machine.
One cannot but feel sympathy
For his excuse — "Indignity."
And yet, consider, what's the choice?
The other is the human voice
Which lacerates your feelings, too,
By shouting, "Hey, get back there, you!"

Let LOVE*

***It includes healthy self-esteem**

● Lillian Roxon's Double Dinner diet caused so much interest that we publish here another story from her describing the psychology she used to prepare herself for the slimming regimen that peeled off 48lb. Lillian, an Australian journalist working in New York, weighed 12 stone before she reduced.

We published the Double Dinner diet in the issue of January 24. It is a low-calorie diet with a difference—you save 200 of your daily allowance of 1200 calories for a second dinner.

FOR the past 18 years, like you and dozens of my friends, I have been trying to diet — mostly unsuccessfully.

I must have tried every diet known to man. What I lost on the roundabouts I picked up again on the hoopla stalls.

It seemed to me that there was no such thing as a diet that worked unless you combined it with the fortitude of an early Christian martyr.

Then a miracle happened. In the past six months I lost 48 pounds AND kept it off. As I write this I am still working on nudging off another 7 or so.

I still can't believe it happened and because something succeeded when everything else had failed I feel I have to share the secret ingredient with anyone who might need it.

It's very simple and it works. It's called love.

Australian Jean Newington, now a top New York model, whose suggestions on make-up and dress put Lillian Roxon in the right state of mind for dieting.

Need for solace

I can just imagine the reaction to that statement. But before you walk off completely disgusted and disillusioned, let me add that this new approach to dieting has the backing of many doctors and psychiatrists.

They're still working on it in experiments. I stumbled on it accidentally.

By love I don't necessarily mean romance.

A better word might be affection.

Psychiatrists believe that overweight people eat because they crave affection. This makes us feel pretty bad. Do people take one look at us tucking into our dinner and decide no one loves us?

The truth is no one, fat or thin, gets as much affection as they want or need. Fat people console themselves with food, thin people find their solace in their work, their sport, or their cigarette.

A fat person would find it much easier to lose weight if she did one or both of two things. Firstly, if she found more affection; secondly, if she worked off some of her dissatisfaction in a non-food field.

No diet can work in an atmosphere of unpleasantness and tension. This puts an inhuman strain on the dieter. That's why the first month of my diet (and yours) should be spent not dieting at all.

In that first month you can completely forget about what you eat. It simply isn't important. What is important is your frame of mind.

The first month is a month of preparation, not deprivation. It's a month in which you do a lot of thinking and a lot of acting.

The month starts with a love affair—with yourself. It continues with more love affairs—with your family and your friends.

I'd better put this into commonsense language quickly. Dieting is so much easier if you're pampered, petted, spoilt, and loved.

It's a grim business, otherwise. The only reason I was able to keep going for so long (and still can) was that my friends were so sweet and helpful.

Anyone who really likes you wants to help you lose weight. You'll be surprised how much they'll go out of their way for you.

The others—forget about them.

You'll find there are people who resent the improvement in your appearance, and the obvious success of your scheme.

Drop them. I did and found my life better for it.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824408

help you to diet —SAYS LILLIAN ROXON

● *It was a simple, loose shift like this that gave Lillian Roxon an air of elegance with comfort when she was in the process of losing 48 pounds of her 12 stone.*

They fall into two classes . . . the tempters who lavish food on you ("Just this once"—they hate you, believe me). And the naggers who snatch plates from you and shriek, "You mustn't!"

The tempters want your diet to fail. (Theirs did, that's why.) And naggers do, too. They usually keep telling you how fat you are and how you'll never stick it out.

It's most important to realise that the only person who can tell you what to eat and not to eat is you. Don't listen to anyone else.

How do your friends help, then?

They don't tell you how fat you are. They tell you how pretty you are.

When you have a little problem that under other circumstances might send you off on an eating spree, your friends sit and listen patiently—while you talk it off, instead of eating it off.

To get back to the beginning. The diet, like all diets, will start with that moment of horror when you suddenly realise you have to lose weight.

"I'll start on a diet tomorrow," you say, but you don't. Don't do it, anyway. The quick overnight transition is unhealthy.

Start on MY diet tomorrow (the non-diet part of it).

Here's how I started. Delicious American food had, over a period of nearly two years, sent my weight soaring from 9 stone 7 pounds to (I can hardly say it) 12 stone.

Every diet I'd gone on during that period failed. Clothes stopped fitting me and I was buying everything from the maternity department at Macys to the consternation of the sales ladies who couldn't see my wedding ring.

The turning point came when I was having a conversation with Australian model Jean Newington, who now works in New York.

Here I was talking to one of the top ten models in New York. Why not take advantage of her knowledge?

She knew nothing about diets, she said, always having been slim. But she DID know about beauty and she told me beauty had nothing to do with weight.

"You should see some of those wealthy young Italian society matrons in Rome," she said.

"I'm sure they're more than 12 stone but they're so pretty, so chic that no one cares what they weigh."

"How do they do it?" I sighed.

Jean looked me over carefully.

"First of all," she said, "they're perfectly groomed. Not a hair out of place, faces beautifully made up. Secondly, they always wear very simple clothes. That's all."

Next day the phone rang. It was Jean.

"I've found a very simple, very chic black shift for you in Bergdorf Goodman," she said. "It's straight, sleeveless, and you can live in it till you lose weight."

It was divine, superbly cut, killingly simple, and very becoming.

I did live in it that summer. And it meant, whatever else was wrong, I always felt well dressed.

Because it was loose, a small size fitted me. It also meant I didn't have to wear tight foundation garments or have that burst-at-the-seams look.

I suddenly realised that if a pregnant woman can manage to look beautiful, so can a fat one. I still wasn't dieting, but I was fast becoming the most beautiful fat girl in town.

We worked out a simple hairdo. (That's another person to have a love affair with while you're dieting, ladies, your hairdresser.)

I spent a couple of days shopping for accessories and I knew I had achieved success when a truckdriver whistled at me. Not bad at 12 stone, you must admit.

All this time I wasn't dieting at all. I was simply having a love affair with myself. Buying myself things, looking at myself in the mirror, trying new hairdos, experimenting with make-up. And getting results without giving up as much as an eclair.

Now I'll tell you a secret. Once you feel you're beautiful, you don't stay fat long. Your vanity won't let you.

After a month of admiring myself in the mirror, I thought it might just be a good idea if I got a little weight off.

Can you see the different approach? Instead of saying, "I'm so ugly. I MUST lose weight," I was able to say (and so should you), "I'm so pretty. I think I'll lose a little weight."

It wasn't something I had to do in desperation. It was something I was going to do for fun, along with the new hairdo, etc. If it didn't work, it didn't much matter.

Here's where love is the secret ingredient again. This time it's self-love or vanity. It's what Cary Grant uses (though he doesn't call it that) in his "Think Thin" method.

All you have to do is tell yourself that suddenly you're a famous film star or the wife of a President or a Princess of Monaco.

What would you do? You'd make yourself look a lot prettier than you do today. You'd think a lot more about how you looked.

After all, the whole business of beauty is a lot of fun. It's fun talking to a hairdresser, it's fun experimenting with make-up, and it's fun changing your appearance for the better.

It becomes an interesting hobby.

By the time that first month of vanity was over, I was itching to go on a diet. I felt so happy and so excited about how I was looking that I went straight into a crash diet.

I didn't cheat

My period of non-diet had prepared me psychologically for it. I didn't cheat. I felt a bit deprived, but by then I was in the mood for giving something up.

I think you'll find you, too, can face a crash diet at this stage. If you can't it really doesn't matter.

But this is the one time when doctors agree a crash diet is useful. It gives you a quick loss which builds up your morale immediately. You have a feeling of achievement right away.

I was supposed to lose ten pounds on the crash diet. I didn't. I lost about six, but that made me happy.

By this time my friends were raving, and, remember, I hadn't even started.

The other good thing about the crash diet at this period is that any diet you go on after that seems easy. Basically for the six months that followed I stuck to my 1200-calories-a-day Double Dinner diet, going every so often on the two-day Cottage Cheese diet.

When I say "stuck" I shouldn't really use that word. If I had stuck on it, I'd be a skeleton by now.

During that first non-dieting month, I bought myself half a dozen books on diet including a list of the calorie contents of food. I didn't diet but I did study and found the books tremendously fascinating.

By the time I was ready to diet, I was enthusiastic and interested. I was also pretty much of an expert on what foods did what. I decided it wasn't enough to lose weight. I also wanted to eat what was good for me.

If you do that there's no doubt about your sticking to a diet afterwards, because six months later you're so addicted to slimming food you don't ever want to look a plate of greasy chips in the face.

I also found the more books I read the more knowledge I had and the more interested I was in continuing my diet.

Part of the fun was exploring the diet shops for dietetic foods. The rest of the fun was learning to decalorise food in cooking. You can cut most of the fat and sugar out of dishes with just a little thought.

To a good cook (and most overweight people are) this is a fascinating challenge.

Most diets are a bore, but this six-month period has been one of the most interesting of my life. It really was like getting a whole host of new hobbies.

The problem then, after banning going to parties (fattening food!), was to fill my life with excitement.

I did this by looking up people I hadn't seen for years, seeing something of the countryside around me, exploring shops I'd never been to, going to see films or plays I'd never thought about before.

Friends who'd given me chocolates for my birthday took me to a hit play instead. I flatly refused all dinner invitations and asked alternatively to be taken to a show or a cabaret.

If friends had dinner parties I simply arrived after dinner.

Really thoughtful friends like Australian model Ann Felton always had a crisp salad waiting for me — without dressing.

Australian singer Edwin Duff, who also now lives in New York, threw an enormous dinner party in which every course was carefully decalorised.

These were just a couple of the many nice things people did for me.

On the other hand, I lost a lot of friends because I wouldn't eat their lobster newburgs or their chocolate mousses.

About once a month I really felt I wanted (like a normal unhealthy human being) to eat all those awful things that were bad for me. I ate them. It satisfied some psychological craving.

Next day I ate lightly and made up for it in the calorie count, so I ended up not even feeling guilty. I think that's important.

Too many people give up altogether because they've had one, two, or even three days of over-eating.

All you do is sigh resignedly and start again. If you've put on a little weight, get it off. It's easier than you think.

About weighing. I bought scales, weighed daily first thing in the morning without any clothes on. They tell you not to weigh daily, but I found it a help and a morale booster, even when I put on a pound occasionally.

Since it's still summer in Australia, you might invest in another inexpensive morale booster—a suntan.

Ever noticed how suntanned people look slimmer? They certainly look better.

I spent my summer wearing my Bergdorf black shift to town. When I got bored with it I had it copied in orange linen, yellow linen, and tan linen. They looked great with the suntan.

When autumn came in I had them copied again in red wool and in beige wool, and wore them with sweaters underneath them.

Some people thought I was pregnant, because no one was wearing them then. Now they're all the rage and everyone has them.

Clothes are a great help on any diet. It doesn't matter that you'll have to have them taken in later. I can't think of a nicer "operation."

You can always give them away or swap them with someone for something else. Just take it from me — it's impossible to feel interested in a diet while you're looking a bag.

Another trick to instant slimming is the waist whittler and the knee-length panty girdle. The first gives you a flat midriff. The second gives you a controlled thigh line instead of a bulge.

I could just kiss whoever invented both.

Other tricks — don't wear your hemlines too long. It's such a fat-lady thing to do. So is a dowdy swimsuit.

Experiment with shading in your new make-up. Darker shades below the cheekbones will give you those interesting slimming shadows.

New pleasure

Remember, diet or not, this is the time for a completely new look from head to toe.

Investigate the possibility of one really elegant pair of shoes, the fun of leotards for winter instead of slacks, a new, very delicate, very subtle hair color, the art of setting your own hair (with an occasional cheer-up from the hairdresser), a new light imaginative hand with make-up.

I could go on forever.

Meanwhile don't forget about love. Love makes the world go round, but it will make you go straight.

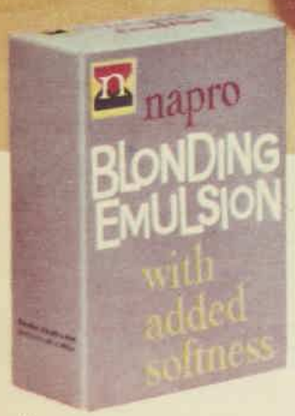
Love and understanding from your friends and family does and will help. You can't go on a diet without their encouragement, enthusiasm, and co-operation.

Love from yourself means you'll take care of yourself and keep yourself gay and cheerful during what could be (but won't be) a very trying period.

You'll emerge not only with a brand new figure (the first oohs and aahs start almost right away and continue gratifyingly right to the end) but also with a brand new philosophy, a brand new interest in yourself, and a burning desire, like me, to help everyone else do the same.

"... It makes the world go round, but it will make you go straight"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824409



Two ways to create a more exciting, more noticeable you!

And remember, most women go blonde with Napro Blonding Emulsion. Napro blondes perfectly, contains lanolin to make your new blonde hair lustrous, manageable and vitally alive. You can do so much more with blonde hair, too. Here's a thought—take it a step further and go Silver Blonde. With Napro instant Silver Blonde, this needs just one extra rinse. Look for Napro Blonding Emulsion and Napro Silver Blonde in their smart new packs at your chemist or store. Start your wonderful new life today. Why wait? Blonding Emulsion, **7/11**; Silver Blonde, **10/11**.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824410

TV's "Hazel" — exasperating, but delightful

By NAN MUSGROVE

● A housemaid who will take charge of some of their domestic problems is the dream of most Australian housewives. This week, via TV, they get one — Hazel.

HAZEL is the most insolent, delightful, exasperating housemaid ever.

She is known, favorably, the world over as the housemaid of Ted Key's famous cartoon which has appeared in "The Saturday Evening Post" since 1942.

Hazel, as she is known and loved in cartoons, is at right, below; Hazel as she will, without doubt, be known and loved on TV, is at right.

TV's Hazel is played by famous stage actress and Academy Award winning movie star Shirley Booth. On TV Hazel is the central character of a 30-minute domestic comedy. She works for a family called Baxter.

"Hazel is a middle-aged woman who is essentially lonely," Ted Key says.

"She seeks affection, love, and protection. That is what she finds with the people she works for.

"Hazel is a maid in an age in which she would earn much more doing any other kind of job—but she is really playing the role of mother and grandmother."

High rating

Over her 20-year life many people have wanted Key to make more of Hazel than a cartoon. Just after World War II, he wrote "Hazel" into a three-act comedy and submitted it to Shirley Booth.

Miss Booth turned it down —she didn't think the play captured the character of Hazel.

Today Hazel is captured on TV, thanks to Key, Shirley Booth, and a number of other talented people.

In less than three months after its TV premiere in America, "Hazel" was rated among the top five American programmes.

Hazel's TV family, the Baxters, are played by Whitney Blake (Dorothy Baxter), Don DeFore (George Baxter), and Bobby Buntrock (the Baxter's son, Harold).

Key says the big problem in writing "Hazel" was to make Hazel walk and talk.

"Someone had to do this and also invent language, style, and a speech pattern for a cartoon family that had seldom, if ever, talked at all — the Baxters," he says.

"Since the cartoon started it was always Hazel who had had the lines.

"For many years I had drawn a housemaid who had never lost a battle. She was designed that way; that was the joke. I tried to make her real and believable. But the one line always had to be hers.

"This placed a special burden on producers and writers. No human being could continually top others, line after line, for almost 30 minutes and be made to appear sympathetic or credible.

"Invincibility had to be maintained and yet it had to be tempered."

● Academy Award winning movie-and-stage star Shirley Booth in her hilarious TV role of Hazel, the housemaid, on Channel 9, Fridays at 7 p.m.

HAZEL — by Ted Key

"OFF THOSE AZALEAS!"
(See our Hazel cartoon each week).

"Moved, shaken"

It is obvious that Hazel and her character are very close to cartoonist Key's heart. He wrote a 20-page list of dos and don'ts for everyone associated with the production of the TV show. He added a list of environment, behaviour, antecedents, and characteristics of Hazel and the Baxters!

He says the TV premiere of the show in America was an emotional experience for him.

"I was having an opening night," he said. "The stage was only 21in. wide; it was not Broadway. But there were millions watching, not dozens.

"And the artistry of a superb actress was creating the maid as I drew her and saw her. She wasn't Shirley Booth. She was Hazel. I was moved and shaken."

Hollywood was amazed when Shirley Booth took the part. Miss Booth is regarded in America as one of the greats of the American stage. There was a strong school of thought that believed she was too great for TV. Miss Booth does not belong to that school.

"Actors love good parts," Miss Booth said recently when she was asked why she played Hazel.

"Hazel is a good part. She is a good human soul, honest and likeable. The most important thing is that she's capable of honest anger — a good, strong, purging emotion — without being nasty about it.

"Instead she substitutes a sense of humor — which is really a sense of good taste— and hence manages to get away with saying the things most of us wish we'd said."

Shirley Booth has always been best known for her stage roles, but in 1952 she played the role of Lola in "Come Back, Little Sheba," and won the Academy Award, although it was the first film she had ever made.

She is nearly 55, and believes she looks it.

"I've never had the kind of looks I wanted to preserve," she says.

"All I ever had was curly hair and good ears—and what can you do with ears? My figure was okay, but I didn't realise it until I started to lose it. And I've always wanted to take a pound off each side of my nose."

Shirley Booth sounds quite a character, a bit of Hazel in real life.

It all adds up to making me look forward very much to "Hazel's" Australian premiere on Channel 9 on Friday, February 2, at 7 p.m.

FOR HIGHEST HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL BENEFITS.. THE BLUE CROSS FUNDS

H·C·F and M·B·F

introduce

TABLE 5B and TABLE J

It only costs just over 1/- a day for families, and half rates for single persons, for **both** hospital and medical benefits. Contributions are deductible for Income Tax. Chronic illnesses are substantially provided for. Free choice of hospital and doctor.

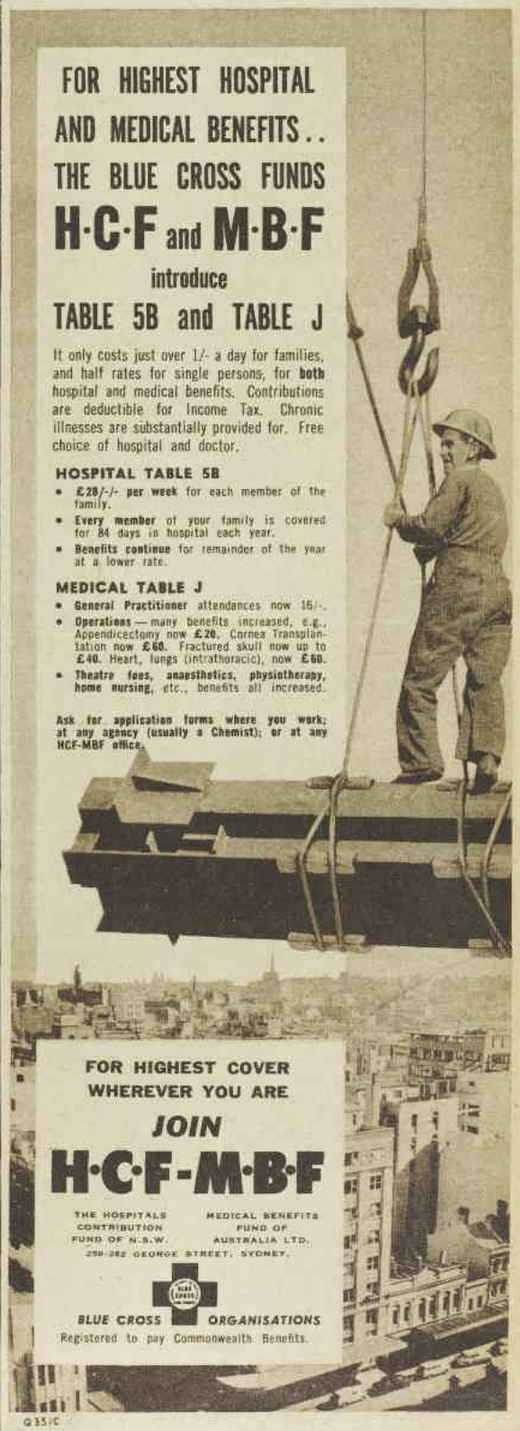
HOSPITAL TABLE 5B

- **£28/-/- per week** for each member of the family.
- **Every member** of your family is covered for 84 days in hospital each year.
- **Benefits continue** for remainder of the year at a lower rate.

MEDICAL TABLE J

- **General Practitioner** attendances now 16/-.
- **Operations** — many benefits increased, e.g., Appendicectomy now **£26**. Cornea Transplantation now **£60**. Fractured skull now up to **£40**. Heart, lungs (intrathoracic), now **£60**.
- **Theatre fees, anaesthetics, physiotherapy, home nursing,** etc., benefits all increased.

Ask for application forms where you work; at any agency (usually a Chemist); or at any HCF-MBF office.



News from the movie studios

THE religious beliefs of a father which prevent him from allowing a blood transfusion to save his daughter's life forms the dramatic background for "Life For Ruth," which Michael Relph and Basil Dearden put before the cameras at Pinewood, England, shortly. Rugged Michael Craig plays the father who believes that blood transfusions are against God's law. So when his young daughter lies dying in hospital after an accident, he makes a decision which leads him to court on a charge of manslaughter by neglect. Janet Munro plays his wife, and Patrick McGoohan the doctor concerned only with saving life.

★ ★ ★

M.G.M. Studios is conducting a search to find Tarzan a new romantic interest. The girl, who will play an Indian princess in "Tarzan Goes To India," will replace the usual "Jane." The screen's newest Tarzan is Jock Mahoney.

★ ★ ★

ALAN BARNES, the eight-year-old freckle-faced wonder who nearly stole Hayley Mills' honors in "Whistle Down The Wind," is quite frank about his career in pictures. "I don't want to act in any more," he said. "I liked getting off school and the party. But the rest of it was daft."

★ ★ ★

THE beautiful Swedish actress Ingrid Thulin will be seen but not heard in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Much to the chagrin of M.G.M., the secret that Angela Lansbury recorded most of Ingrid's dialogue has leaked out. Evidently Ingrid looks much better than she sounds!

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMME

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824411

in any room...always in step with fashion!

For a room that's lovely to look at . . . comfortable to live in . . . you need Luxaflex Twi-nighter venetians. From "snap-back" aluminium slats to "wipe-clean" plastic tapes and tassels, featherweight Luxaflex Twi-nighters are designed with you in mind. They give complete light control . . . perfect ventilation . . . cosy privacy in any room . . . and protect furnishings from direct sunlight. They come in an exciting range of over 200 colour combinations, plus 12 elegant patterns and the new two-tone designs. And now you can give a wonderful finishing touch to Twi-nighters with the slim, attractive new Luxaflex aluminium pelmet, which comes in two widths — 4½" or 6" — and a range of carefully chosen colours. Available with or without curtain tracking, the Luxaflex pelmet features trim aluminium facia and easy-to-clean double-baked enamel finish.

Glamorous new pattern. Illustrated is the exciting new addition to the Twi-nighter range of patterns — captivating Beige Zebrano. Twi-nighter patterns blend perfectly with the distinctive range of Luxaflex plain colours.

TWI-NIGHTER
THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY IN 68 COUNTRIES
VENETIANS BY Luxaflex®

Luxaflex TWI-NIGHTER — Only genuine Twi-nighters have this seal of quality on the bottom rail. Look for it before you buy.

SEE YOUR LUXAFLEX RETAILER — HE'LL SHOW YOU THAT LUXAFLEX QUALITY IS BETTER ECONOMY.

® Registered trade mark of Hunter Douglas Australia Pty. Ltd.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824412

There was an aura of mystery about her . . . For whom was she watching so intently?

ALL through that endless winter I wasn't much good to anyone. I just kept working day and night. And the work I did was competent enough. But when summer came I went back to the beach.

There were friends who tried to tell me that this was a mistake. Too many memories, they said, too many associations. Too lonely, too this, too that. But I didn't listen to them. Truth was something which kept telling me that I might feel closer to Laura at the cottage than anywhere else.

That was all I wanted, really — to be close to her again. This didn't seem unreasonable to me, or morbid. When you've been married to a beautiful girl for five years and death takes her suddenly, like a candle-flame blown out by the wind, what are you supposed to do — try to forget her?

So I went back. I told Jim Neville, my law partner, that I would be taking some time off. I would fish, I said, and swim, and lie in the sun. Jim didn't try to dissuade me. "Ask me down," he said, "if the channel bass start running. Or even if they don't."

"The first guest," I promised him, "will be you."

He looked at me thoughtfully. He knew an evasion when he heard one. "What about my going with you to open up the place?"

I shook my head. "Thanks, Jim. It'll be all right."

The beach was twenty miles away, across a network of marshes and rivers. I had been at the cottage, alone, when the thing

To page 60

THE GIRL ON THE BEACH

By ARTHUR GORDON

Illustrated by

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824413

DON'T JUST POLISH IT . . .

MARVEER IT!

TRIPLE BENEFIT IN EVERY DROP!

1. Polishes brilliantly, effortlessly.
2. Removes scratches and stains.
3. Preserves the wood.

BM/ICP-1

Obtainable at all good Furniture, Hardware and Grocery Stores. Also in 1-Gal. cans and 5-Gal. tapped drums for Institutional and Commercial use.

Product of Arthur Brunt Pty. Ltd., 385 Lygon St., Brunswick. FW 4174

DELICIOUS for SAVOURIES

Ivanhoe NORWEGIAN CRAB PASTE

Available at all good stores

Trade enquiries: ARTHUR BRUNT PTY. LTD. P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, Vic. (For N.S.W. only: Phone 54 8427 . . . For Sth. Aust. only: Phone UA 9156)

Luggage you'll be proud to claim . . .

Regal RAMBLER

Luggage as smart as your travel ensemble . . . that's Regal Rambler. You'll love the new tapered slimness, the gay colours, the modern fittings. In matched sets or single cases . . . ideal gifts for weddings and birthdays. Available at all leading stores.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL — AUSTRALIAN MADE

WORTH REPORTING

LILI MARLENE is a Seal Point siamese of impeccable lineage who goes holidaying every year with her owners, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Izod, of Burwood, Vic.

On a recent car trip from Melbourne to Noosa Heads, Qld., she stayed at the best hotels and caused considerable flutter.

Usually, the Izods obtained meat for her at butchers' shops, but on New Year's Day in Nambour, with shops closed, the hotel chef cut slices off the guests' steaks for her.

"She was very welcome wherever we went," Mrs. Izod said. "She slept on the end of our beds wherever we stayed — and we carried her toilet tray in the car."

Though Lili Marlene appeared to enjoy the journey thoroughly, she was plainly glad to be home.

About 40 miles from Melbourne she began sniffing restlessly and inquisitively, and by the time the outer suburbs were reached she was miaowing at full throttle.

Obviously she knew which way was home. She sounds the ideal companion for trackless wastes—if you carry a cat, you won't need a compass!

LILI MARLENE . . . she holidays with the family.

Lili is expecting kittens in February, but her owners don't plan to take the whole family on future jaunts.

One cat per car is their policy.

★ ★ ★

SIGN outside a garage in the American Mid-West: "We require a 50 per cent. deposit from all customers we don't know, and a 100 per cent. from some we do know."

Tolerant . . . for a time!

STILL dating your cheques 1961? The Bank of New South Wales "understands" and forgives!

Says public-relations officer of Sydney's head office Mr. A. A. S. Mackenzie: "The correct dating of a cheque, under normal circumstances, is most important—but bankers at this time of the year turn a 'blind eye' to the error."

Mr. Mackenzie confesses he has frequently made the same mistake himself.

"If banks were to return all incorrectly dated cheques in the New Year, the result would no doubt cause confusion and inconvenience to all sections of the community," he said.

IRENA KALMAR assembling the jigsaw pieces of her ceramic murals which resemble mosaics.

Irena, maker of mosaics

SHE has honey-blond hair.

She has the deepest sea-green eyes you ever saw—and she has hit on an idea that should be a winner.

Hungarian - born Sydney artist Irena Kalmar with years of Continental and local experience in ceramics, is creating ceramic murals that are the dead spit of mosaics —with this difference:

- They allow greater freedom of color choice and design. They're less tedious to produce, and, therefore, far less costly than orthodox mosaics.

With commerce and suburbia currently going crazy over mosaic murals (one Sydney pharmaceutical firm couldn't be prouder of its 47ft. by 17ft. facade of Italian glass mosaic) Irena got to work to perfect her simulated type.

She finished a long day at her Bankstown ceramic factory to work through the night experimenting and firing before she finally had the answer.

The answer—as shown in the picture above — couldn't be more mosaic . . . colorful, intricate, indestructible.

All the old mosaic art and draughtsmanship are still there —added to now by some pretty tense moments over kilns—but the laborious cutting and chipping of thousands of minute pieces is out.

Where normally these thousands of chips had to be fitted into mosaic pattern, Irena's irregular but practical-sized pieces are quickly and economically assembled into murals.

Her "modern mosaics" come in original designs, or are based on contemporary or old master paintings.

They can be made to order to picture or full wall size. Estimated cost of a 15ft. by 9ft. mural is about £1500—"far, far cheaper," claims Irena, "than similar-sized mosaics."

★ ★ ★

"THE rose has been on this earth for at least 26,000,000 years—it can be found in the strata of rocks—and at many periods throughout history it has been a most important flower." — British rosegrower Harry Wheatcroft in a B.B.C. General Overseas Service programme.

"I ONCE described to a boy in Borstal the sort of life he would lead at a public school. When I had finished he looked at me in utter astonishment. 'You mean to tell me,' he exclaimed, 'that a chap's parents actually pay good money to send him to such a horrible place?' "— Author and former probation officer Sewell Stokes in the B.B.C. Home Service programme.

Enlightenment in the forest

ONE of the hazards of modern parenthood is Junior's primary-school project.

In search of pictures and enlightenment on such subjects as "Aztecs," "Art," or the "Apple and Pear Board," conscientious parents have been known to:

- Sprint through showground pavilions after pamphlets.
- Plague the publicity officers of commerce and industry.
- Write to Canberra.

For Sydney parents relief is in sight. The mapping firm of H. E. C. Robinson Pty. Ltd. has opened the first Social Studies centre in Australia—and possibly the world.

Here pupils, teachers, and, thank heavens, parents can select at random material for all manner of projects.

When we called, disbelieving parents, egged on by Junior, were examining packets of pictures, inexpensive booklets, and maps.

"You see, Mum," 10-year-old Veronica Andrews, in fifth class at St. Joseph's School, Enfield, was saying, "my project is on N.S.W. — housing, industry, location, climate, land forms, living conditions, famous men . . ."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Andrews, groping for the nearest sales assistant.

★ ★ ★

ON leaving New York by plane for London, U.S. satirist Shelley Berman was invited to look round the captain's cabin and to greet his fellow passengers over the public-address system.

"Welcome aboard," he told them. "I hope you will have a comfortable flight to OHIO."

Recounted Berman later: "It was a long time, I was told, before order was restored."

Bygone beach bans

PUBLIC outcries about banning bikinis and other abbreviated swimming costumes aren't anything new to Adelaide's Mr. Frank Lewis, who recently retired after 39 years as Town Clerk of the seaside suburb of Glenelg.

"Thirty years ago," the genial Mr. Lewis when we called to see him, "Glenelg Council prosecuted a number of men for wearing only trunks.

"There was such an outcry from the public that the Council altered its bylaw to conform to public opinion."

After 39 years as Town Clerk, Mr. Lewis has a lot of memories.

He can remember when steam trains made the six-mile trip from Glenelg to the City of Adelaide at half-hour intervals. Today the suburb is linked to the city by tram —the only tram service still remaining in Adelaide — and by bus.

When Mr. Lewis first took up office, land in Jetty Road —the main shopping street— was worth £20 a foot. Today it is valued at £1000 a foot.

And when, as a young man of 28, Mr. Lewis became Town Clerk of Glenelg, the suburb covered 600 acres. Today it sprawls over 1500 acres.

Mr. Lewis, who is married with one son, two daughters and seven grandchildren, recalls that Mark Twain visited Glenelg in 1898 during a tour of Australia.

"The famous American writer attended an old colonists' lunch given in 1898 by the then Mayor of Glenelg, the late Mr. G. K. Soward," said Mr. Lewis.

"Mark Twain refers to it in his book 'Innocents Abroad.' "

Mr. Lewis, who was born in Port Adelaide, was with the Port Adelaide City Council for 14 years before he became Town Clerk of Glenelg in 1923.

Although retired, he intends to remain active in civic life.

Lament for the "old-hat" G.P.

"WHO cares if old Doc's rooms are shabby and his magazines 'unhygienic' and his appointments in a mess — I'm going back to him."

That was the conviction of our favorite teenager after her visit to the ultra-smart rooms of a co-operative group of doctors in her family's new suburb.

"Like assembly-line material we sat around the wall on inflated-cushion seats in an elegant decor of indoor plants, polished-wood floors, walls of glass, and prefab concrete lacework," she said.

"To the split-second of our appointments, the office staff, sealed off behind closed glass partitions, summoned us per loudspeaker to one of the young medicos in his sanctum down a hall of rooms.

"I ran all the way to Room 4—in case I threw the time-and-motion efficiency out of gear."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824414

Jeffrey and his wife, Cynthia, were highly amused with the gifts they had bought.

THE SECRET SIGN

CYNTHIA STONE pushed her way politely through the crowd in the famous street market. She was aiming at the Chinese shop where one could buy bamboo shoots and soy sauce and so many exotic ingredients. As she passed the entrance to the arcade she noticed two young poeple at the doorway looking in. A memory pierced her preoccupation. Something lovely—no; something terribly sad—which?

Suddenly she remembered clearly. Herself and Jeffrey standing just there, arm in arm, full of love and laughter, looking into the arcade, where a row of stalls offered trashy, glittering rubbish for sale. She was wearing a bright full skirt and a becoming sweater, bare legs and soft ballerina shoes, her hair loose on her shoulders. (Everything was so easy and comfortable then.)

Jeffrey was big and handsome with shaggy fair hair, a pale blue jersey, and grey flannel trousers. How happy and careless they were.

She felt her eyes blazing, her cheeks flushing. "Jeff! An idea! We're going in there and we'll each buy the most awful thing we can find for the other to wear. Then we'll go around wearing it and it'll be a secret sign that no one else will understand!"

A secret sign that says, "I love you."

Jeffrey understood at once; of course, he always did. His eyes brightened. He loved her specially when she had these mad moments.

They separated and spent a delirious half-hour inspecting the wares in the arcade. Jeffrey stood some time hesitating over a tray of pink plastic hair-slides, Cynthia was much taken by some cuff links adorned by girls in bikinis. When they met again they went to a coffee shop and exchanged parcels, possessed by secret laughter and as happy as young swallows swooping through their first spring.

"Oh, no!" they cried as they looked. "It isn't possible! Darling, how perfect!" Cynthia had bought for Jeffrey the most hideous, revolting tie ever yet seen. It was made of very shiny rayon in a ginger color patterned with large emerald-green diamond shapes.

And in the tiny parcel he offered her was a small brooch of twisted gilt wire in the form of the word "Baby."

"I'll treasure it forever," she said, laughing almost too much to speak but with eyes full of love.

"And you must wear it to show you really love me," Jeffrey pressed.

"Of course I will—so must you."

He looked at the lethal tie and grinned. "It's a tough test, but I'll try to be equal to it, darling!"

The picture faded; Cynthia realised she was back again in the cluttered market, not that carefree girl any more, but herself, a busy, smart young matron, full of worries and cares about—about what? Well, details of their life, Jeffrey's career, very important details.

They had worn those absurd trophies for months. When his friends had protested at the horrible tie, Jeffrey had said calmly, "You don't like it? I think it's heaven. My favorite tie, actually."

To page 25

***A romantic short story by* HERO KANIS**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824415

Keeping in Pace

A closer-to-the-body fit is

Here are some fresh ideas and firm rules to help put you on the autumn fashion beam. The mood is youthful and sophisticated. Skirts are made for free-striding legs; waistlines can be high or low or belted at the normal place. Observe the importance of the no-sleeve dress established now as an all-seasons fashion.

— ***BETTY KEEP***

Skirts once more put legs on view, with hemlines hovering round kneecap length. Legs, to be a la mode, should be sheathed in spicy colors. Oval and square-toed shoes are offering. The bootee (see above), like the stole, has taken over in Paris. Our style spy tells us bootees will soon be on sale in Australia. At Maison Dior, Roger Vivier designed bootees to wear around the clock — patent leather and a mixture of leather and tweed for day, and exotic spangled and jewelled ones for after dark.

It's going to be a terrific fur season, with wonderful fur impostors on hand to mimic the real thing. Fake fur by the yard can be used successfully for hoods, jackets, linings, hats, caps, and trims. In Paris, real and unreal furs are often combined. Spot report: Spotted and patterned furs are in great demand. Fur suggestion: A cardigan (left) made in fake leopard and cut with casual dash (after Chanel) and bound with grosgrain ribbon.

A paper pattern in sizes 32 to 38in. bust is available for the jacket. It takes 1½yds. 46in. material, 2½yds. 36in. lining, and 4½yds. 2¼in. grosgrain ribbon. Pattern price 3/6. If ordering, please quote pattern number DS478. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

The sleeveless dress, hitherto listed as a hot-weather fashion, is now a year-round garment. Autumn dresses, sleeveless or otherwise, are no longer understated. Shaped sections and bias cuts are in the example (left). Its hug-the-figure bodice and swirling skirt achieved by bias-cut panels are typical of this new look.

A paper pattern in sizes 32 to 38in. bust is available for the dress; it takes 3⅝yds. 36in. material or 2⅝yds. 54in. material. Pattern price 4/6. When ordering, please quote pattern number DS479. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824416

with Fashion....

at the heart of new fashion. Flared skirts enjoy Paris-Australian endorsement

In the wrap-around mood of the season, belts and sashes in varying widths encircle a high or lengthened torso. After dark, satin ribbon sash-belts are tied casually at one side. Black is an important night color. In the Dior autumn collection, five mannequins showed black dresses exclusively for 20 minutes flat. The ribbon-tied torso dress above is from Maison Dior.

The ultimate in close fit is this Dior midriff sash. The sash extends from hip top to under the bustline. Belts in leather or fabric, nearly 6in. wide, wrap the middle of many of Marc Bohan's slender dresses. To be in fashion a la Dior, the figure is pared to lithe and marvellously lean proportions. The bustline is lifted and the shoulders pared away. The thin elegant woman is again in vogue.

Don't forget something with fringe. Fringe is a major trim for autumn and a pretty bonus to add right now to understated summer fashions. The poncho (left) is a hotshot for the fringe idea. To make the fringe you need 3 balls Peacock bulky knit and 3 balls Peacock mohair boucle.
Method: Cut 2 12in. lengths of yarn. Keeping them together, fold in half and draw the loops through the cloth with a crochet hook from right side of cloth to wrong side. Thread the 4 ends through the loops and tighten up. Repeat around edge, placing each fringe about ½in. apart and ½in. from edge of material.

Paris gives the go-ahead to stoles. They dominate the autumn fashion scene through daylight, dusk, and on into the night light. Without hesitation I name this fashion as an instant way to bring a new surge of life to past and present clothes. A stole is a major fashion addition at a minor sum. It can be small (as above) or almost as big as a coat; it can match or contrast the garment it accompanies. Muffled around a collarless neckline it looks snug, chic, and new. A long one-sided stole is the signature of Paris designer Cardin. By night a floor-length stole wrapped across the bare shoulders of a full-length evening dress is a knockout fashion for any formal occasion that might occur through 1962.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824417

Stars 'n' Stripes. Place a spoonful of ice cream in a glass, sprinkle with hundreds and thousands. Repeat until glass is half full. Pour in milk, float a small spoon of ice cream on top and sprinkle with hundreds and thousands.

Deep Purple. Allow 2 parts of grape juice to 1 part of milk and one ice cube. Shake vigorously. Serve at once.

Fruity Freeze. Make ice blocks using various fruit flavourings. Place 2-3 ice blocks in a glass. Fill up with milk. Decorate with lolly-pop placed in end of straw as illustrated.

Chocolate Cha Cha. 1 tablespoonful cocoa mixed with 1 tablespoonful sugar and 1 tablespoonful boiling water. Stir into 2 cups milk and chill. Flavour with a little vanilla. Top with whipped cream. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

Caramel Conga. Make a caramel syrup, allowing 1 tablespoon of sugar and one tablespoon of water per person. Place spoonful in each glass. Fill up with ⅔rds of glass with milk, add 1 spoonful ice cream and dash of soda. Stir and drink.

Orange Merimba. Beat the yolk of one egg with 1 teaspoon of sugar. Stir in ½ cup orange juice and half cup milk. Beat egg white stiffly and add teaspoon of sugar. Blend into mixture and pour into glass.

It's fun to fix a milk drink

Fun for you. And lots of fun for your friends. Milk drinks give you so much variety. And they're so quick and easy to prepare. Caramel Conga, Deep Purple, mix them in moments. It's a wonderful summer way to enjoy the goodness of milk. A popular choice for everyone.

let's crack a bottle!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824418

Roger felt lonely and miserable — he thought that his first day at school would never end

THE NEW SCHOOLBOY

A short short story by G. M. HART

ROGER heard their friends saying to his mother, "You've worked things very well, Kathy. When the new baby arrives, you'll have Roger off your hands at school." And so it had happened, as Mummy had a baby boy just a fortnight before school began. Everyone told him what a lucky boy he was to have a brother for a playmate; but then he was told he mustn't touch the baby! Roger's round hazel-brown eyes were puzzled.

So when Mummy told him how he would enjoy playing with the children at school, he couldn't quite believe that either, as they had promised him a playmate when the baby came. They had even read it out to him from the paper:

"At Sunnyside, to Kathy, wife of Gregory Peters, a son (Graham Ronald)—a playmate for Roger."

It was the first time they had ever lied to him, and he didn't understand it. The second time was this morning. For a long time now, Mummy had been telling him about going to school, and how on the first morning she would go along the road with him, then the teacher would take him and the other children, after which she would go home to get his lunch ready for when he came home at lunch-time.

It hadn't happened like that at all. Her younger sister, Auntie Hazel, who was staying with them, had said: "Kathy, you can't possibly go out in all this rain. Let me take Roger to school—you know he will be quite all right with me," and of course he was.

He loved Auntie Hazel. She loved little boys, and she wasn't married yet, so had none of her own. When he went off quite willingly with the teacher, Auntie Hazel waved cheerily to him but he couldn't quite understand the lump in his throat or the pricking behind his eyelids. None of it was as he had been led to expect.

He liked the music as they marched into school, then the slates and pencils, the colored chalks, and the little blackboards. When the bell rang and they trooped out to the shelter sheds, he started off home, but Miss Jones, the teacher, ran after him and held his hand as she brought him back.

"This is only morning recess, Roger — playtime — not lunchtime yet. Do you have an apple or some play-lunch to eat?"

The tears were very near as he shook his head. His mother had told him about that, too, but she must have been too busy with the new baby to have remembered it. So far he hadn't thought of the baby as anything but "it" and "that baby," as he didn't like it much at all. It cried in the night, and there were lights flicking on and off preventing him from sleeping soundly.

When he called out for a drink of water, Daddy only told him to be a good boy and go back to sleep. He hadn't really wanted a drink, but they could have given it to him. It wasn't much to ask when everyone seemed to be running after that baby all the time!

Miss Jones took him into the teacher's room and gave him an apple from her own lunchbox. She wasn't nearly so fearsome at close quarters. Behind her horn-rimmed glasses her brown eyes were kind, and her mouth was soft as she smiled.

"I believe you have a lovely new baby brother?" she said, and spoiled it all. Like everyone else, she wasn't interested in him at all, only in that baby! The apple tasted dry now, so as soon as she sent him out to play with the others, he surreptitiously dropped it into a rubbish tin, then sat in a corner miserably. The other children didn't ask him to play. He knew some of them, and usually didn't need to be invited to join them; but today he longed for someone to say, "Come on, Roger, play with us!"

Wearily he followed them into school when the bell rang, the others rosy with running about, but he was very cold, and shivering. Perhaps he would get very ill—he might even die! Would anyone care? He doubted it.

Then he heard Miss Jones say, "Come, Roger, clap your hands to the music with the other children," and he felt hungry. The clapping and piano noise disturbed him and made him feel sick. He wanted to run home to his own room and cry. Edging out of the seat, he was recalled by Miss Jones saying they would be let out for lunch in a few minutes — could he wait? He nodded, sat down again, and thought it was the longest morning he could ever remember, and it wasn't over yet.

Just when he thought it never would, the bell rang, and Miss Jones was helping them all into their raincoats, busy as a hen with chickens. He noticed that the rain was coming down harder than ever as Miss Jones said, "Those who are going home hurry please, and try not to get wet. Those who are staying here, keep out of the wet in the shelter sheds." Then he heard another more familiar voice:

"I have brought Roger's lunch down to him. Has he been good, Miss Jones?"

His mother—looking more beautiful than he had ever remembered her—was dripping water on to the step. Raindrops sparkled on the fair hair that peeped from beneath her green rain-hood and her cheeks were pink. Why hadn't he ever noticed how shining her eyes were, how blue!

He sat close to her on the seat in the shelter shed and cupped in his cold hands the warm brown egg she unwrapped. Warmth seemed to run from his fingertips, right through his body until his very toes tingled.

"After you left, I remembered I hadn't given you any play-lunch," she apologised, "And then I remembered my first day at school. It was just such a wet cold day as this, and your Auntie Hazel was a baby, just as little as Graham. Someone had said it was a good thing I would be out of the way at school, so as not to bother my mother when she was so busy, and I felt that nobody loved or wanted me.

"I was so lonely and miserable, and that morning seemed endless. I even tried to go home at playtime, and they wouldn't let me. When lunchtime finally came, there was my mother, waiting at the door. She had a little basket with a boiled egg wrapped up to keep it warm. Suddenly I knew she must have loved me very much to leave the baby and come out in the rain to me. Do you know, I thought you could be feeling much the same way."

He was munching the warm egg with bread and butter. Then he called happily to the other children. "I'll play with you in a minute, as soon as I've finished my lunch."

He turned to his mother and said, "Hadn't you better get back to that baby—I mean—er—to Graham?"

As she walked up the hill, Kathy was wondering if she had been a foolish mother. Perhaps all children were not sensitive; but the picture of her own first day had been so vivid. Roger looked well adjusted and happy at school.

Hazel met her at the door and scolded her as she shook out the rain-hood and drops scattered around. "I could easily have gone! Was he pleased to see you?"

"Couldn't have cared less," smiled Kathy. "He was perfectly happy. But when you are a mother you seem to get those hunches. Do you know I had a thought he might just be a wee bit jealous of the baby, but he isn't — not a bit!"

(Copyright)

Now is the time to enjoy delicious...refreshing...cooling

ICED COFFEE

HOW TO MAKE BUSHELLS ICED COFFEE
Dissolve 1 teaspoonful (more if desired) of Bushells Instant Coffee with a small amount of water. Add ice, then fill the glass with chilled milk or water. Add sugar.

BUSHELLS ICED COFFEE "SPECIAL" Dissolve 1 or 2 teaspoonfuls (according to taste) of Bushells Instant Coffee with a small amount of water. Add cold milk, a little vanilla essence, and top off with ice cream . . . now sprinkle a few grains of Instant Coffee on the top.

You'll love Iced Coffee made with

Bushells

INSTANT COFFEE

The Instant that IS coffee

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824419

DAWN SUPERSOFT TOILET TISSUE

GIVES YOU EXTRA VALUE BY ANY MEASURE!

EXTRA WEIGHT DAWN weighs heavier than other toilet tissues! That's because DAWN gives you 100 extra sheets in every roll!

EXTRA LENGTH DAWN gives you 27½ feet of extra tissue in every roll! DAWN is the longest toilet roll!

EXTRA SOFTNESS Only DAWN is made by the exclusive SUPERSOFT PROCESS! Micro-photos prove that DAWN is made from pure chemical pulp — ordinary tissues contain harsh ground wood which could cause irritation. DAWN is softest — SAFEST!

AUSTRALIAN MADE

BUY DAWN—the big national toilet tissue owned by Australians!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824420

Continuing . . . THE SECRET SIGN

from page 19

And she had countered criticism of her nasty little brooch with "Sentimental value, pets, strictly sentimental."

Then their eyes would meet across the other people, brimming with the secret message "I love you."

And now Cynthia thought how sad it is. When you're young you have love and nothing else. All else is hope and ignorance. When you're older the hopes have been realised. You have all you wanted—except love. Because love has disappeared when you weren't looking.

Making her purchases, she brooded over their situation. Jeffrey never wanted anything mad and funny any more. Her talent for gaiety, for exciting, impulsive adventures and fun was wasted. All that mattered was getting on, pleasing the right people, doing the right thing, being seen (and photographed) in the right places. Top people, O.K. activities, these were what mattered.

Cynthia felt a wave of rebellion, but she bought what was on her list all the same. The Scotts were coming to dinner tonight, and, Jeffrey said, a lot depended on it.

The dinner was a success. Mr. Scott was flattering, ponderously naughty with her; Mrs. Scott, blue-haired and upholstered-looking, condescended from a great height.

When they had gone Jeffrey helped her pile up the glasses and plates in the kitchen. "Well, that went off fine," he said. "Now, on Thursday, there's the Bradleys' party. What are you going to wear?"

CYNTHIA had been planning for weeks. She had ordered the most beautiful dress she had ever possessed, a misty blue chiffon. Reflecting the blue of her eyes, she knew it did more for her than any dress had ever done.

She had booked an appointment with her hairdresser—her jewels were planned to complement the whole effect. Everything should be perfect, she knew. So, why was she seized with this uncontrollable impulse to revolt? But she was. "Oh . . ." very offhand, "I thought perhaps my black . . ."

Jeffrey sat up straight. "You wore that last time. The Bradleys will think . . ."

Her tiredness dissolved in a blaze of resentment. "Blow the Bradleys! I just don't care what the Bradleys think. Do you hear? I don't care!"

Jeffrey said, "But, Cynthia . . ." (he only called her Cynthia when they weren't on good terms) "the Bradleys are important."

She rose. "They aren't important to me." All her youth, her loving, idealistic youth shouted behind the words.

From there the row had developed and burned them up.

At one o'clock in the morning Cynthia rang the bell of her friend Maria's flat. Maria and her brother Paul kept late hours most nights. Maria appeared in a beautiful red satin evening coat.

"Hullo, pet," she said casually. "I just got home. Nice to see you."

"Maria . . . can you give me a bed?"

"Of course, if you bear the mattress in our spare room. Fuss with Jeffrey?"

"Sort of." She was grateful for Maria's easy, incurious manner.

At breakfast the next morning Maria said, "I'll be out late this evening, pet. Going on straight from the office. But Paul says he'd love it if you'd have dinner with him. You know, he's always had rather a thing for you?"

After Maria had whirled off to work, Paul appeared, immaculate in his office clothes. "How about a bite together this evening, if you aren't booked, Cynthia?"

Cynthia was only too glad. It looked like a long, bleak day. Though, of course, it was wonderful to be free of Jeffrey and the Scotts and the Bradleys and all their ridiculous demands. She did some shopping in the morning. A cinema filled up the afternoon. And then it was time to go home (home?) to Maria's bath and dress for dinner with Paul.

Paul had thick brown hair and a furry moustache. He sold textiles for a firm in Soho. "Well, here's to life," he said, over their second bottle. Then he fell silent, until after a morose dream he emerged and said, "Life isn't what you think it's going to be, is it?" He sighed heavily.

Cynthia came to suddenly. "No. You're right, Paul."

What am I doing here, she thought. This isn't my place. And all her pretty things from home skidded unbearably across her mind. Her new pale-blue drawing-room with the white velvet curtains, the favorite pans and dishes she liked to cook with——

"Oh, well, have to make the best of it," Paul was saying. "Would you like to go on somewhere? We could dance——"

"Oh, no, thank you, Paul. Let's go home."

"O.K. If that's what you want."

In the taxi he held her hand and she felt his fingers trembling in her own.

Maria was still out when they got to the flat.

"Let's have a drink," Paul said.

"Well, just a small one, Paul."

He put the glasses on the low table in front of the sofa and lit the gas fire. "You know something, Cynthia? I've always had a yen for you, ever since we were kids."

Suddenly Paul leaned over and kissed her. "Cynthia, I'm mad about you — won't you——?"

Somehow she managed to regain the anonymous guest-room. She sat on the bed, staring out at the dark blue night. Then she put her head on the pillow and cried as silently as she could. Afterwards she felt better, in an exhausted kind of way.

. . . . . .

The Bradleys' party was in full swing. All the up-and-coming young businessmen were there looking glossy, perfectly suited and shirted, with shining wives to support them.

When Cynthia courageously made her entrance, Mrs. Bradley happened to be unencumbered. "Cynthia, how nice!" she exclaimed, as if the last thing she expected was to see one of her invited guests appearing. In spite of her sophisticated years, she could not prevent her eye running over and summing up every detail of Cynthia's appearance.

"What a divine dress, darling. I've never seen you looking so gorgeous." Then her eye became stuck. At last she cried, "But, darling, this weird brooch, what is it? Have you pawned your lovely pearls?" She looked round over the crowd as if asking for help. "Are you and Jeffrey playing some crazy joke on us? He is decked in the most ghastly tie you could ever imagine."

At this moment two new, very important guests arrived, and Mrs. Bradley's attention left Cynthia to be focused on them.

Across the room Cynthia saw Jeffrey wearing his best suit and the impossible repulsive tie; the unspeakable tie which all the same spoke volumes to one with ears to hear.

His glance took in her beautiful dress, with "Baby" pinned defiantly bang in the centre of its impeccable bodice.

Their eyes met across the other people. And they began, irresistibly, to push toward each other.

(Copyright)

NOW. . . HEAR *STEREO* WITH A DIFFERENCE !

There's more to this magnificent unit than sheer styling. It took the technical and research know-how of 40 years to perfect it. The all-Australian manufacturing resources of Electronic Industries to produce it. The skill and honest workmanship of 5,000 people to back it up with quality. The result . . . the ASTOR 'Concertmaster'. A long, low line, painstaking cabinet craftsmanship in the revolutionary new Polyester finish which sheds stains, resists scratches and cigarette burns. It captures with uncanny realism the spell of the actual performance, and bristles with advanced features such as newest design, all-speed, all-size record changer, full range console radio, four-speaker performance, immense record storage. Experience an ASTOR demonstration. This will convince you it's *the* 'Stereo of the Sixties'! * *129 gns.*

ASTOR 'Leisure-line 11' Most modern frig. ever

*ASTOR fully automatic clothes washer * 209 gns.*

*ASTOR Barclay 23" * 209 gns.*

ASTOR CONCERTMASTER STEREO

UP GRW 18

A PRODUCT OF THE VAST RESOURCES OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LIMITED

** Prices slightly higher in W.A., North Q'land and Tas.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824421

ON YOUR FEET A LOT?

Here's blissful comfort for tired aching legs

Supp-hose

THE SHEER SUPPORT NYLON STOCKINGS THAT EASE TIRED LEGS!

Women everywhere are discovering blissful comfort with SUPP-HOSE — the only fashionable stockings that support your legs! Housewives, working women, mothers-to-be and those suffering from varicose veins have all found blissful relief from aching legs with SUPP-HOSE. They look and wash like any other sheer nylons — yet their gentle pressure gives wonderful support. Try them! **42/- PAIR**

*** ALL NYLON * 7 PROPORTIONED FITTINGS**
*** GUARANTEED 9 TIMES LONGER WEAR * 4 COLORS**

HH244

SUPP-HOSE by HILTON

Goddard's *Silver Dip*

BANISHES STAINS AND TARNISH *WITHOUT RUBBING!*

Go ahead and be downright proud of your gleaming Goddard's-dipped silver. No need to tell that those stubborn stains and tarnish went with no work at all—even between fork prongs and filigree. Good silver stays good forever with Goddard's Silver Dip. **7/9.**

DIP
RINSE
DRY

GODDARD'S, *specialists in fine polishes for over 120 years.*

J159

LETTER BOX

• *We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.*

TV double-chins

THERE would seem to me to be a very real danger to all age groups—but especially to the middle-aged—of developing double-chins from watching TV. I suggest viewers raise their screens at least two inches to avoid the deplorable tendency of dropping the head—thus causing wrinkles round the neck.

£1/1/- to "B.McK." (name supplied), Fairfield, N.S.W.

Leapfrog was gallantry

AT a Country Women's Association meeting, members were asked to tell their most amusing experiences. One member said she was walking down Collins Street, Melbourne, when she saw a shilling lying on the footpath. At first she intended leaving it there, but at the last minute decided to pick it up. She stooped so suddenly a gentleman leap-frogged over her back. He explained, "Sorry, lady, it was the only way I could avoid knocking you flat!"

£1/1/- to Miss L. Edgar, West Coburg, Vic.

Cruel nursery rhymes

DO other readers feel, as I do, that some nursery rhymes are too cruel and harsh for kiddies? My neighbor's three-year-old gets very upset when told, "All the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't put Humpty together again." Other examples are "Jack and Jill," "Three Blind Mice," and "Pussy's in the Well."

£1/1/- to "Ducky" (name supplied), Mt. Gravatt, Qld.

Her vintage clothes

NOT all old clothes depress, as most women think they do. Some clothes are (like plants) merely annuals. Others are not only perennials but hardy ones at that. I wear, non-depressively, a blouse that's 30 years old, a hat that will be 20 in September, a suit nearly 17 years old, and dresses which have done from eight to 11 years' good service—to say nothing of a beloved coat that's going on 17 and another going on 18. Before the fashion-conscious faint, I should add that I keep up with the hem ascents and descents.

£1/1/- to M. Luson, Hampton, Vic.

Guests who bear gifts

I FEEL both resentful and embarrassed when folk, invited for a meal, arrive loaded with food, as though they don't expect to be fed. I no more expect people to bring donations than I consider it necessary to pack food for my family when we're invited out. Surely times are not so hard we can't give and receive hospitality graciously!

£1/1/- to "Hostess" (name supplied), Paterson, N.S.W.

They followed the leader

OFF for a drive on the day before Christmas, we noticed a truck laden with Christmas bush parked at the side of the road, but without customers. On our return trip, an hour or so later, we saw a long line of hopeful customers. While we were buying the last bunch, the young seller explained, "Dad reckoned it needed only one car to stop for others to follow suit. So he went home, got his car, drove back, and bought a bunch. Another car stopped straight away, and we've been busy ever since!" Are we really such sheep?

£1/1/- to "N.F." (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

Ice-breaker

IN England I knew two foreign students who had a novel way of improving their English and making friends. They'd board a bus and choose a seat behind a dear old lady. As they reached Marble Arch one would say, "This is Admiralty Arch." When they arrived at Trafalgar Square he'd say, "This is Oxford Circus." The third "mistake" never failed. The dear old soul would turn round and take the misguided travellers in hand. They thoroughly enjoyed the ensuing conversations. Perhaps Australians travelling in Britain may like to try it!

£1/1/- to J. Oliver, Belfield, N.S.W.

• Ross Campbell is on holidays. His column will be resumed on his return.

Chance in a million

AFTER a stop for lunch on a recent car trip to South Australia, a friend found she'd lost her rings. A search was made of the car and surrounding ground without result, so the journey continued. Returning by the same route four weeks later, they stopped at the identical spot, where a grader was working on the road. After an hour spent sifting the soil, the rings were found about three inches deep in sand.

£1/1/- to "B.S." (name supplied), Epping, N.S.W.

Happy events

HOW right you are, "May" (S.A.), the "happy event" is quite the opposite for some couples. Children can bring friction and cause a rift in the home. My husband and I were blissfully happy from the night we met until I brought our infant home from hospital. Twelve months later another baby was installed in our flat. Now life is bedlam, and instead of a cosy chat in the evenings Dad is met with demanding voices and a hot and harassed wife. Once the children are bedded down we manage a silent tea, then I'm off to bed worn out and cross. Our love of yesteryear is diminishing rapidly.

£1/1/- to "Von" (name supplied), Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

* * *

WITH four children, my husband and I believe we are closer than ever. Sometimes we disagree on their upbringing, but we talk it over in private, not fight it out in front of the children.

£1/1/- to "I'm Sticking To It" (name supplied), Clapham, S.A.

* * *

A HUSBAND and wife with conflicting personalities would, if there are no children to argue about, find some other outlet. I think a child would make no difference in the long run to a successful marriage.

£1/1/- to D. King, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

* * *

A CHILD can bring parents together. My husband and I separated after only two months of marriage. After he had gone, I discovered I was pregnant and contacted him. We decided for the baby's sake we must learn to live in peace, and now both enjoy the love of a daughter and have a deeper understanding of each other.

£1/1/- to "Happy Mum" (name supplied), Mackay, Qld.

* * *

A MARRIAGE based on real affection and respect can only be made stronger by children.

£1/1/- to "Happy Wife and Mother" (name supplied), Geraldton, W.A.

"Did you hear a sigh of relief?"

"Every morning the same—instant cereal, instant coffee, instant argument."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824422

THE LONGEST WEARING SHEETS YOU'LL EVER BUY!

no other sheets dare guarantee six years of wear'n'wash days

LOWEST PRICED QUALITY SHEETS GENEROUSLY CUT . . . Guaranteed true to size, they're genuine budget-savers. Cost you less than any other top-quality sheets! Size 63 x 99 at 64/6 pr.; 72 x 99, 69/6; 80 x 99, 78/-; 90 x 99, 87/-; 90 x 108, 99/6. Pillow cases, 6/9 each.

Prices vary slightly in South Australia

WASH-DAY WHITENESS IS WOVEN IN TO STAY Out of the wash tub, onto your line, with a gleaming, woven-in whiteness that lasts through countless tubbings. Tough and strong, Nile-Bradmill Sheets wash in a wink, stand up to hard wear and still keep their silky-smooth finish.

It takes confidence to make a guarantee like that. Confidence in quality, durability, weave. Nile-Bradmill Sheets have all that. They're made of super-carded cotton of the finest Bradmill quality. Soft, smooth, daisy-white, with a woven-in strength that's all their own. The guarantee says Six Years, but even long after that you'll find them still hard at work. All-Australian, made in the world's most modern sheeting mill, they're expertly finished, pretty and practical. Be sure YOUR next sheets are Nile-Bradmill . . . made to LOOK good, FEEL good, and STAY good-as-new!

'BRADMILL' SHEETING
MADE IN AUSTRALIA
ALL COTTON

NILE·BRADMILL

AUSTRALIAN MADE

famous All-Australian sheets with the six year guarantee

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824423

Egg'n'Bacon Pie, a man-sized lunch

When men get together outdoors, energy goes fast! Keep them on the go with Egg 'n' Bacon Pie. It's a man-sized favourite packed with man-sized goodness. They'll love it. (All the family will!) Remember, healthy, active men and women need two eggs a day.

Whichever way you serve them, be sure you always use Sunrise Eggs . . . they're guaranteed local new laid . . . and guaranteed true to size.

EGG 'N' BACON PIE

Rich short crust made with ⅜ lb. flour
4 to 5 eggs
3 bacon rashers
Pinch of salt
½ tablespoon chopped parsley
Cayenne
½ tablespoon mustard mixed with vinegar

Grease 10" tart plate. Remove rind, smear bacon with mustard, cut into 2" pieces. Line plate with ⅔ pastry, cover with bacon. Break in enough eggs to cover. Sprinkle with cayenne, salt, parsley. Add rest of bacon, water glaze pastry edge, cover with remaining pastry. Trim, pinch together, decorate. Glaze with beaten egg. Bake at 425° for 15 minutes and decrease to 350°. Cook for a further 15 minutes. Serves four to five people.

Bigger, fresher

SUNRISE

eggs are good mixers!

EB151/61

SCHOOL DAYS!

"Oh, come now, Mother — he won't forget."

"Still mad at your class, Miss Melish?"

"Don't worry, now — with good behavior you can be out of here in seven years."

"I'm sorry, Winslow, but I can't accept your resignation."

"FRED!"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824424

For a terrified instant, Flora stood at the door as she recognised the body of the man called Mickey Matchett.

DEATH SLEPT HERE

Exciting conclusion of our two-part serial

By GWEN DALTON HOOKER

WORKING her way round the world trying to forget her fiance's death, English girl FLORA MACDONALD has taken a position as governess to CAROL and BRIAN FLAXMAN'S children, ANDREW and JANE, on an isolated cattle station. She becomes fond of Carol's brother, PETER INGLEBY, the station manager.

Carol seems to have no idea of running the household, leaving it to the half-caste housekeeper, MRS. MINDY, and two maids, MARY and LUCYBELLE, while MR. BONNEY, a bookkeeper, runs the business side of the station. The situation becomes tense when Brian's spinster sister EILEEN arrives on a visit, convalescing after an illness, and Flora notices an estrangement between Carol and Brian. She thinks the tension at the homestead has something to do with MICKEY MATCHETT, a nomadic type who is camped by the river. At the meal he had had in the house he had talked of two missing Germans, KARL and ILSE MEYER.

Taking a message to Matchett to move up to the house before floodwaters descend, Flora hears Lucybelle's boy-friend, nicknamed HITLER, has found the bodies of the Meyers. Matchett had been searching for them, as he had hoped to marry Ilse. He says the Flaxmans will call the two deaths suicide, but he is sure it is murder.

The next morning Flora asks him, "Do you really believe someone from here murdered the Meyers?" Matchett replies, "Don't ask me, ask Brian Flaxman. He should know. He used to be married to Ilse." NOW READ ON:

SERGEANT AMES arrived at Keralji homestead shortly before lunch and, looking at him, Flora thought that here at long last was the typical Australian, the lean, long-limbed, far-seeing, sun-tanned being who appeared in films droving enormous herds of cattle across the continent. But Sergeant Ames was not a drover, he was a policeman. He had his headquarters in the town of Pint-Pot, some eighty miles distant from Keralji, where there was no juvenile delinquency and the crime that did occur was usually very adult.

He was new to the area, having taken charge of the station only a week or two before, and Flora had not met him until now.

He was an old friend of Brian Flaxman's, and his greeting of the Keralji owner had no reserve in it. Whatever the implications of the Meyers' murder, he did not as yet know of them as they bore on Keralji.

Flaxman's habitually self-contained manner lightened when he saw the sergeant. Clearly, the prospect of a long yarn with an old friend delighted him. "We went to school together," he told Flora. "You wouldn't think it, to look at him now, but this long arm of the Law was once the school dare-devil. I could tell a few stories that would probably have him thrown out of the Force if they were known."

The sergeant grinned. "Two can play at that game," he said. "You were a wild spirit yourself in those days, Brian. I never thought you'd settle down. I'm delighted to meet you at last, Mrs. Flaxman. I'd heard Brian had married a beauty, and I can see that report did not lie."

Carol's dark eyes sparkled. In anticipation of the sergeant's coming she had put on a new, charmingly embroidered green linen dress and had spent over half an hour arranging her hair. It was Eileen who had discussed the midday menu with Mrs. Mindy and supervised the arrangement of the table, while Flora saw to it that the children looked their best.

It should have been a pleasant meal, in the big, airy dining-room, but it was not. The arrival of Mickey Matchett for lunch had caused the sudden extinction of Flaxman's good humor and he only spoke when he could not avoid it. A sudden tiredness seemed to have taken possession of him. Flora had seen him weary before, but never like this in his spirit.

She tried not to look at him, not to think about him, but all the time, at the back of her mind, was the knowledge that he, her employer, whom she liked and respected and from whom she had received such kindness, had been married to Ilse Meyer, that he had kept quiet about it all this time, and that Ilse Meyer had been murdered.

She knew that she should have taken this information at once to Sergeant Ames, but she had not done so. She could not do so. Never before had her loyalties been divided like this. She did not know what to do. In the meantime, she had to force herself to eat.

"I'm obliged to you for helping get that car up, Brian," Sergeant Ames said, when the first course was done. "One more day and with last night's rain we'd have been too late. It's an ugly business."

Flaxman nodded. "Very ugly."

Eileen had not said much during the meal, though she had followed alertly everything that was said, but now she

To page 52

Are grandmothers getting younger? There may be statistics to prove that they are, but I think the real truth is that modern grannies **seem** younger because they **look** younger. We women are traditionally privileged to keep our age a secret and, anyway, youth is a look — a feeling — not a matter of the number of birthdays we've had!

Grey hairs are a give-away! Most women today are wonderfully enlightened about the use of cosmetics, but many don't realise that hair colour is just as important as lipstick — the very first thing which betrays age is grey hair. Even if it's premature, grey hair will make you look older than you really are, so looking young begins with banishing tell-tale grey hairs.

Colour must be natural. Maybe you feel doubtful about using hair colouring because you're afraid your hair will not look natural — and there are many hair colourants which do look unreal and artificial. That's why I always recommend L'Oreal of Paris Tintette, the gentle liquid creme you can really trust. With Tintette you can be absolutely sure that your hair colour will be perfect — never too dark, never too bright, never unreal, because the clear, shining colour penetrates deep into the hair shaft. Only with Tintette can you colour your hair at home with serene confidence — easily, quickly, safely and permanently. All the twelve lovely Tintette shades are so true to nature that no one will realise what has happened — they'll just notice how much younger and prettier you look.

Choosing your shade. When selecting the shade for your hair, remember that Tintette can do far more than any ordinary hair colouring. First and foremost, of course, it can restore natural hair colour to grey hair. But it can also lighten and brighten (without bleaching) . . . add deeper tone to fading hair . . . or give you a complete colour change. If your hair is greying and darkening, a Tintette shade just a little lighter than your natural colour will bring it back to its original lively loveliness. Your chemist — or the hair consultant in your favourite store — will gladly help you choose the perfect Tintette shade for your hair. Or, if you prefer, I'll be very happy to give you personal advice if you write me at the address below.

Complete hair beauty treatment. There's a special reason why Tintette gives such translucent, living colour to your hair — it is not just a hair colouring, it is a complete hair beauty treatment. Every time you use Tintette you pamper it with wonderful vitalising and nourishing ingredients which make it glossy, healthy and manageable — and leave it in perfect condition.

Automatic colour control. There's no need to panic if an interruption occurs when you are using Tintette, because it contains a completely automatic colour controlling agent which works like a stopwatch. No matter how long Tintette is left on your hair, the colour simply cannot become darker, or brighter, or change in any way at all.

It's easy to hue-it-yourself! Even if you have never used any type of hair colouring before, you can use Tintette happily and safely, in the privacy of your own bathroom. In little more time than it takes to shampoo and set your hair, you can change drab dullness to shining new beauty, and make those tell-tale grey hairs vanish completely.

If you have any hair beauty problems, why not write and tell me about them? And if you would like personal guidance on the Tintette shade you should use, send a 2 inch snippet of your hair to me so I can test it and advise you.

Anne Bryant

Marigny L'Oreal Advisory Bureau, 177 Collins Street, Melbourne, Victoria.

THOSE HORRID

AGE SPOTS*

Fade them out with

ESOTÉRICA

* Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old — perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with new **ESOTERICA**, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, makes hands look white and young again. Equally effective on the face, neck, and arms. Not a cover-up. Acts in the skin—not just on it. Fragrant, greaseless base for softening, lubricating the skin as it clears up those blemishes.

★ SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY SIZE

To introduce **ESOTERICA** to Australian women a special 1oz. size is available at only 14/6 . . . or 2oz. for 22/6 (both post free). Used as directed it will improve your skin as it has for hundreds of thousands of American women. **ESOTERICA** will be available at Selected Chemists soon. For immediate delivery Call or Send payment direct to:

ADRIAN LABORATORIES (AUST.) CO.,
Dept. 1, St. James Bldg., 107 Elizabeth St., Sydney. BW6948.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824425

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824426

Patrick gazed at the girl opposite him on the bus each day.

Hero of the 8·15

An amusing short story

By CHARLES STAMP

AFTER two years of travelling into town each workday, the bus journey suddenly changed from dull routine to what was almost a pleasure trip. For two weeks a girl had been getting on the bus at the Marsh Avenue stop each morning, a slim, pretty girl who liked suits, crisp blouses, and neat court shoes. She had dark hair, which she sometimes wore long or sometimes wore in one of those up-and-down rolls that Patrick could not name but liked.

When she sat herself neatly on to the long seat near the door, opposite to him, he found himself glancing at her legs, liking them, then forcing his eyes to a cough-medicine advertisement above her head. He did not want her to think he was . . . Well, he would not like her to think he was the type of chap who made a hobby of admiring a girl's legs. For all that, they were very shapely.

The only time she spoke was when she bought her ticket, and then Patrick could not hear the sound of her voice, it was so quiet. But he always saw the smile for the conductor that accompanied it.

He often wished that he was the conductor, not permanently appointed, but just for the eight-fifteen run and the unknown return trip in the evening. He would say a pleasant good morning to her the first day, then follow it up the next day with some pleasant remark about the weather, gradually building conversation, by use of his position, until he could say . . . He glanced at her face, then returned to the window-catch just above her head.

"My name is Patrick," he told the chromium handle. "This is going to sound real crazy and you'll probably think I'm fresh, but, without really knowing you, I think I'm in love with you. I've never said that to any girl before. Won't you tell me who you are?"

He moved his attention from the handle to the cough-medicine advertisement, browsing en route to admire a pair of soft brown eyes that did not seem to notice him.

What could you do? Everybody said it was wrong to force your attentions on people, particularly a girl you did not know. The rules made it appear evil. And yet if he was to speak to her in a normal, friendly fashion she may not mind it one bit. Jeepers! But what if she were annoyed?

The stout lady, who always took the two seats beside him, edged up to him in a series of small bounces to make half a seat for her wizened friend who always wore an apron beneath her coat. As soon as her friend boarded the bus she began another of her daily episodes on "the way our Tessie's kids are coming on." Every now and then it became a duet.

The fat woman would start her retaliation piece about "you should see our Tommy's flaughter . . .the pet," and what she had been up to or down with before her friend was finished.

The girl never appeared to notice them. She sat comfortably, but upright, her face relaxed. Once or twice he thought she had half glanced at him, but, on taking his eyes from the window-catch or the advertisement in a hopeful hurry, he had failed to meet hers. She would be looking out of the window again or smoothing her gloves.

It was unreasonable. In every film, story . . . in real life something happened to draw strangers together. "She" would find herself locked out of her flat and would appeal to "Him" for help. "Her" bath geyser would go haywire and "He" would turn up to fix it and prove what a handy man he was to have around a home. The "She's" dropped parcels, handkerchiefs, phone numbers, and hints. The "He's" gladly picked them up. Bingo! the thaw set in, romance blossomed, and they both lived happily ever after.

"Perhaps," he told the smiling gent pouring cough elixir into a spoon, "perhaps personal boldness was the answer." But no matter how well it worked in fiction, in real life there was a strong possibility of being slapped across the face, and being put off the bus by the conductor.

Darn being eighteen and having your tongue tied into a reef knot each morning, he thought. She never looked as though she would ever drop her handbag or handkerchief. Not even her bus ticket! She poked it carefully into the back of her glove and stayed poised and beautiful.

"Now if only her heel would get caught between the floor strips," he suggested to the man who had found continual relief from winter colds. "Why doesn't she find that she has forgotten her money?

"Allow me," he would say, paying her fare. She would give him her name and address and ask for his to pay back the money. "I wouldn't think of letting you pay me back," he would say. Then he would go on gallantly, "Just to know your name is repayment enough." But there wasn't a chance. Nothing would ever happen to bring them together.

The fat lady was playing a trump card. Her granddaughter could make her own bed. Her thin friend was searching for a counter and Patrick was telling Mr. Glowing Winter Health that in future he might get an earlier bus or sit up near the front when, suddenly, the bus lurched, the brakes came on hard, then it lurched again.

With the speed of a dream, he saw immediately what he must do. At the second lurch the girl tumbled forward on the seat. There was a complete, heroic picture of himself bounding forward, taking her in his arms, and protecting her from any harm with his own manly, sacrificial body.

As the girl left the seat, he followed the dream script closely and jumped forward across the gangway.

And then everything went wrong. There was no girl in his arms. Light was returning and he was lying on the floor of the bus with a terrible weight on his chest that pressed him down and down. A man hovered above him with a bottle of cough medicine in one hand and a large spoon in the other.

"Here, son, have a drink of this." Mr. Glowing Winter Health dissolved into the fat lady bending over him with a glass of water.

"He's all right," said the voice of the conductor. "A bit of a bang on the noggin, that's all."

"It's a wonder I didn't finish you off," said the fat lady, "falling on you like that with my weight. Couldn't help it, love. Are you all right?"

"I think so," he said. It was then that he remembered the girl. What had become of the damsel in distress? Had she, despite his efforts, been injured. As he turned his head to look for her he noticed a handkerchief tied around his wrist. It was a small handkerchief edged with fine lace.

"Where's the young lady?" he asked the fat woman.

"What young lady, son? You weren't with anybody."

"The young lady who sat opposite us."

"Oh, that one! She's all in one piece. Had to nip off quick to get the hairdressing shop open, she said. Something about her being the only one who had keys."

So that was the end of that. No gallant rescue. No introduction. Only a bump on the head, a cut wrist, and a squashing from the fat lady.

"That's her hankie," put in the fat lady. "She did up the cut for you. Nice little thing. She said I was to ask you to return it to Gwendoline's Beauty Salon . . . in Prince's Street."

Gwendoline! There wasn't a sweeter-sounding name than Gwendoline . . . unless it was Gwen or Gwennie.

"She said for you to pop in any time. Just ask for Marie."

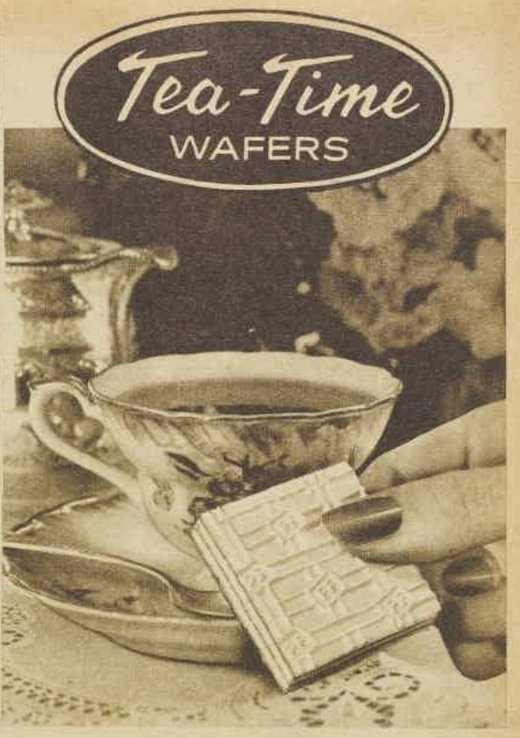
Of course! Marie! How could anyone with such a beautiful face and shiny black hair be called anything but Marie.

Suddenly he looked at his wrist, smiled, then got up and spoke to the cough-medicine man. "Drink it yourself," he told him. "Next time I travel on the bus I'll be sitting on the other side and not having to look at your face!" Then, stepping down to the pavement, he disappeared quickly into the crowd.

Without realising it, this time he had spoken aloud to the advertisement.

"Well, did you 'ear that, Iris?" said the astonished fat lady. "Sounds as though he's a bit potty to me. P'raps we should 'ave got a doctor to look at the bump on his 'ead."

(Copyright)



No wonder Peek Frean's are world famous for their wafers! After all, who could resist that wonderful straight-from-the-oven crispness . . . and Tea-Time Wafers are *extra* special, with generous double fillings of chocolate, vanilla and strawberry. Look for the 'stay fresh' clear film pack at your grocer's today . . .

Peek Frean's

The wafers with the heavenly flavour

W1

Best for Baby's daily Vitamin C

Allenburys Medicinal Orange Juice Compound contains a **consistent** amount of Vitamin C . . . ensures baby maintains healthy growth and provides resistance to disease. The Vitamin C content in fresh oranges varies. Allenburys Medicinal Orange Juice Compound never varies because Vitamin C is added to the fresh orange juice to maintain a constant 84 mg of Vitamin C in each fluid ounce.

EQUAL TO 48 ORANGES

You get greater economy, too, because each 8 oz. bottle contains the equivalent of 48 oranges . . . **yet costs only 6/9!**

EASIER TO USE

When you use Allenburys Medicinal Orange Juice Compound there's no messy preparation. In hot weather, guard against the possibility of dehydration, and increase baby's fluid intake. Add Allenburys Medicinal Orange Juice Compound to cooled, boiled water. It makes an interesting, appealing and beneficial drink and provides the necessary amount of Vitamin C.

ALLENBURYS
MEDICINAL
ORANGE JUICE
COMPOUND

A PRODUCT OF GLAXO-ALLENBURYS

Obtainable from your family chemist

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824427

There ought to be a better word than "delicious" just for

Breakfast outside is fun! Especially when it's Kellogg's Corn Flakes!
Here's a very special flavour we can't describe and no one can copy.
Crispness that *welcomes* milk!
More nourishment in every friendly flake!
Quite a dish these Kellogg's* Corn Flakes — don't you agree?

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

* TRADE MARK REGISTERED

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824428

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

February 7, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

THREE SPORT CHAMPIONS—page 4

Beatrice Hayley — GOLF

Heather Blundell — SQUASH

Margaret Smith — TENNIS

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824429

LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Go, man -out of this world!

I AM heartily sick and tired of reading letters from teenagers complaining about how much money governments spend on rockets and the exploration of outer space. Don't they understand that the world will eventually become overpopulated and people will have to go somewhere? Why not to a place such as Venus, which, I believe, is like our earth. Perhaps they feel that we don't seem to be getting very far for the amount of money spent. We aren't, but this is only a beginning.—*"Futuristic," Collaroy, N.S.W.*

Wonderful place

IF only Australian girls realised how lucky they are! I have been here for four years, and when I think of how different it is back home I never want to go back. Australian girls are tall and attractive, and they can dress in the latest fashion, tease their hair to perfection, are experts at make-up, and most of them live in nice homes and their parents own cars and TV sets. In Austria, my old country, only the very rich people can have this, but even there I did not see a television set. I am glad and proud that soon I will be an Australian citizen.—*"Ricky," Melbourne.*

No color bar

WHY must some Australians dislike aborigines? They say they are dirty, unhealthy, and badly behaved. Admittedly some of them are—but not all. In some cases I would say the aboriginal is better dressed, cleaner, and better conducted than white people. A few people shun them because of their color. Do these people forget that the aborigines were the first people to inhabit our wonderful free country? I have heard of aboriginal girls being refused positions in shops because the managers think their colored skins frighten the customers away. So why don't people ease up and give them a chance?—*"Black and White," N.S.W.*

Become a
MODEL
or look like one
Complete Home
DIPLOMA COURSE
Train at home at leisure
Beauty, Poise, Glamor, Etc.
For full details and
FREE BROCHURE
write to
INTERNATIONAL MODEL ACADEMY
BOX 2100S, G.P.O., MELBOURNE
(3 Queens Rd., Melbourne)

Help for aged

IF I had any say in the matter of the standard of living for pensioners today, I would change several things. I know that they are given a certain amount of money each week, but can this be enough? There are so many pensioners living in squalid poverty that it makes one think that their allowance cannot be substantial. Could not the Government give the pensioners only enough money for clothes and other necessities, and then build hostels where they would have private rooms, their own cafeterias (with good food for which they would not pay), and lounges with perhaps television sets and radios. Surely they would be happier in such places with friends of their own age.

I know that this would incur the expense of staff, but it need only be kitchen staff. The pensioners themselves could do the little work of keeping their own rooms tidy.

Do other teenagers also have ideas to improve the standard of living for these people?—*J. Manning, Malvern, Vic.*

Good boys

I AM a teenager, and I want to make the mothers of other girls see the advantages of letting them have boyfriends. My mother, a widow, agreed to meet our "gang," and liked them so much, she now invites them to supper once a week. In return they papered bedrooms, remade pelmets, and "did-up" a table. But, best of all, Mother looks years younger. —*Pam Stuart, Broken Hill, N.S.W.*

Home, sweet home

WHY are Australian teenagers being urged to go overseas? Many young people leave Australia to travel abroad, and they have never ventured farther than their own town or district. I think we should see our own country before travelling to other countries when Australia can offer so many different things, to teenagers especially.—*"An Aussie," North Booval, Qld.*

BEATNIK

"This beach caper is Coolsville, man — nobody can make you go into the water unless you want to."

New formula

AT our school we are compelled to take Biology as a subject instead of General Science. Although I realise that Biology is quite an important subject, I feel that General Science would be of more interest and value to us, as it would help us to understand more fully the happenings in our modern world. What do other teenagers think?—*"School Girl," Leichhardt, N.S.W.*

Short snort

ADVICE to teenagers, don't give it.—*J.B., New Town, Tas.*

Next week

BOYS, writes a lass in a story next week, like to think they're all rugged individualists—but in reality most of them fit into certain patterns of behaviour. The story tells girls how to "read" boys' traits and figure out what sort of husbands they would probably make. There's ALSO a story on teenage English film star Hayley Mills, with scenes, in color, from her new film "The Parent Trap."

YOUNG DRIVERS DEFENDED

● Sue Wallace, of Cottesloe, W.A., said (T.W., 10/1/62) that boys and girls under 21 should not hold driving licences, as road accidents and deaths are so often caused by teenagers. Most readers disagreed with her:

I DISAGREE with Sue Wallace. If teenagers do not necessarily need to have cars, then why do people over 21 need them? For the same reason as people under 21 and over 17 do. Also, a lot of accidents are caused by people over 21. As a teenager, I say they should keep giving licences to people of 17 and over.—*G. Hosher, Manly West, Qld.*

ACTUALLY, statistics from one of Perth's daily papers in 1960 showed that the age group 17-21 accident rate was not as high as the age group 21-25. This is very surprising, as one would think the age group 21-25 would be more experienced, and therefore better, drivers, but perhaps it is a problem of over-confidence.—*Hope Fraser, Wagin, W.A.*

IF you stop to think awhile there are a lot of people and things that contribute to bad driving. Do you remember the article in this magazine about alcohol, and how it affects young people?

Many hotels cannot recognise the age of some teenagers, and a boy of 15 may walk in and order a glass of beer and not be questioned. If more restrictions on drinking were enforced, people would be a lot safer from careless drivers.

But what about parents? Do they insist on proper driving lessons from a qualified teacher? Do parents explicitly insist that their children honor the rules of the road for the safety of themselves and the community?

Do parents often travel in the car while their children are driving, to see if they at all times obey high standards of safety? Do they let them know that unless they obey the rules and drive safely that they, the parents, will have to stop them from using cars?

I know that parents are not entirely to blame, but a bit of care on their part at the beginning might have a lot of results.

And, most of all, teenagers should respect the fact that they are allowed the privilege of being able to apply for their licences at 17, when for all other things they have to be 21.—*Robyn West, Randwick, N.S.W.*

DOES Sue Wallace realise why the accident rate is highest in the under-21 age group? I think it is because the majority of inexperienced drivers are in this age group. If the minimum age for a licence was 21, then the 21-25 age group would have the highest accident rate because they would be the inexperienced drivers. I think the answer lies in teaching driving at high schools over a number of years, so that when teenagers first drive on public roads their reflex reactions are automatic in time of emergency. Slow reactions cause many accidents—or should I say that fast reactions often prevent them?—*Michael Fowler, Chelmer, Qld.*

SUE WALLACE has merely considered teenage driving from a particular point of view. There are other factors to be considered.

At 18 a boy is old enough to give his life in defence of his country. Surely this alone justifies his application for a driving licence? Another thing to be considered is that although three or four years' delay might provide more maturity the person of 21 must still begin with little or no experience and skill, and hence is no better off than younger people.

Any criticism which delays the "inevitable hour" is a waste of time. More attention should be given to the training of teenage drivers. As the "Australians of Tomorrow" it is our right that we should have the valuable life insurance of a thorough driving education.—*Ian Curtis, Ascot, Qld.*

SUE WALLACE has quite a bit of sense. In our town recently two teenage boys stole a car and crashed because of speeding. Each is spending a year in gaol. The only teenagers who should drive any vehicles are farm lads, because driving tractors and trucks is an everyday job.—*E.H.N., Rushworth, Vic.*

I WOULD like to say that it is very pleasant to see other teenagers aware of the great need to cut the death and accident rate due to road-users under 21. However, the number of accidents in proportion to motorists in the under-21 age bracket is relatively small, so why punish the majority for the accidents caused by the minority?

Instead of prohibiting the under-21s from having licences, why not cancel the licence for the first offence of a motorist under 21?—*"Careful Driver," Mt. Gravatt, Qld.*

— don't you agree?

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824430

● I suppose it's natural for teenagers to imagine they are going to marry first loves. But there are problems, and they should listen to elders' advice.

THE TENDER (AGE) TRAP

By MARCH WINGATE

CLERGYMEN have told me it is quite the thing these days for teenagers to talk of elopement . . . and talk seriously. They spend many hours every week talking blissful young lovers out of their headstrong plans.

"Maybe our great grandmas did that sort of thing," one rector said.

"History depicts many of them as wilful and gallant young girls in sunbonnets and frilly hems, setting out in covered waggons to fight nature in the Never-Never.

"Their boy bridegrooms rode beside them, just old enough to sport sideburns. The girls could read and write, cook, sew a fine seam; the boys could bring down dinner with their guns.

"But they hadn't heard the phrases 'Tertiary Education,' 'Rat Race,' 'Nuclear Arms.'

Times have changed

"Their journeys into 'space' were carried out by horse and buggy. To them the sky was the place where only God dwelt, and from where the rains came—sometimes.

"They had 10 babies, and were lucky if five survived. Little mounds surrounded their homes in the bush.

"Without them we wouldn't be here, but times have changed and keep on changing.

"The Depression came in the '30s, and then World War II, forcing later marriages. Few men married before 30. They simply couldn't afford to.

"Now we have another cycle: The children of these 'late' marriages swear that **they** are going to marry early. And very often I fear it's the young lady who does most of the chasing."

The rector saw my eyes fly open with surprise and explained: "You see, these older parents had smaller families, protected and loved them dearly. There has been a good deal of money about in recent years, and the daughters often see marriage as a paradise which must be rushed into as early as possible.

"They are not quite old enough to realise the struggle their parents had to rehabilitate after the war and gather their treasures around them. Therefore they're too young for the early struggle of marriage."

I then consulted an older friend who had recently been house-hunting. She told me that she found dozens of married students living in flats "sewn" on to their parents' homes. "Starving would be a better word than living," she remarked.

"There was little glamor in the way they lived.

". . . A baby cried in a pram, a worried young mother wondered what to do for the best. A bothered grandma hushed it while the land agent tried to sell her home so that she and her husband could move off into a little unit and buy a little cottage for the kids. Grandma would have to get a part-time job if they were ever to retire."

I could imagine a worried young father sitting in a lecture-room learning all about nuclear fallout, fretting as to how his allowance would stretch the week, and worrying that **he** had to "fall-out" from all the University fun because of his young family.

Secretly he would be wishing away about three years of his life, wishing he were 23 instead of only 20, and, belatedly, feeling sorry for his parents as well as for himself.

A university lecturer told me that many students who marry young decide to throw in their promising careers and take basic-wage jobs.

They've made their decision and they decide to manage without Dad's help. "Noble enough, but when the novelty of marriage wears off, this grudge will come up in all domestic arguments with wives," he said.

Girls do chasing

"It will lie in his heart—a malignant hate, always waiting to be given voice to."

I questioned another clergyman about the girls doing the chasing.

"There does seem to be a tendency that way," he said.

"All parents know that things are fairly right and proper as long as the boy is doing the hunting," he added. "But when the girl is madly keen, too, BEWARE.

"It means the basement flat for the kids, belated retirement for the parents, and little hope of a pleasant in-law relationship.

"The boy's mother will always look askance at the 'scheming little minx' who rushed her son into a teenage marriage—even if she turns out quite nicely in the end."

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, DOR FOOD AND INTERIOR

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824431

● *Heather Blundell, Beatrice Hayley, Margaret Smith.*

YOUNG SPORT STARS

The dentist "stumps" 'em

By Cynthia Strachan

● Visiting a dentist can be a pretty painful experience, as England's star batsmen are likely to find if they face up to "Stumps" Sincock in Australia next summer.

FOR young Sincock, of South Australia, who has just turned 20, is this year's bowling sensation and an odds-on favorite to win an Aussie blazer in the next Test side.

Sincock's real name is David, but the nickname "Stumps" — often shouted by spectators — seems to suit him admirably.

As a left-hand spin bowler, he takes almost fiendish delight in skittling stumps. As a dental student at Adelaide University he's looking forward to the day when he'll be removing stumps in a professional capacity.

David's name first entered into big-cricket calculations about a year ago, when he was invited to become a ground bowler for a day at Adelaide Oval—to help the West Indian side in their last practice before the vital Fourth Test.

The shy, red-haired Sincock, who'd just completed a brilliant scholastic career at the Glenelg Sacred Heart College and won himself a Commonwealth Scholarship, nervously tackled the job.

Within hours his name—till then unknown—was in every sporting column in Australia, for he'd tied the top West Indies batsmen in knots.

Their skipper, Frank Worrell, said: "He's the best left-hand googly bowler we've seen in Australia. We just could not pick him. If he's not playing for Australia in two years I'm a bad judge. I cannot understand why he has not been in the South Australian team."

A week later he was in the State side against N.S.W., and in the first innings he startled the cricket world by taking six wickets for 52 runs in 13 overs — bagging such champions as Richie Benaud, Johnny Martin, and Brian Booth.

This success made Sincock a prospect for the Australian team which toured England last year, but the selectors decided to delay his Test debut.

He missed the first Sheffield Shield game this season because of University exams, but he has certainly made his presence felt since.

All-rounder

Apart from taking wickets galore, he has proved he's no slouch with the bat and he's more than useful in the field.

Like many top cricketers, he has been helped in developing an exceptionally strong arm by baseball, another sport in which he could be a champ if he had the time to devote to it.

He proved his potential in Sydney in 1959 when he won the prize for the outstanding player at the Australian Schoolboys' Championship baseball carnival.

His challenge in cricket is not only to beat the batsmen but also to win a constant battle against the sun. Being a fair-skinned carrot-top makes him susceptible to burning, and when he plays his nose and lower lip are coated with ointment.

● *David Sincock*

When he has time to spare outside his studies and cricket, David likes to relax by listening to music — mainly Dixieland. On the subject of girlfriends, he won't commit himself beyond saying, with an embarrassed grin: "No engagement rings, anyway."

He started playing in the backyard of his home at Plympton when he was just three—under the watchful eye of his father, Harold Sincock, who played a few games as a right-hand spinner for South Australia back in the mid-'thirties.

Since then Mr. Sincock has been David's only coach. "He's got a second starter now," said David. "My brother Peter, who's only 13, looks like being better than I'm ever likely to be."

● PIN-UP, page 12.

The game of going places

By KERRY YATES

● Three Australian "girls from the bush" hope to travel the world for years — using tennis and squash racquets and golf clubs as "passports."

THE girls—all Australian women's sport champions —are Margaret Smith (tennis), Beatrice Hayley (golf), and Heather Blundell (squash).

I recently met the talented trio when they lunched together in Sydney.

MARGARET, tall and lissom, is 19. Her home town is Albury, N.S.W., and she now lives in Melbourne.

Australian women's singles tennis champion for the past two years (she recently won the title for the third year), she has also played in many overseas countries, including England, America, France, Italy, Germany, and New Zealand.

Margaret holds "about 114 tennis titles, here and overseas."

BEATRICE, an attractive and friendly 19-year-old, last year became the first teenager to win the Australian Women's Open Golf Championship. She comes from Kandos, a small town 154 miles west of Sydney, and is now living in Sydney near the Australian Golf Club course, where she plays nearly every day.

Few parties

Beatrice has won many city and country golf tournaments and hopes to represent Australia at the Commonwealth Golfing Championships to be held in a Commonwealth country in 1963.

Queanbeyan, N.S.W., is the home town of **HEATHER**, 20, who's also moved to live in Sydney. After a successful tour of New Zealand last year (she was undefeated in every match there), she left Australia last month to compete in the British squash titles.

The squash and tennis girls' interests are really centred on sport. Heather works as a receptionist at a Sydney squash court and Margaret is a typist with a Melbourne sporting-goods company.

They don't go out on many dates or to parties and balls, for the champions find that early nights and practice every day are necessary to get to and remain at the top.

But for the No. 1 girl golfer, it's a different story.

Beatrice works as a clerk in a Sydney bank and leads a busy social life. She manages to mix dates, dances, and parties with her golfing.

When choosing clothes, each girl keeps her mind on the game. Sandshoes and golfing "lace-ups" are more important to them than high-heeled shoes.

Margaret's wardrobe has many more tennis frocks than party dresses. For instance, while she was in England for the Wimbledon tennis last year, famous English sportswear designer Teddy Tinling gave her seven tennis frocks.

Good advice

"They were all original models, white with caramel-colored trimmings — to match my suntan," said Margaret.

Heather's clothes are mostly casual. She wears slacks and tops to work at the squash courts and plays squash in shorts and shirts.

Beatrice plays in skirts and short-sleeved jumpers and blouses. When she is picking a new outfit, she usually buys "separates" to mix.

None of the girls is on a special diet. Beatrice, however, suffered from hepatitis last year just before the championship she won and stays clear of too many fatty foods.

Margaret and Heather think the best exercise for tennis and squash is to play the games as often as possible. Beatrice has special wrist exercises to do every day and she "putts" around the lounge-room carpet every night."

The girls have advice to youngsters who aim to become champions. Margaret said:

"Kids should start to learn tennis at the age of about nine and play competition two or three years later. Right from the start they must be determined to win, learn to relax, and play as often as possible."

Beatrice and Heather agree that the ideal age to begin squash and golf is 13 or 14. Both sports, they say, require "natural ability, effort to stick to it, equable temperament, and plenty of practice."

What are the ambitions of these girls?

Margaret hopes this year to be the first Australian woman to win a Wimbledon singles title.

Heather wants this month to win the British Junior and Open women's squash titles.

Beatrice would "just love to play a game of golf at the world's most famous golfcourse —St. Andrews in Scotland."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824432

TRAINEE picture-framer Alan Henry seems to have his work piling up. Framing is an ancient craft, which requires artistic as well as manual skill.

PORTRAIT OF A PICTURE-FRAMER

• To 19-year-old Alan Henry a painting just isn't important — it's what is around it that counts.

ALAN is a trainee with a picture - framing business at Drummoyne, a suburb of Sydney. There are only about 70 picture-framers in Sydney.

Alan, who has been a trainee for four years, showed me how he works.

Framing a picture is done mainly by hand. There are no mass-production machines used.

The process starts when the wood for frames comes in. It is already cut to the right thicknesses but is in long pieces. Alan's fellow-workers cut the wood to the right sizes and shapes.

In the joining-room they are nailed together, making rough frames, and Alan takes over. He putties the nailholes, then smoothes the wood with sandpaper.

A spray of undercoat paint is next, then another rubbing down, this time with steel wool. Alan now uses a spray-gun to paint the frames. During an average day Alan will repeat this process between 150 and 200 times.

From Alan the frames go on to be measured for glass and picture mounts, and finally the painting is set in them.

Alan has been doing his current work for a year. Before that he worked in the joining-room and also in the section where the mounts are cut out and pictures pasted to their backing.

He stumbled into the job completely by chance. "I live opposite the factory, you see," he said. "When I left school the boss came over and asked if I'd like a job."

Hours are from 7.45 to 4.30, and Alan is making £15/15/- a week. When he started, at 15, he received about £5 a week.

Alan's boss, Mr. Arthur Davies, told me that there is no set training for a picture-framer. Any trainee — or employee, for that matter — is moved around the factory to get experience in every stage of picture-framing.

"There is an apprentice system, but there are very few bonded apprentices in the trade," he added.

—PENNY FORD.

WITH LIGHT-GLOBES...

...the young man is in his element

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

• When Fin Stewart, of Darling Point, N.S.W., was three he was given an electric-light globe to play with. Now, at 21, Fin has 700. He is one of the few serious light-globe collectors in the world.

Pig-shaped globe

Biggest, smallest globes

"THERE are only two others I know of in Australia," said Fin, "and there are a couple in America with whom I correspond.

"One of the reasons there are so few of us," he added, "is that not many people can be bothered. For it takes a beginner a long time to build up a reasonable collection."

From a quick glance at Fin's special display of 92 globes arranged on his bedroom wall, it was obvious that this collection was more than "reasonable."

There were globes in all shapes and sizes — from pigs to torpedo shapes and from threepenny to ten-pin bowls sizes. And they all looked quite unlike any light-globe you can buy in the shops today.

"This," explained Fin, "is an antique collection. I'm only interested in imported globes made before 1930."

This antique collection has taken Fin six years to build up. Before that he used to collect just any old light-globe, and soon amassed far too many tea-chests full of nondescript types. Now he has only one tea-chest full, plus the 92 display models.

Fin goes nosing for globes in all the junk shops and yards round Sydney. Through the years he has built up a network of contacts among electricians and demolishers, who keep a keen eye peeled for him.

He also makes a point of attending any antique sales in old houses round Sydney to spot and rescue any old globe which may be ripped out and thrown on a rubbish heap after the sale.

Searches world

Old city offices are fruitful hunting-grounds. Fin usually just goes into any old building and offers a new globe for an old one that has caught his fancy. Proprietors are often pleased with the deal.

Manufacturers of light globes are also co-operative in parting with old globes. Fin writes regularly to 50 major companies throughout the world.

The amazing thing about Fin's old globes is that most of them still work.

Through studying the history and techniques of light-globe making in the technical books in his library, Fin can repair any of the bases of the globes which are faulty.

"I even had a go at making my own globe once," said Fin. "But it didn't work."

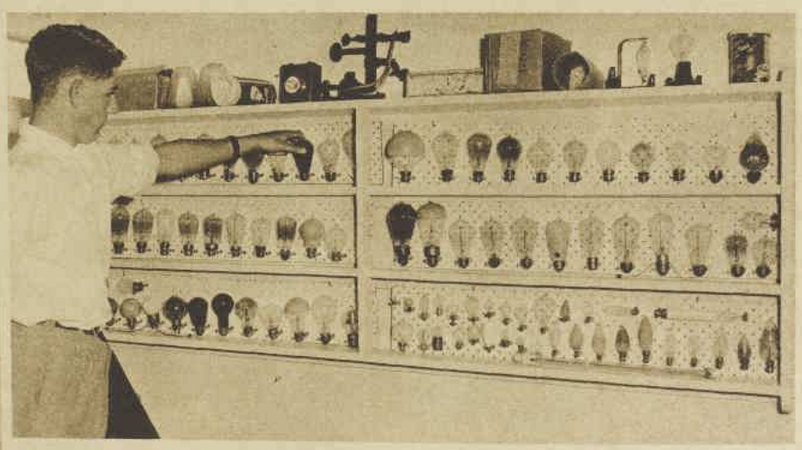
Successful, however, was his manufacture of a low-voltage globe-tester which he "threw together" from old parts of electrical equipment, including a radio loudspeaker and a Canadian armed services signalling lamp.

A hazard of Fin's hobby is electrocution. But so far he has only been shocked a couple of times, and not badly at that.

His hobby is even more unusual considering how remote it is from his job as an insurance clerk in a woolbroking firm.

"I don't know why I'm so interested," said Fin. "I just have been ever since I can remember. Perhaps I have an electrical sort of mind."

FOOTNOTE: Teenagers' Weekly invites other collectors to write and tell about their unusual hobbies.



WALL of 21-year-old Fin's bedroom is "papered" with 92 rare light-globes.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824433

1962 FASHIONS FOR W

● *Girls! Here's exciting news —about between-season fashions and fabrics that will keep you smart and fashion-happy whatever you do when the weather is cooler. These six snappy outfits—three of them in a new "wonder" fabric in delicious pastel colors —include a wool suit perfect to go places in and casual clothes that are surefire traffic-stoppers.*

TWO-PIECE (left) t
please any dress-co
scious young miss. Th
is an easy-to-wea
classic with lots o
fashion detail tha
enables it to go an
where, anytime. Th
color is darkish gre
and the fabric, by Cou
telle, is wonderful
light, warm, soft, mot
and shrink-proof.

BLUE
right)
jumpe
coll
skirt,
orlon
surfac
blouso
tie (l
able C
pretty

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824434

EN IT'S COOL, GIRL, COOL

CASUAL separates (left) look wonderful, feel comfortable, and work hard at keeping you warm. The skin-tight red pants are stretch jersey and have instep straps to hold them taut. The striped, non-bulky jacket is newly long, belted, and side-vented.

YOU'LL love the little suit at right — it's a honey and made in cosy double-knit jersey in a pretty, rich berry color that flatters like lipstick. The easy, scalloped jacket has a small collar, three-quarter sleeves. The skirt is slim and fitted.

iece (near es long-line ibbed-edge d close-fit material is a textured dress with and waist-t) is wash-le fabric in tel tones.

Fashions from Farmer and Co., Sydney.

DEMURENESS in a basic, belted bone (Courtelle) sheath, at left, with double-button trim on bodice and skirt. A dress like this is practical as well as smart. The color—bone, or beige, call it what you will — is still top favorite. What's more, you can team it with almost anything you own in the way of accessories.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824435

Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Deep freeze

"I USED to go with a boy for about ten months. Then, suddenly for no reason, he stopped calling. I was heartbroken. Then, the other day, after not having spoken to me for a year, he rang and said he would call again. I was cold toward him and regret it, as I find I still love him. He hasn't called. Should I ring him?"

"Regretful," W.A.

The "deep freeze" was justified—so don't ring him. If he's having a genuine change of heart this time, he won't let one knockback stop him trying to thaw things out.

Younger sister

"WHAT do you think about my trying to lose weight? I am 14 and have always been plump. Also I have another problem. Do you think my ten-year-old sister should be in the same room when I bathe, wash, or change? It is uncomfortable for me."

"Teddy," S.A.

For reasons known only to themselves, puppy-fat teenagers tell me it's O.K. to be plump at 13—even at 13¾—but NOT at 14.

If your weight is troubling you, I can only repeat former advice: With your mother's co-operation, see your local doctor, who will decide whether reducing by diet and with appetite-dulling tablets is necessary in your case.

The younger sister can be a problem to the sensitive developing teenager — and as this is so in your case enlist your mother's help in ensuring your privacy.

Her 14th school

"IN April last year my father married again and went to live in a smaller town. I stayed here to get a better education. Now my father wants me to live with him and go to the local High School. At 15 I have been to 13 schools and I don't want to change again, as I am just settling down and have made many friends. Should I go to live with my parents (I would only see them at weekends) or stay here for another year to get my third-year certificate?"

S.C., Tas.

Going through schooldays known always as "the new girl" is one of the toughest ordeals any youngster can undergo. The kindest of parents sometimes fail to realise this or, if they do, they may be powerless to prevent it.

Changing your school at this stage would handicap your studies; it may even jeopardise your chances of gaining your certificate.

It would mean different teachers, different methods at a time when you are least able to cope with them.

It would also cost you the friends you've had to work so hard to win.

I am sure if you explained this to your father he would understand.

Bust-reducing

"MY problems are: (a) my hair, which whenever I wash it falls into my old-style centre part, and (b) my bust, which is an embarrassing 38 inches for my 15 years."

C.B., N.S.W.

(a) A wise girl changes her hair partings constantly; it's healthier for the hair and avoids your present problem. Forget centre-parted hairstyles for some time and your hair will soon fall into line.

(b) Swimming, even on dry land, is about the best exercise for bust-reducing or (for the under-formed) bust-increasing.

Meanwhile, watch your wardrobe. Choose plain bodices—no bows or trimmings—V-necklines, not rounded ones, and all lines sweeping downwards. The currently popular princess line is ideal for you. Most important—get a good bra.

Look after legs

"MY legs are my trouble. I have heard that you should not shave above your knees, but unfortunately the upper part of my legs is rather hairy. I am embarrassed at wearing shorts or swimmers because of this and I hope you will be able to help me. If I should not shave them, could you please suggest something else to get rid of this ugly hair, as it is spoiling my enjoyment? Bleaching makes no difference to it."

"Depressed," Qld.

You can shave them or wax them, but I'd suggest shaving them unless you can have them waxed at a beauty salon.

Shaving the top of your legs is no different from shaving from the knee down. But it is important to follow the shaving with regular daily rubbing, using one of those special mitts or a pumice stone. It gives your legs a better finish.

If you favor pumice stone, soap your legs lavishly during your daily bath or shower, then rub them with the pumice — rub round and round in circles lightly.

Instructions for the mitts are with them, and they can be bought for a few pence in any chainstore or at chemists.

Danger signals

"I AM 15 and crazy about a 16-year-old boy whom I have liked for months and who likes me. My problem is that he likes petting and I do not. Whenever we have a date it always ends in a boxing match. My mother allows me to go out with decent boys, but I am not sure if he is decent or not. I am wondering if petting is all right or not. Many girls I know say it is. I know I am wrong going out with him, really. I have tried to give him up, but when he starts kissing me I just can't. Also, I have the type of skin which does not tan. Is there anything I can do to give it one?"

"Troubled," Vic.

Danger signals are showing all through your letter. If you ignore them, and don't give this boy up, you will be very sorry later on.

It is normal at 15 not to like much petting. At 15 a gentle good-night kiss, holding hands, and other little affectionate but good-mannered attentions are wonderful, but petting that ends in a boxing match is awful — awful at any age.

Those doubts of yours about this boy should be taken notice of shrewdly. They are your womanly intuition shrieking at you—Be careful.

Skin that doesn't tan is a curse, but there is not much you can do about it except invest in a bottle of artificial tan, which is expensive and takes some skill to apply. If you decide to use it, talk to your chemist about it and ask him to recommend a particular type. Non-tanners have to be particularly careful in the sun, as I'm sure you have learned painfully.

I go for zinc cream in a big way for the nose. It is the most effective and cheapest and guarantees a nose that is neither peeled nor freckled.

Not forward

"FOR the past month or so I have been dating a girl the same age as I, but, due to circumstances, I won't be able to see her for about a month, or perhaps much longer. Would it be too forward or bold of me to get in touch with her and ask her out again? Also, when I am with her I start to feel extremely self-conscious and I would not like this to ruin our friendship. Is there any way of overcoming this feeling?"

N.C., Vic.

If you don't ask her out when you come back, she'll wonder why you don't like her. Ask her — it wouldn't be a bit forward. But first, do tell her you won't be able to see her for a while.

Girls can never understand why boys don't tell them things like that —it makes everyone so much happier and contented and prevents so much misunderstanding.

Tuck away love

"DURING the Christmas holidays I fell in love with a boy who came here on vacation. He told me he is deeply in love with me and always will be. He is the same age as me — 15. He took me to a dance and brought me home and told me he loves me and asked if I love him. I do, and told him so. He told me he was coming back next Christmas and would like to have more dates with me. Since he has gone home I very much miss him. I can't sleep or enjoy myself. Please help."

N.W., S.A.

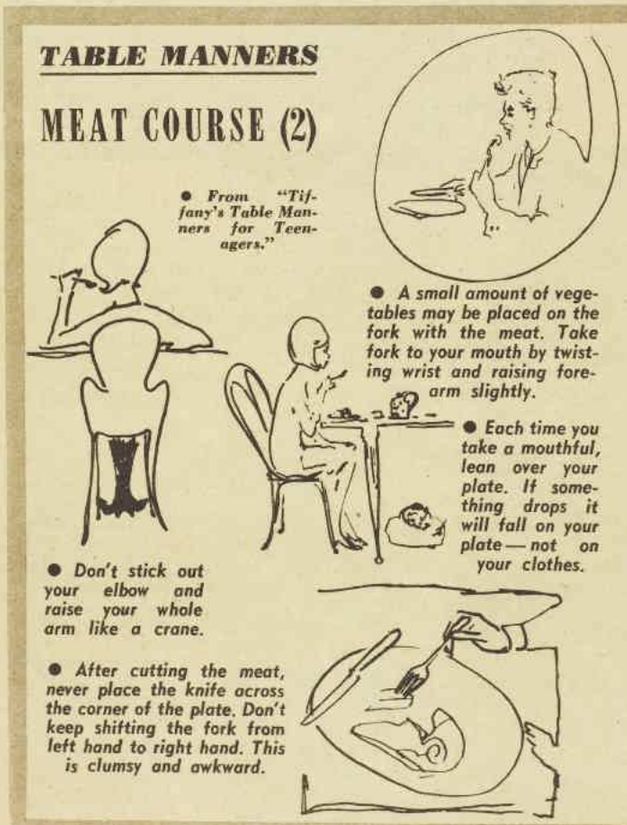
I can't help you, but I'm sure now you are back at school that the ache in your heart will start to improve.

Holiday romances are simply super, but life and work and school interrupt them and generally finish them. Keep your holiday love tucked away, deep down, but go out with other boys occasionally if you're allowed, and see how you feel next Christmas. There's nothing else you can do.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

TABLE MANNERS

MEAT COURSE (2)



• From "Tiffany's Table Manners for Teenagers."

• A small amount of vegetables may be placed on the fork with the meat. Take fork to your mouth by twisting wrist and raising forearm slightly.

• Each time you take a mouthful, lean over your plate. If something drops it will fall on your plate — not on your clothes.

• Don't stick out your elbow and raise your whole arm like a crane.

• After cutting the meat, never place the knife across the corner of the plate. Don't keep shifting the fork from left hand to right hand. This is clumsy and awkward.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824436

Pep-up your hair

THERE are various ways — such as these tested methods used by hairdressers and do-it-yourself hair experts —to pep-up tired locks and bring gloss and spring back into hair that has become limp and dry from summer's wash-and-drip-dry methods of hair care.

By Carolyn Earle

WHAT you have to do first of all is take a cool, critical look at your hair problem (your mirror helps!), decide on your type of hair, then set about doing whatever's needed to restore it. Here are the clues:

FINE AND LANKY HAIR

This easily gets lifeless with grease and the tendency is to wash it too often, which only over-stimulates the oil glands. Shampooing every seven to ten days is ideal. Use a liquid shampoo and plenty of beer or wave-setting lotion to give body to the hair when setting.

Brush seldom, and then only to give movement to the hair, not vigorously enough to work up a shine; if you want to put a good polish on, use a piece of silk fabric, smoothing it over your finished hairdo.

A short, springy cut is best for this type of hair. If left to grow long the effect is not sleek but stringy. To counteract both oiliness and thinness, try a fairly strong permanent wave, curls right up to the roots of the hair.

DRY AND COARSE HAIR

It can easily get into poor condition. Once a month, before shampooing, oil (half castor and half olive oil) should be rubbed in thoroughly to feed the hair roots and left to soak in under a hot, moist towel. Shampoo it every ten days, using a cream shampoo; follow this with a good conditioning cream.

For home setting, use large rollers or large spring clips to avoid an over-curly effect.

Good thinning is essential. Lucky girls who have this type of hair can successfully wear bouffant or head-hugging styles—although curls will get a little untidy soon after setting. A light permanent will help to control this lively type of hair, but beware of over-perming, which will kill the natural sheen and color.

THICK AND GREASY HAIR

Hair of this type can readily take washing more frequently. A shampoo every three days is recommended where oiliness is excessive, using a pine-based or medicated one. Frequent washing will not ruin your locks.

If you must use a brush, touch the ends only, well away from the scalp; massage the scalp firmly with the fingertips to stimulate the blood vessels nourishing the hair roots.

This type of hair can take most styles. Layer cutting and thinning will make it easy to set at home, and using beer will keep the set in longer. Most perms do well on this kind of hair.

However, if your hair IS oily and you can't wash it, give it a dry shampoo. You can do this two ways: soak pads of cotton-wool in eau-de-Cologne, place them between the bristles of your hairbrush, and lightly brush the oil out of the hair; or you can shake some dry shampoo into your hair and this will remove the grease as you brush it out.

FINE AND DRY HAIR

This often suffers from lack of good blood circulation and requires constant massaging of the scalp with the fingertips each night and before shampooing. A warm olive- and castor-oil treatment should be given every three weeks before washing with a cream shampoo.

If you have a pretty face and flawless skin you will get away with wearing this type of hair long and sleek, but most young girls are better off with shorter hair, well cut, and with the very lightest of permanent waves set on large curlers. Keep perms down to two a year.

TO PATIENTS IT ISN'T A VIRTUE!

● I see that an English hospital official is worried about nurses wearing uniform skirts too short.

NURSES were showing their knees and looking like chorus girls, a spokesman for Chesterfield Royal Hospital, Derbyshire, complained.

The rights and wrongs of nurses showing off too much leg are interesting to weigh.

Against a nurse being free and kneesy it could be charged that she, if sufficiently good-looking, might raise temperatures.

She could also encourage distracting romantic entanglements.

For, with a pretty girl holding his hand, even in **inner**-spring a young man's fancy can *lightly* turn to thoughts of love.

Perhaps too many lads would be asking their nurses for Nightingales out.

Concealing appreciation of nurses' vital statistics could also be a problem for patients.

A shy bloke probably could get away with saying "Aaah" regularly, but he would give away the game and be pretty embarrassed if, instead of "99," he gargled, when ga-ga, "36-24-36!"

Obviously, a man would not want to possibly upset a less pretty nurse by not giving vocal thanks for seeing her shanks.

This swearing of non-existent admiration could well be medically called the **Hypocritic** Oath.

Plain sorts who were good sports, of course, would be rather antis(c)eptical about the whole business.

Anyway, what would be the use of a patient falling in love with a nurse whose knees he admired?

She surely would have to say, "But I can only be a Sister to you!"

Yes, as that famous doctor (I can't remember his brass plate) said once: "The osteo**path** of true love never does run smooth."

However, there is something to be said for nurses showing knees.

Girls have long realised that showing legs to fellers can lead to becoming respectable **matrons.**

And, on the score of knee-revealers resembling chorus girls, nurses have a lot in common with show people. Aren't they, too, often in a theatre?

Following the English admissions and the knee *expose* (apparently the whole thing is out in the open), Australian hospitals said they had little similar trouble.

Hospital sisters here said they kept "eagle eyes" on nurses to see their skirts were proper.

It might be pleasant to be treated for an eagle-eye infection.

To sum-up, perhaps hospitals will relax their "ahem"-lines.

In which case a boy will just have to be patient!

—Robin Adair

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, DOR FOOD AND LUNCHEON CAFES!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824437

ART THROUGH THE AGES

By Douglas Watson

Analytical approaches

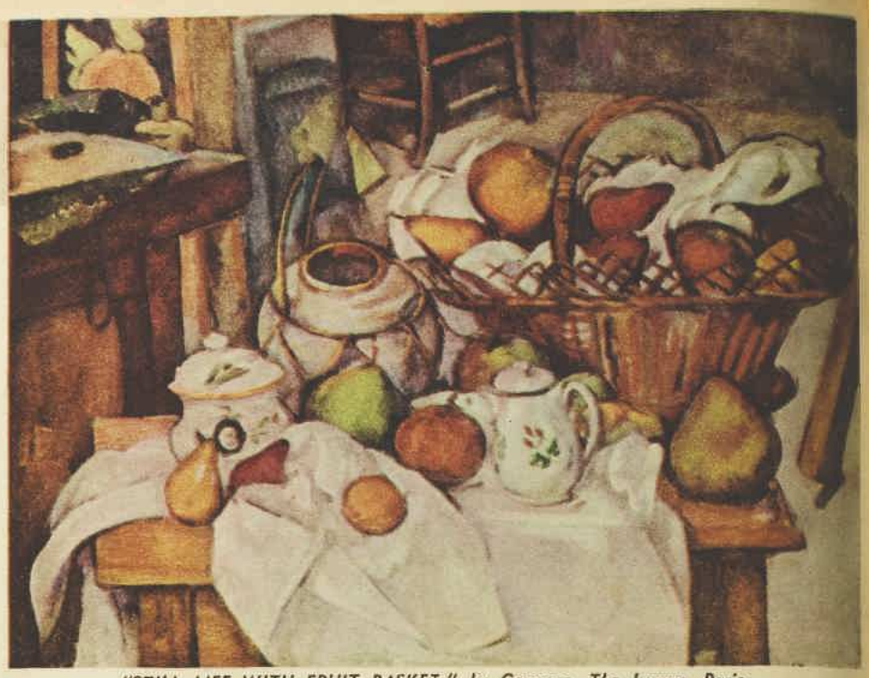
18. POST-IMPRESSIONISM (late 19th century).

PAUL CEZANNE, Vincent van Gogh, and Paul Gauguin are the three painters named as Post-Impressionists. In their early days they had been part of the Impressionist movement (see T.W. last week) experimenting with their theories of color and direct painting.

Cezanne in particular felt that the Impressionists painted too much on the surface—not really penetrating to the underlying structure of the object—and that they were too influenced by the passing effects of light.

As Cezanne once said, "There must be a return to the old masters." By this he meant that the analytical approach had to be revived. He set about copying some of the old masters, such as Rubens and Veronese, in the belief that more substantial form was needed.

Cezanne, born in Aix-en-Provence, came to Paris in 1862 with the desire to learn all he could about modern painting. For 17 years he divided his time between Paris and his home town, finally settling down in Aix, and from that time gathered all the subject matter for his paintings from surrounding districts.



"STILL LIFE WITH FRUIT BASKET," by Cezanne. The Louvre, Paris.

Cezanne worked incessantly. Painting was his mission and he gave his life to it. Recognition came late in life: his work was not seen in exhibitions. Cezanne said: "When color gives forth its greatest richness, form attains its completeness."

This belief is the secret of his admirable paintings. In the still life reproduced on this page, the arrangement as regards depth and surface and the "modulation" of tones are outstanding features.

The subject did not matter a great deal to Cezanne—all was subordinated to the creation of solid form with color and superb definition of line. Cezanne built up his pictures almost as a mason builds with stone—and modelled with mosaics of color.

Time has proved Cezanne to be a complete master—and the forerunner of Cubism.

NEXT WEEK: Creative Independence.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824438

LISTEN HERE
—with Ainslie Baker

Names for Devlin baby

● Friends and well-wishers of Johnny and Carol Devlin, who asked "Listen Here" readers for suggestions to help them name their coming baby, responded by flooding our office with letters.

THESE were passed on to Johnny and Carol while Carol was still in hospital, and from the suggestions offered they will choose the name of the 6lb. 4oz. baby girl, born on January 7.

By no means were all of Johnny's and Carol's well-wishers teenagers. There were a number of letters from mothers and fathers, and even two from grandmothers.

One bright spark suggested that in the case of unexpected twins they should be called Revellin' and Evelyn!

Yvonne (Carol's second name), Tracy, and Michelle were the most popular choices for a girl, with Norma (Carol's mother's name) next.

Popular choices for a second name were Maree, Ann, Anne, Lee, Carol, and Jane.

Some of the less common names suggested included Cherry, Sherry, Amanda, Sheena, Sharon, and Dixie.

For a boy, John was the outright winner, with Michael, Mark, and David coming next. Denny, Danny, Shawn (and its more formal spelling, Sean) were among the many Irish names suggested.

Marlon, Elvis, and Haydn (the classical composer!) each rated a lone vote.

Bearing in mind the Irish forebears of both parents, readers suggested Galway as being suitable for either a son or a daughter. Lockett, Johnny's second name, was also frequently suggested as the second name for either a boy or a girl, and so was Carol's maiden name, Dixon.

Trying to be helpful, many people compiled a choice of names, and Faye Fleming, of Richmond, Qld., sent in a list of no fewer than 81 alternatives.

Some of the boys who wrote in weren't interested in finding a name for a girl, and gave only their ideas for naming a son.

While we're with the Devlins, the way things are going, it looks as though little blue-eyed, brown-haired Miss Devlin is going to have a pretty well-known composer for a father.

Patsy Ann Noble is following up her hit "Good-lookin' Boy," which was written by Johnny, with another by the same composer. This one's called "Shy Guy" and should be on sale at any moment.

Miss Devlin's dad has also written a new number for Bryan Davies. The title is "Goodnight, Baby," and it, too, should be out soon.

Local talent: Doing fine with their "While We Danced at the Mardi Gras" single, Melbourne's current top trad group, **Frank Traynor and His Jazz Preachers,** also have a novel EP. It's "Jazz to Charleston, Shimmy and Cakewalk To!" (W and G), and carries a folder of dance instructions. "Mardi Gras" is one of the tracks.

JOHNNY and Carol . . . and baby makes three.

THE CLOVERS, up-and-coming Adelaide instrumental group. From left, leader Bob Kemp, Barry Wallace, Rex Blair, Garry Swain, and Brian Sims.

"Clovers" are on the way up

By Mardi Burgess

● The Clovers, a young instrumental quintet from South Australia, are well on their way up the musical ladder with their first record released on the W and G label—a rocking number called "Beat Walk."

BOTH "Beat Walk" and the flipside, "Twangy," were composed by the group's guitar player, Garry Swain.

Leader of the group is quietly spoken Bob Kemp, who plays the electric piano. Bob is 19, but looks younger, and began taking piano lessons at the age of ten.

Other members of the band are 18-year-old Rex Blair on drums; Garry Swain, 18 (guitar), Brian Sims, 20 (bass), and Barry Wallace, 21 (tenor sax).

Garry and Rex were the original members of the group. Next to join was their leader, Bob, then Brian and Barry. They play mainly rock-'n-roll because their audiences like it, but Bob says, "All the boys prefer modern jazz."

During the day the boys hold down a variety of jobs. Bob Kemp and Brian Sims are fitters and turners, Rex is an apprentice butcher, Garry is a motor mechanic, and Barry is a TV mechanic with a music store.

Music, of course, is their main hobby, but at weekends they manage to take time off for water-skiing and swimming.

The Clovers have made several TV appearances and Bob Kemp says, "We may be on 'Bandstand' when it comes to Adelaide next time. Negotiations are going on now."

ALL TV viewers of "Revue '61," of course, will have their own favorite memories. But not too many people will be disappointed with the selections presented by its Revue 20 vocal group and an enlarged ATN Channel 7, Sydney, orchestra under maestro **Tommy Tycho** on a Pye LP, "The Best of Revue '61!" Show host **Digby Wolfe** does the introduction and **Claire Poole** sings "Deep Purple" and "Laura."

WITH his new TV show winning more friends than ever for **Johnny O'Keefe,** there should be plenty of takers for the Popular Record Club's LP "The Big Show," recorded during one of Johnny's Sydney Stadium appearances for Lee Gordon. Among the numbers are such favorites as "Come On and Take My Hand," "That's My Desire," and "Own True Self."

AS relaxation after his last rip-roaring tour of South Australia and Western Australia made with Johnny O'Keefe, **Barry Stanton's** been cooling off by skindiving along Sydney's northern beaches. It's a new interest for Barry, and he's taken it up in a big way. His new Leedon single, due out at the end of the month, is a sort of an answer song to his recent big-seller "Beggin' On My Knees" and is called "Back In Your Arms." **Warren Carr** is again at the piano.

Pops: For many reasons (not the least of them the fame of her old Dad), it's interesting to listen to **Nancy Sinatra's** first single, "Cuff Links And a Tie-Clip" (Reprise). Can she sing, or can't she? Sometimes the answer seems to be "yes," and sometimes "no." I feel that "Cuff Links" is too young for her, and that she might turn out to be quite an interesting singer of a different sort.

"LISTEN, Four Hands!" would have been an appropriate title for oldtimer **Frankie Carle's** R.C.A. album "The Fabulous Four Hands of Frankie Carle." Using both a honky-tonk and a grand piano, Carle swings along, breaks into blues, tries a bit of jazz, and even—surprisingly—rocks along for a while. Tunes are all familiar standards, but the treatment makes the disc a versatile one.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824439

DAVID SINCOCK
—see page 4

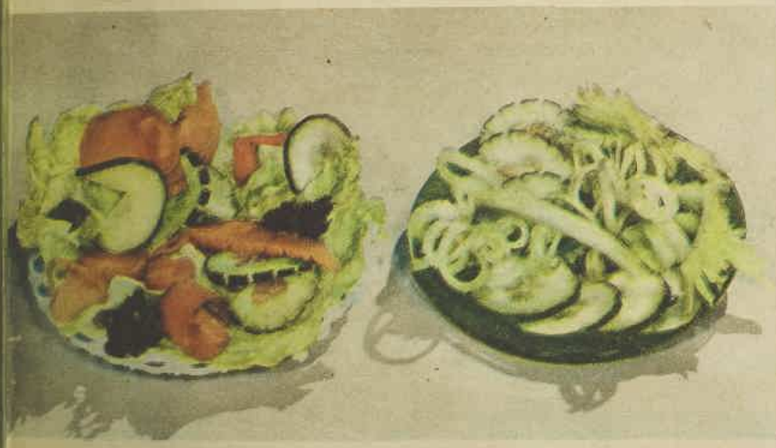
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824440

SALAD GARNISHES

● Give a professional finish to savory platters and salad bowls by adding attractively made salad garnishes like those on this page. Directions for making the radish "roses" in the border and recipes for dressings are overleaf.

TOMATOES FOR COLOR

Colorful garnishes at right include tomato shells filled with peas or corn; serrated edged tomato halves; simple but effective wedges; a waterlily shape made by cutting tomato almost to base in eight sections then carefully peeling back skin of each piece and filling centre with parsley. Cream-cheese, slightly softened with milk, pressed into teaspoons or dessertspoons and placed on tomato with curving motion forms the petals of the rose.



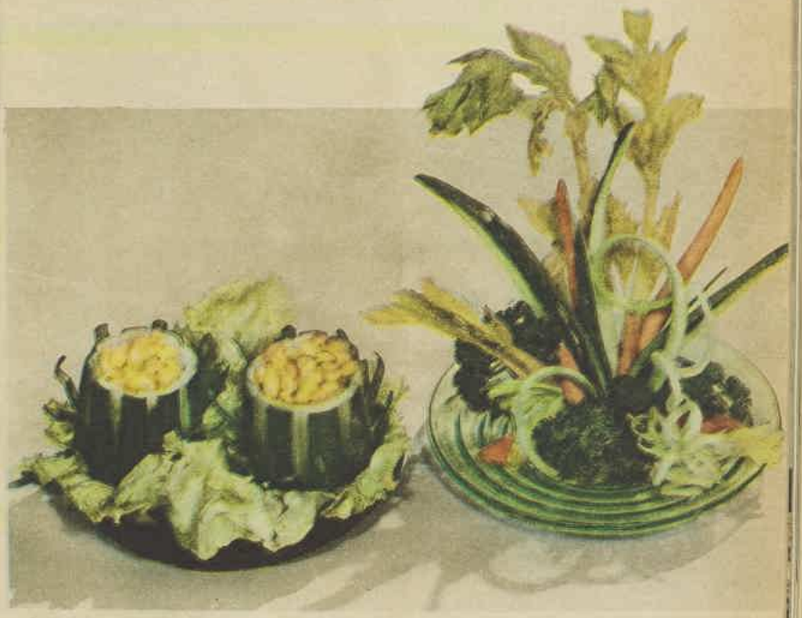
CARROTS AND CELERY

A potato-peeler is used to slice thin strips of carrot (left) which are curled over, secured with cocktail stick, and placed in iced water to crisp. Carrot "leaves" are thicker long strips cut to leaf shape and slit along edge. Celery curls are 2in. or 3in. pieces cut almost to base in several strips and placed in iced water to curl. Base ends of celery pieces can also be cut and slit in short pieces. Slices of cucumber serrated on edge or left plain with skins on add contrast in color.

CUCUMBER CASES

Cases (right) are made from halves of long green cucumber, the skin stripped back at intervals and the scooped-out centres filled with peas or corn. The effective centrepiece (far right) is made of long strips of cucumber, carrot, celery curls and centre leaves, shallots, and parsley all stuck into needle-point flower-holder. Arrange at last moment to avoid wilting or sprinkle the centrepiece with water and place in refrigerator until just before serving.

Continued overleaf



BY LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824441

* *How to turn a grumpy husband into a bright, cheerful partner . . .*

Invite "Mother Nature" to breakfast

All-Bran is made only by Kellogg's. It is a crisp nut-sweet appetising breakfast cereal that is rich in BULK — Nature's way of keeping us fit, regular and cheerful. That is why we suggest you invite "Mother Nature" to breakfast — for this is the way "Mother Nature" promotes and maintains regularity — if you let her. No purgatives or medicines needed this safe, gentle way.

"BULK" IS THE ANSWER

With so many modern foods over-cooked and over-processed, it is necessary for us to eat at least *one* food every day which is rich in "bulk". That one is All-Bran — *made by Kellogg's for this very purpose.*

All-Bran is a food — not a medicine. It is not habit-forming and builds your strength and vitality as it relieves your irregularity.

See why it so important to enjoy this nourishing laxative *food* — instead of use of purgatives which may only drain energy and vitality away?

BEGIN THIS PLEASANT TEST TOMORROW

Enjoy All-Bran with milk and sugar every morning and drink plenty of water. Ten days usually prove effective. If not, you would be wise to see your doctor.

"All-Bran ended the worry of irregularity within days." *says Mr. Olesen of Bondi, N.S.W. "Since I started taking All-Bran I have not had a day's trouble."*

K830R

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

SALAD GARNISHES

(Continued from previous page)

HOW TO MAKE RADISH ROSES

Directions are given below for making the radish roses shown in color on the previous page and reproduced in this border. Included are some slight variations of the designs described, and these can be copied accordingly.

A small, sharp, fine-pointed knife is essential and small round red radishes are most suitable for cutting into fancy shapes. After cutting and shaping, place in bowl of chilled water so petal sections will open out or back.

Simple accordion shapes: Thinly slice radish almost through across entire surface.

Four, six, or eight-petalled roses: First cut radish almost through in required number of sections, then peel back thin layer of skin from each section. Cut carefully so knife does not slip and cut right through any piece.

Criss-cross designs: Best on flat-topped radishes or those which have been levelled off before cutting.

Spiral effect: Scoop out small section with point of knife.

Large open roses: Peel small radish and attach slices from another radish to form petals, using pieces of cocktail sticks.

Mayonnaise and dressings

● Give a lift to your salads by serving one of the recipes below instead of the usual dressing or mayonnaise accompaniment.

ALL spoon measurements are level, and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in all recipes.

MAYONNAISE FOR SLIMMERS (1)

One egg, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon mustard, 4 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons non-fat powdered milk, 1 tablespoon white vinegar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Beat egg slightly in heatproof basin, add seasonings, liquids, and powdered milk and beat until blended. Stand basin over hot water and heat, beating constantly 5 minutes. Remove from heat, pour into jar, cover, and chill.

SLIMMING MAYONNAISE (2)
(without eggs)

One teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, dash cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup whole hot milk, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons vinegar.

Combine all ingredients and chill until half congealed. Beat until fluffy. Chill until quite firm. Beat again and store in the refrigerator until needed. Just before serving, stir vigorously, thinning with lemon juice or vinegar according to taste.

Variations for Recipes 1 and 2:

● To 1 cup mayonnaise add 1 small finely chopped beetroot and 1 teaspoon grated onion.

● To 1 cup mayonnaise add dash of tabasco and small quantity curry powder blended with little extra vinegar.

● Add ¼ cup finely chopped green pepper, celery, and shallots and add extra flavor with little salt and cayenne to each cup mayonnaise.

● Stir in ¼ cup chopped cucumber and ¼ cup crumbled cottage cheese into ½ quantity mayonnaise.

CREAM DRESSING

Half teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon cornflour, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1½ tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup cream (whipped).

Mix salt, mustard, cornflour, and sugar together in heatproof non-metal basin. Slowly add egg-yolk mixed with vinegar. Add butter, cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring constantly. Cool, fold in cream.

PIQUANT DRESSING

One cup salad oil, ½ cup white or tarragon vinegar, 1 clove garlic (sliced), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, pinch pepper, pinch mustard, pinch sugar, 1 tablespoon savory tomato sauce.

Combine all ingredients in large jar. Screw lid on, shake well. Chill thoroughly and shake again before using.

Variations:

● To half quantity dressing add 1 hard-boiled chopped egg and a little chopped chives or parsley.

● To half quantity dressing add 2 or 3 oz. crumbled blue vein cheese.

● To ½ cup dressing add a dash of tabasco sauce and 1 tablespoon tomato sauce.

● To 1 cup dressing add 2 tablespoons grated horseradish and a dash tabasco.

BUTTERMILK DRESSING

Three-quarters cup buttermilk, 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish, 1 tablespoon white vinegar, 2 teaspoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon prepared mustard.

Place all ingredients into jar or electric blender. Screw lid on jar and shake vigorously or blend until thoroughly mixed. Chill well before using.

DANISH DRESSING

One cup crumbled blue vein cheese, ½ teaspoon crushed garlic, 3 dessertspoons wine vinegar, 1-3rd cup salad oil.

Put cheese and garlic in small bowl and beat in vinegar. Gradually add oil, beating constantly.

YOGURT DRESSING

One carton yogurt, 1 white onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch mustard.

Place yogurt, grated onion, and crushed garlic in bowl, blend well and add seasoning ingredients, using more or less according to taste.

Variations:

● Blend in 1 tablespoon olive oil, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, and pinch oregano.

● Add ½ cup finely chopped celery and little anchovy paste to flavor.

● Add 1 tablespoon finely chopped olives and 1 or 2 finely chopped gherkins in place of the onion and garlic.

● Substitute chopped cucumber for onion and garlic and add chopped chives or shallots to taste.

TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING

One cup tomato sauce, ⅓ cup salad oil, 1-3rd cup malt vinegar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, dash tabasco sauce, 1 clove garlic.

Put all ingredients in large jar. Cover tightly and shake until ingredients are blended. Chill well. Shake again just before serving and remove garlic clove.

SWEET-SOUR DRESSING

Quarter teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, 2 tablespoons malt or white wine vinegar, 1 egg (well-beaten with fork), 2 sweetening tablets or sugar to taste, ½ cup yogurt (optional).

Combine in top half of double-boiler the mustard, paprika, salt, milk, vinegar, beaten-egg, and sweetening tablets or sugar. Stir over saucepan of simmering water until the dressing thickens slightly. Remove from heat and allow to cool. Fold in yogurt if desired. Chill well before using.

NEXT WEEK: Flavor in a nutshell

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824442

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824443

MILDEW...How to cope with it

● Mildew is a problem that most Australian housewives have to cope with at this time of the year. Below we give some methods of preventing it forming and removing it when it does.

MILDEW is a common blight caused by moulds, always present in the air, which develop on any substance that provides them with food when the weather is damp, muggy and humid.

During muggy weather the spores grow on fabric, leather, wood, and paper in poorly ventilated and dark places, especially in closed houses.

The moulds stain and discolor fabrics, leather, and paint, rot wood, ruin books and wallpaper, and "eat" holes in cloth if allowed to remain for long periods. They also create a musty, unpleasant odor.

Continual care of articles likely to be affected can prevent the development of mildew.

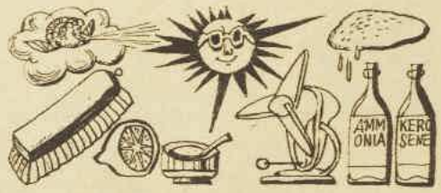
VENTILATION: Mildew is less likely to invade an air-conditioned house. Keep the house well aired and dry during prolonged periods of warm, wet weather. Close windows and doors to keep out moist air. Open them to ventilate the house when air outside is cooler, drier than inside.

If necessary, heat the house briefly with an electric fire or stove if airing does not get rid of dampness. Then open doors and windows to let out the warmed air which will have absorbed excess moisture. An electric fan will help to drive it out. The house will soon be cool again after the disadvantage of having to heat it in summer.

CLOTHES, HOUSEHOLD LINENS: Open cupboards and drawers containing clothes and household linen to air occasionally. To prevent mildew, don't let wet or damp clothing lie round the house, and don't place damp, soiled linen or clothing in the laundry basket. Dry it before putting it in.

Avoid leaving towels, wash cloths, and shower curtains bunched up together. Sprinkle a few clothes at a time for immediate ironing. Never store clothing or other textiles unless perfectly clean, because soil invites mildew.

STORAGE: Store articles in plastic bags only when the weather is perfectly dry. Clothes should be aired in the sun and the bags kept dry. Cloth garment-bags are more successful. When laundering clothing before storing, omit starch, because moulds feed on it. In damp weather keep a close watch on stored articles.



WARDROBES, CUPBOARDS: Can be protected from dampness by the use of calcium chloride in solid form, obtainable from chemists. Keep doors closed while treating.

FABRICS: If affected by mildew, the stains should be treated while fresh. First brush outdoors so the spores don't become scattered in the house. Washing white cottons or linens with soap and water often removes light stains, but if not moisten cloth with lemon juice, sprinkle with salt, and bleach in the sun. Sponge colorfast fabrics with a little ammonia.

Boil musty tea-towels with a solution of 2 tablespoons of baking-powder to each quart of water. Bleach will usually remove old stains from cotton, linen, and rayon, but don't use on wool, silk, or colored materials. Use instead a solution of 2 tablespoons of hydrogen peroxide to one gallon of water. Soak half an hour if necessary and rinse thoroughly.

UPHOLSTERY, MATTRESSES: These are a special problem. Brush with a hard brush outdoors and clean with vacuum to draw out spores. Sun and air kill the growth of the mould. Sponge with thick soapsuds, wipe with a clean cloth, but be careful not to wet the filling. Another method for upholstery is to wipe with a solution of equal parts of water and pure alcohol. Dry thoroughly.

BOOKS: Can be protected by burning a small electric light at intervals inside the bookcase.

LEATHER: Protect by polishing with a good wax dressing. Before storing shoes, coat uppers with petroleum jelly and soles with floor wax. Mildew usually can be removed from shoes and other leather articles by wiping with thick soapsuds and warm water. Be sure to dry thoroughly.

WALLPAPER: Wipe with a soft, clean cloth to remove mildew. If wallpaper is washable, use thick mild soapsuds. Don't let paper get too wet or rub too hard.

FOOD: Foodstuffs such as bread, jam, biscuits, fruit, cheese, etc., can be protected only by being kept dry. It is wise to open only one jar or tin at a time and use it as quickly as possible. Sugar, jam, etc., can be kept in the refrigerator, where the lower temperature and dry atmosphere slow down growth of mould. If fruit or any other food stored in the refrigerator or cupboards does become affected by mildew, remove it immediately and throw away, because the spores will contaminate anything else near it.—**Dawn Russell.**

IT'S NEW!...IT'S LAMINATED PLASTIC!

No. 12 SCANDINAVIAN-STYLE DINING SETTING

Elite

High fashion CONTEMPORARY DINING SUITES from £49

Your home is smarter — you're smart, too! — when you choose Elite Quality Dining and Occasional Furniture . . . You get everything you've longed for in modern, soundly-built furniture, at realistic prices.

Elite QUALITY FURNITURE (Trade Mark)

ELITE makes Dining Suites, Occasional Tables, China Cabinets, Traymobiles, Bureaux, Book Cases, etc. . . . Look for the distinctive Tan and Black trade mark at your furniture store.

● Elite Furniture is stocked by all leading City, Suburban and Country Furniture Stores.

EXAMPLES FROM OUR '61 RANGE:—

DELUXE DINING SETTING (No.1) R32B Buffet (6 ft.), D1 Table (5 ft. x 3 ft.), No. 3 Chairs. A handsome Swedish-styled family-size suite with Golden Maple Panelyte surfaces. Vynex upholstered chairs.

ECONOMY CONTEMPORARY SETTING (No. 10). A compact suite featuring glorious golden-grain gaboon veneers. Table, 4 ft. x 3 ft. Buffet, 4 ft. x 30 ins. Chair coverings are glamorous Temple Ivory pattern washable fabric.

SCANDINAVIAN STYLE SETTING (No. 12) featuring glorious TEAK FORMICA laminated plastic—the ultimate in contemporary dining furniture. Table 4 ft. 6 ins. x 3 ft., Buffet 5 ft. wide x 30 ins. high. Vynex upholstered chairs.

Ultra-modern China Cabinet (Cat. No. C42). Striking "full-view glass" styling, mirror back. **Many other modern designs, priced from £16.**

Dish-shaped top Swedish-style Occasional Table (Cat. No. A14). **Many other small tables, priced from £4.16.0.**

Lovely enough to satisfy your requirements of crisp, good looks — rugged enough to withstand hard knocks from your robust young children!

ELITE features beautiful, practical LAMINATED PLASTIC surfaces that shrug off stains and careless handling!

Clip and mail this coupon.

Send today for your FREE ELITE CATALOGUE of our NEW '61 Range.

16 pages, over 60 items faithfully illustrated and fully described. (Address envelope: ELITE WOODWORKING CO. PTY. LTD., BOTANY RD., ALEXANDRIA, N.S.W.)

YOUR NAME

ADDRESS

E2/61

COUPON

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824444

New clothes from discards

• Discarded items of clothing very often contain material that is still good. In this six-page feature we give readers' ideas for utilising such discards to make useful and economical clothes for children and adults.

BABY'S DRESS AND PLAYSUIT

DRESS and playsuit are easily made from good pieces of material cut from an old garment. They open out flat for laundering, as shown in the pictures at right.

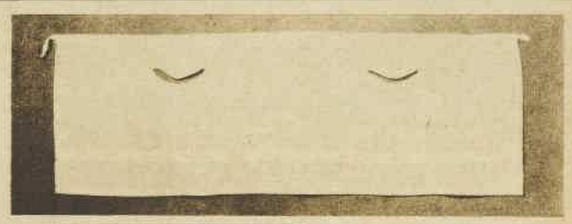
Dress: Cut piece 39in. long, 13½in. deep. Make ¼in. hem down 2 short sides and one long side. Fold over ½in. on remaining long side and stitch, leaving ends open. Thread through with tape. Sew braid 2½in. from lower hem. Cut out "eye" shapes 4½in. wide as shown in picture. Bind with self material. To wear, pull tape until top is gathered and slip baby's arms through the "eye" shapes.

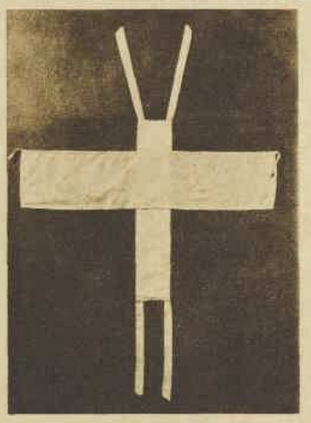
Playsuit: Cut piece 34in. long and 8½in. deep. Machine ¼in. hems down short sides and ¼in. hem down one long side. Fold over remaining long side about ½in. and machine, leaving ends open to thread tape through. Stitch braid along opposite end.

Cut 4 pieces each 2½in. wide and 13in. long for ties, pointed at one end. Fold each tie in half lengthways with wrong sides of material facing. Stitch down long side and point, leaving ¼in. hem. Turn right side out, leave remaining end raw.

Cut another piece of material 9½in. wide, 24in. long. Fold in half lengthways, right sides facing. Stitch down long side leaving ¼in. hem. Turn right side out. Fold each raw end of ties to form small pleat and insert at 4 corners of folded shape, tucking in about ½in. at end of each tie and turning under ¼in. hems on folded shape. Stitch across folded hems firmly to hold ties. Cover stitching with braid. Lay out the 2 pieces flat as shown in picture, stitch together where they cross in centre, making sure not to stitch through tape channel. Thread tape through.

Mrs. W. J. Brown, 69 Central Ave., Indooroopilly, Brisbane.

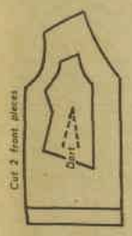


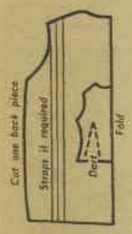


BABY'S DRESS is made from oblong-shaped piece of material with "eyes" cut for armholes. Directions for making are above left.

PLAYSUIT is simple to make out of two pieces of material stitched into cross shape. The suit is ideal for baby, will hold nappy in place.

SLACKS AND WAISTCOAT FROM OLD SUIT

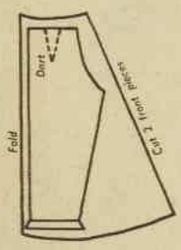


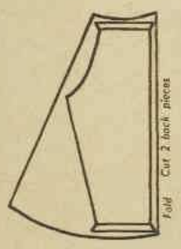


SLACKS and waistcoat can be made for a 5-year-old from mother's old suit. Fold back of suit in half and from this cut one back piece of waistcoat. Also cut straps if required for slacks. Cut out 2 fronts for waistcoat from 2 fronts of suit. Cut facings from the sleeves. Band for front of slacks can be made from waistband of skirt or cut from bottom of suit front. (See line marked in diagram left.)

To cut out slacks fold skirt front in half and cut out 2 pieces for slack fronts, marking dart as shown right. Fold back of skirt in half and cut 2 back pieces of slacks. When cutting out backs allow sufficient hem at waist for elastic and also sufficient to correspond with depth of band on front of slacks.

Mrs. H. E. Holstein, "Allaru," Howendoc, via Walcha, N.S.W.



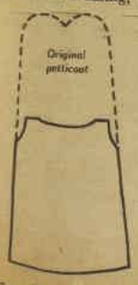


NIGHTIE FROM A PETTICOAT

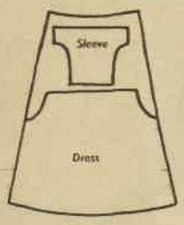
A PETTICOAT can be turned into a nightdress for a small girl (2 to 5 years).

Measure up from bottom of petticoat and cut off at length desired for nightdress. Three inches in from each side cut out scoop shape for back and front. Down each side of this scoop cut 5in. curve for armholes. Join shoulders. Bind armholes with bias binding. Make neck casing, thread with hat elastic.

Mrs. K. Selnes, 17 Douglas St., Milton, Qld.



RAGLAN FROCK FROM SKIRT



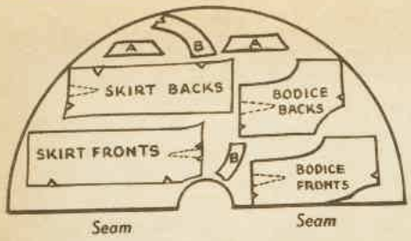
A RAGLAN frock for a small child can be made from the skirt of an old dress. Cut out as diagram above (using skirt double). Hem and side seams are already done. Run a drawstring through the neck. Trim with rick-rack braid or bright binding if wished.

I bought a simple raglan frock pattern for the first dress and it has paid for itself over and over again.

Mrs. Ada Beale, "Dunheved," Mungallala, Qld.

Continued overleaf

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824445



FOLD circular skirt in half and cut out dress as shown above. Cut two of each pattern piece. Sleeve facings are marked A, neck facings B.

New clothes from discards

Uses for skirts

GOOD use can be made of the circular skirts popular a few years ago when hems were worn longer.

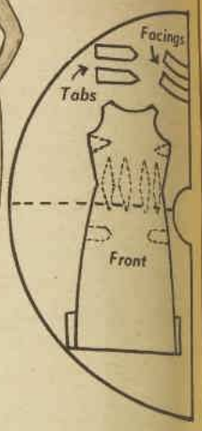
The material in the skirt will make a sheath frock in the present fashion like the sketch at left. Any sheath pattern can be used, provided it is either sleeveless or with extended sleeves, not set-in sleeves.

Detach the waistband from the circular skirt and fold the skirt in two. Set out the pattern pieces as shown in the diagram at far left. Cut two of each pattern piece. Then sew up.

If there is not sufficient material to cut the full bodice-length from the skirt, lengthen it with another piece of suitable material and hide the join under a cummerbund.

Mrs. I. Briggs, 146 Garling St., Willagee, via Fremantle, W.A.

ANOTHER FROCK made from circular skirt. Diagram and directions are below.



SHEATH DRESS

A "LITTLE NOTHING" dress can be made from a full-circle skirt you are tired of wearing. There should be enough material in the skirt to make a frock of size 36in. bust fitting.

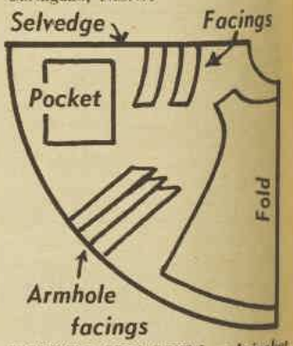
Unpick the waistband and fold the skirt in half, as shown in the diagram above. Front and back are cut in much the same way except allowance is made for the darts for the bust in front. Side seams can be slit or made into a pleat for easy walking.

If there is sufficient material left over, it can be used to make various trims.

MATERNITY JACKET

An attractive maternity jacket or beach jacket can also be made from a full-circle skirt. Unpick the waistband of the skirt and fold each half circle as shown in the diagram below. From each half circle, cut out the pattern pieces as shown, then sew up.

Mrs. J. Reese, 27 Blamey Ave., Caringbah, N.S.W.



HOW TO CUT OUT beach jacket or maternity jacket from skirt.

UMBRELLA COVER

AN umbrella cover can be made from an old necktie.

Slip the umbrella into the wide end of the necktie, mark length required, cut off narrow end. Take the tie off the umbrella, hem the lower end, gathering it slightly so the ferrule of umbrella protrudes. Stitch up wide end of tie almost to top.

Take remaining piece of tie, hem cut end, attach in centre of cover at wide end. When on umbrella, this ties round in smart bow.

Mrs. A. McElroy, 36 Goomalibee St., Benalla, Vic.

Vegemite on hot buttered toast in the morning and Vegemite on sandwiches are always popular. Now here is a satisfying nourishing snack for the children when they come home from school.
Simply combine one tablespoon of Vegemite with 2 tablespoons of butter. Spread this delicious savoury Vegemite Butter on cracker biscuits and serve to the children with milk.

VEGEMITE
nature's richest source of
VITALITY

Here is the wonderful way to get the fresh supply of Vitamin B you need every day for happy vitality. Delicious Vegemite is a pure, concentrated yeast extract, and yeast is nature's richest source of precious "B" group vitamins. Vegemite gives you Vitamin B1 for healthy nerves, B2 for firm body tissue, and Niacin for good digestion. Keep up your good health and vitality . . . keep up your Vegemite daily . . . on toast, in sandwiches and as a soup or gravy flavouring.

Available in 2 oz. and 4 oz. jars; 6 oz. and 8 oz. re-usable glasses; and 16 oz. and 32 oz. family size jars.

Made by Kraft

Spreads just right — tastes so bright. Keep up your VEGEMITE

K8267

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824446

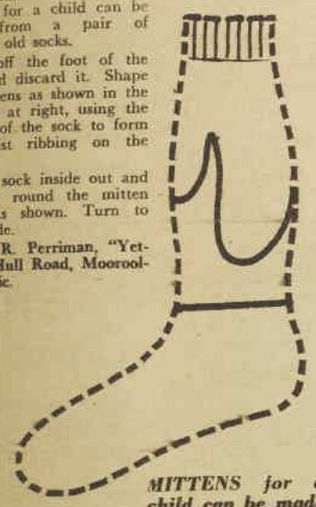
SOCKS INTO MITTENS

A pair of bag-style mittens for a child can be made from a pair of Father's old socks.

Cut off the foot of the sock and discard it. Shape the mittens as shown in the diagram at right, using the ribbing of the sock to form the wrist ribbing on the mitten.

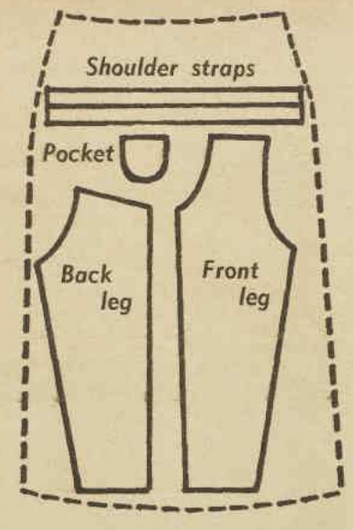
Turn sock inside out and machine round the mitten shape as shown. Turn to right side.

Mrs. R. Perriman, "Yettaba," Hull Road, Mooroolbark, Vic.



MITTENS for a child can be made from old socks.

OLD SKIRT MAKES TODDLER'S CRAWLERS



Young children grow out of crawlers in next to no time and it is not worth buying new material for them. An old skirt supplies sufficient fabric.

Begin by unpicking the skirt, washing, and pressing it.

Make a pattern for the crawlers from an old pair by tracing round their shape on to brown paper. Place skirt pieces together, wrong sides facing, and place pattern pieces on as shown in diagram at left.

Cut out (pocket need only be single). Machine pieces together and run a length of wide elastic through the tops of the back legs.

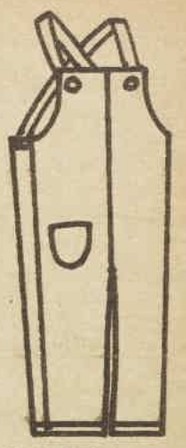
If wished, turn-ups can be made and these can be faced from the remaining skirt material.

For extra wear cut two squares and stitch these on the wrong side over the knee area.

BRIEFS FROM NAPKINS

From a 24in. square napkin cut an oblong shape 18in. long and 12in. wide at one end and 13in. wide at the other. Fold in half lengthways and in the centre at raw edge cut out a scoop 6in. wide by 4½in. deep. Bind raw edges on long sides (including scoops which form the legs) and fold in halves shortways and machine down side seams. Bind 12in. and 13in. edges and thread elastic through 13in. edge (which is back waist of briefs).

Mrs. C. Walsh, 87 Wolgen Street, Como West, N.S.W.



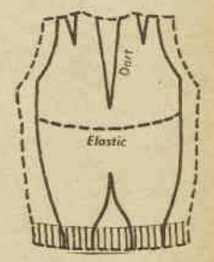
CRAWLERS with crossover straps can be made from an old skirt.

TRACKSUIT OUT OF CARDIGAN

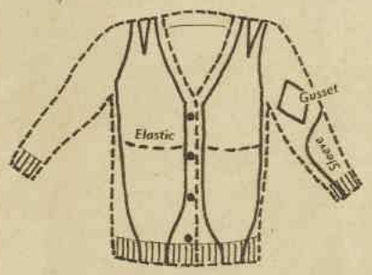
From an old sweater or cardigan cut out as shown in diagrams right and below. Keeping the original shoulder line, take a dart down centre back as far as new waistline. Then front neckline can be brought up higher and front buttoning removed. Insert a 10in. zip-fastener to make easy front opening.

Cut small sleeves from the large ones, using the cuffs if they are not frayed or machining a hem around them and inserting elastic.

The basque of the cardigan provides snug leg-bands.



TRACKSUIT for a very small child is easy to make from an old cardigan. The ribbed basque becomes the leg-bands.



Cut a gusset from one sleeve and stitch between tracksuit legs for extra room and comfort.

Machine all seams and then double sew to prevent the knitting from running. Stretch elastic slightly and sew round inside waistline to give shape to suit. Dart shoulder if necessary for fit.

Mrs. J. McFadden, 5 Hillside Parade, Mt. Colah, N.S.W.

CONVERTED CARDIGAN

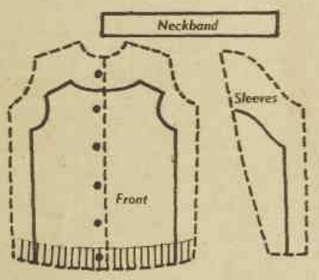
Adults' jumpers and cardigans can be cut down into useful clothes for children. Begin by unpicking the neckband and then unpick or cut off sleeves at the armholes.

Place a pattern (made by tracing round a child's jumper or cardigan and cutting out a paper shape) at the basque of the discarded article. If making a cardigan, place against centre front bands and cut to desired measurement.

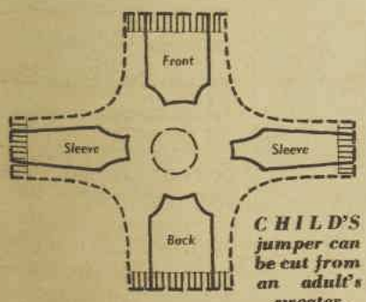
Place sleeve pattern at basque and cut to size on both sleeves.

Join seams. Measure neckband for size and machine on.

Mrs. Peter Ovens, 64 Moverly Road, Kingsford, N.S.W.



LARGE cardigan can be cut down into smaller one for a child.



CHILD'S jumper can be cut from an adult's sweater.

OLD JUMPER INTO NEW

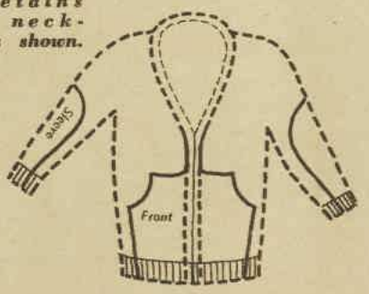
Cut out a pattern, using a child's old jumper as a guide. Place it on the jumper to be cut down, avoiding any blemishes. Ideally, it should be done by placing the ribbed area of the pattern on the old ribbing. If this is impossible because of flaws, the pattern can be placed anywhere on the jumper and the ribbed bands knitted in a contrast color or re-knitted in the same color, using the old wool, and then machined on.

Neckband usually has to be re-knitted, anyway. When jumper is cut out, machine together like ordinary material and oversew raw edges.

Mrs. Stephanie van Tatenhove, 3 Hopetoun Street, Camperdown, Vic.

PLAY WOOLLIES FOR THE TODDLER

CUT-DOWN cardigan retains original neckband as shown.



Play sweaters and sometimes even quite good woollies can be made for children from grown-ups' jumpers and cardigans. When a jumper becomes shrunk or too worn at cuffs and elbows it can be cut down to fit children any age from 1 to 7 years.

If cuffs are in bad condition, cut the sleeve to the size required and omit cuffs, which can be replaced with a row of double-crochet. If jumper or cardigan is whole but shrunk, simply cut down to size, using cuffs and basque, and crochet round neck edge.

When making cardigans, don't cut off the centre band level with the neckline but leave enough to sew on to the back neck edge of the cardigan. This makes the finished cut-down article look almost new.

Mrs. V. Cowdroy, 624 Woodville Road, Old Guildford, N.S.W.

SWEATER SLEEVES MAKE CHILD'S JUMPER

If the sleeves from an adult's old pullover are in good condition they can be used to make a jumper for a small child.

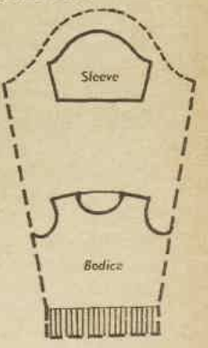
The cuff ribbing can be used as the waistband. If this is not in good condition it can be unpicked and a new band knitted and machined on.

Cut a front and one sleeve from one original large sleeve and a back and one sleeve from the other original large sleeve.

Machine all raw edges and oversew.

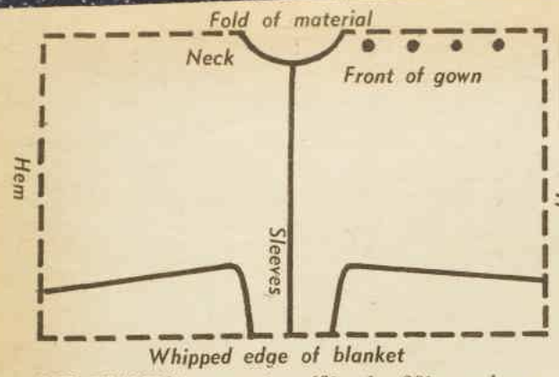
Mrs. E. D. Pfeiffer, Parrakie, S.A.

Continued overleaf



TWO SLEEVES from an old pullover are used to make a small child's jumper.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824447



COT BLANKET measuring 40in. by 30in. makes a child's dressing-gown. Cut out pieces as above.

New clothes from discards

Blanket made warm gown

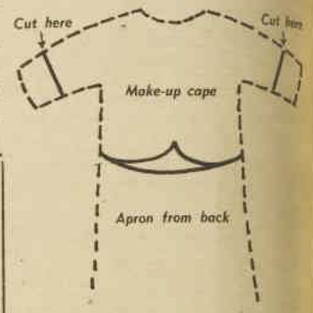
I MADE a very nice dressing-gown for my 18-month-old girl from one of her baby blankets. It was reversible, white on one side, pink on the other, and measured approximately 40in. by 30in.

To Cut Out: Fold blanket in half lengthwise (as shown in diagram at left), mark centre on both sides. Approximately 5in. on either side of centre, mark the whipped edge. This forms width of sleeves. Cut in approximately 7in. to underarm, then shape the bottom edge for side seams. Repeat at other 5in. mark to opposite bottom edge.

From centre mark on folded edge, split one way only to bottom hem. This opening forms front fastening. Shape neck opening.

To Make Up: You now have original whipping at cuff and hem. Sew 1½in. up sleeve on right side, then continue to sew underarm and side seam on wrong side. Turn back 1½in. to form cuff. Face fronts with remaining whipped edges. Make collar from remaining pieces. Make buttonholes and sew on buttons.

Mrs. V. Yeoman, 16 Murray St., Warrnambool, Vic.



PLASTIC RAINCOAT cut up to make apron, make-up cape.

CAPE, APRON

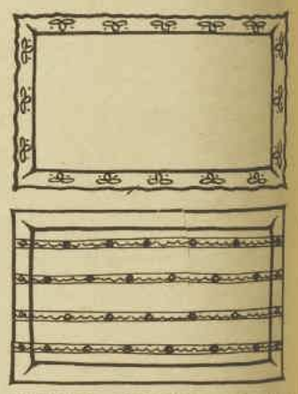
A DISCARDED plastic raincoat became a make-up cape and an apron.

The make-up cape is useful also when washing the hair. The plastic apron is excellent for washing-days.

Cape: Cut coat right round just above waistline. Trim front into curved shape. Cut off sleeves just below elbow. No sewing is needed.

Apron: Cut large square from back of coat. Sew 2in. hem along one side. Thread through piece of tape of required length to go round waist and tie.

Mrs. A. McElroy, 36 Goomalibee St., Benalla, Vic.



COTTON SKIRTS made two pairs of colored pillowslips.

PRETTY PILLOWSLIPS

FROM the skirts of two old cotton frocks I made two pairs of pretty pillowslips — one pair of plain lightweight pink denim and the other bayadere stripes.

For each pink pillowslip I cut 2 pieces each 19in. by 30in. plus 9½in. by 19in. for envelope flap. I sewed 1½in. white broderie edging round.

For each striped pillowslip I cut a back piece 19in. by 30½in.; front piece 20½in. by 32in., allowing a 1½in. flap all round; and one 9½in. by 19in. piece for envelope flap.

The stripes run vertically on the back of the pillowslips.

Mrs. Joyce Drayton, 317 Donovan St., Albury, N.S.W.

From weaning age to toddler stage, keep **your** baby doing fine on Farex. Farex gives baby the sturdiest start in life . . . its balanced cereal nourishment, rich in added minerals and vitamins, makes Farex ideal as baby's first 'solid' food.

FAREX, the three-cereal food, contains wheat, barley, oats, calcium, vitamins and mineral salts. Farex completely eliminates all worry about 'balancing' baby's diet. Pre-cooked, easy-to-digest Farex blends with nearly all baby's foods, such as stewed fruit and soup . . . provides the perfect intake for finest health.

Easiest to prepare. Pre-cooked FAREX is so easy to prepare. Just add a little sprinkling of sugar or other flavouring, pour on warm or cold milk and simply mix to the desired consistency.

Choose FAREX mixed cereal or FAREX rice cereal. Ask your family chemist for the FREE Farex Weaning and Recipe booklet.

. . . till they're ready for doing fine on Farex, watch them grow on GLAXO.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824448

New clothes from discards

Old sock makes doll

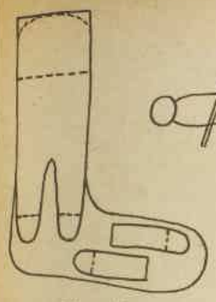


Figure 1

CUT OUT pieces for doll as shown.

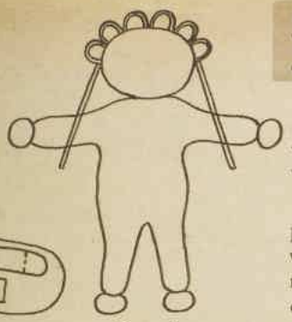


Figure 2

HAIR is made of 18in. wool strands.

A SOFT, cuddly rag doll for baby can be made from an old black wool sock.

Body, head, legs: Cut away worn part of heel, machine leg shapes on wrong side (Figure 1.) Reinforce by restitching at crotch and trim seam, clipping well into centre.

Turn, fill with hygienic filling or old nylon stockings. Sew round top to form head. Shape, bind, and tie securely with wool at neck and foot positions.

Arms: Machine arm shapes from foot of sock. Bind and tie at hand positions. Sew arms to body just below neck.

Hair: Take 18 strands of wool about 18in. long. Place round head, secure at ear-level with a few top-sewn stitches. Top-sew a few stitches about every inch round head between ear positions to hold strands in place (Figure 2). Plait remaining strands, tie at ends with bow of colored wool.

Face: Sew on 2 buttons for eyes, embroider nose and mouth with red cotton. Dress doll (Figure 3).

Mrs. J. Furniss, 21 Boronia St., Concord West, N.S.W.

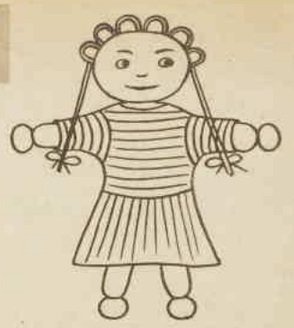
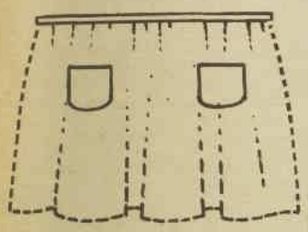


Figure 3

USE scraps of striped or checked fabric to make dress.

FOR BATHROOM



CURTAIN for bathroom is made from a discarded skirt.

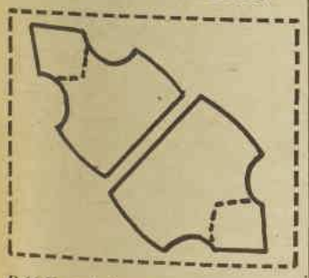
OLD skirts in figured cotton, etc., that have become shabby can be used to make bathroom curtains.

Undo waist from the band and open up skirt in middle of back. Hem sides, turn over and sew down the top. Run rod through top and hang the curtain. If the skirt has pockets, I use them to hold powder, soap, etc.

Beach Coat From Towel: From a towel worn in the centre I make a handy little beach dress for my five-year-old daughter. Shape neck by cutting out worn centre part, bind it with bias binding or rick-rack braid. Then sew up the sides, leaving holes for arms, and trim armholes to match neckline. If preferred, the sides can be left open.

Mrs. F. White, "Yandilla" Station, Cobar, N.S.W.

TODDLER'S PANTS



BACK and front pieces of pants are cut from nappy.

BABY'S discarded nappy will make panties for a toddler.

Cut panties from a 27in.-square nappy as shown above. Cut on the bias for a comfortable fit. Sew the crotch so it overlaps and forms double thickness.

If the panties are for a girl, sew lace round the legs. Then sew up side seams and turn down ½in. on top. Thread with elastic.

Mrs. R. M. Keightley, 18 Lincoln Ave., Warradale Pk., S.A.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824449

CHILD'S BRUNCH COAT FROM OLD SHIRTS

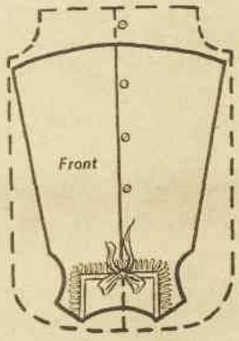
A brunch coat for a child aged two and a half years to three years can be made from Dad's old shirt.

The brunch coat is quick and easy to make because the original button and buttonholes are used, an additional button and hole being required only at the neck.

There are no separate yoke pieces and the effect is achieved by trimming of broderie anglaise insertion and ribbon at the neckline and sleeves.

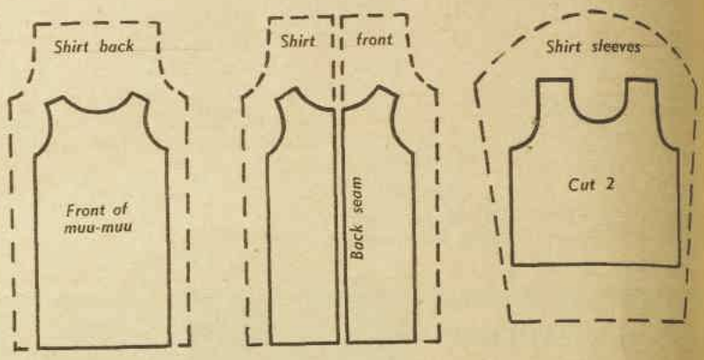
Place the pattern pieces on the shirt and cut out as shown in diagrams at right. From the shirt sleeves cut out full puffed short sleeves. Trim the edges of the sleeve with insertion and ribbon to match yoke and insert elastic to gather up the sleeves.

Mrs. J. Garner, 109 Barker Street, Kingsford, N.S.W.



DIAGRAMS at right show how to cut shirt for brunch coat.

MUU-MUU AND MIDDY BLOUSE



MUU-MUU and middy blouse made from an old shirt. Cut as above.

I made a muu-muu for my three-year-old daughter from the back and front of a man's checked sports shirt, discarded because of a frayed collar and cuffs.

I cut out the muu-muu as shown in the diagrams above. No pattern was necessary because the muu-muu is straight, cut slightly wider than hip measurements.

From the sleeves of the same shirt I made my three-year-old a middy blouse to wear over her shorts. It was cut out like the muu-muu (see diagram above at right) but reached to just above the waist.

Both these garments are cool and comfortable and take merely minutes to make. They are fastened on one shoulder with buttons or snap fasteners and trimmed at hem and neck with bobble fringe or rick-rack braid.

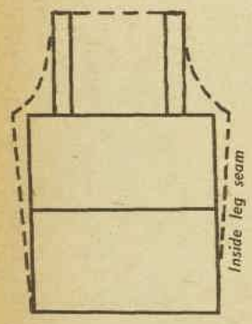
Mrs. P. M. Brown, 18 Torch Street, Bathurst, N.S.W.

SKIRT FROM PANTS

From father's discarded trousers I made a very useful pleated skirt for my daughter. After unpicking the leg seams, it did not require much work to join the pieces together and pleat it up to regular waist measurement. Four widths were pleated (see diagram below), giving ample fullness. The finished skirt length could be 14 to 15in. according to length of trouser leg. Waistband and shoulder straps were cut from upper part of trousers.

Mrs. G. Nicholson, 103 Tooronga Road, Glen Iris SE6, Vic.

TROUSER-LEGS, cut as shown below, make child's pleated skirt.



SHIRTS INTO TEENAGE BLOUSES

A wonderful idea for "lazy" sewers are these two blouse designs (sketched below) which can be made for a young teenage girl from father's old shirts.

There are no seams, hems, buttons, or buttonholes to worry about. The shirt is buttoned and the blouse cut out without unpicking any seams, so the top edge is the only one which requires finishing.

The sketches below show the blouses, which button down the back or the front. Cut the front neckline of the blouse slightly lower than the back.

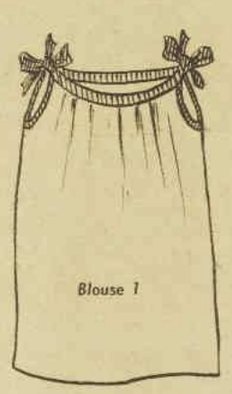
Cut out shirt to required depth as shown in diagram at left. Blouse No. 1 (sketched below) can be made with a colored shirt and then bound with contrast binding, the left-over material can be used to trim a pair of shorts or a skirt made in the plain contrast material.

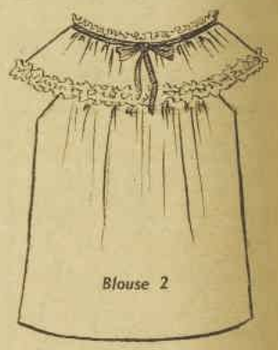
If a white shirt is used blouse No. 2 can be made, utilising the material from the sleeves to make the frilled neckline. This is trimmed with broderie anglaise or braid and a drawstring of ribbon or elastic threaded through the neck.

Blouse No. 3 is made in the same way as No. 2 but the buttons are down the front of the design and this panel is trimmed with edging to match the frill.

Mrs. M. McGowan, School Residence, Shepardstown, N.S.W.

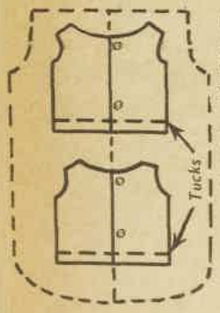
FATHER'S SHIRTS can be used to cut down into blouses for teenage daughters.





BLOUSES 1, 2, and 3 are variations of one design and can be made out of shirts.

SHIRT MAKES BODICES



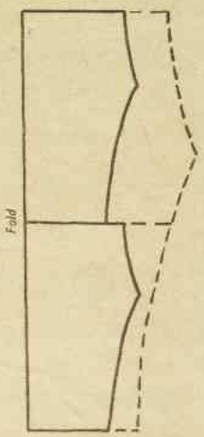
A use for old shirts is to make them into bodices for children's pleated skirts. From an old shirt I am able to get two bodices, one for an 18-month-old child and another for a two-and-a-half-year-old.

The original buttons and buttonholes are used and a tuck can be made in the bodice for lengthening when the child grows. See diagram at left.

I use the remaining pieces of the shirt for bias binding, which is invaluable when making children's clothes.

Mrs. J. Garner, 109 Barker St., Kingsford, N.S.W.

USEFUL bodices for pleated skirt are cut from an old shirt.



TODDLER'S PYJAMA PANTS

Two pairs of pyjama pants can be made for a toddler from one pair of father's pyjama pants.

Each leg of father's pyjamas will make one pair of toddler's pyjamas. Cut out as shown in diagram at left. Turn down hem at waist and thread elastic through.

I use these pants to put over the toddlers' nighties in winter. If they kick off the blankets, they don't get cold.

One nightie for a toddler can be made from father's pyjama coat.

Mrs. M. A. Dent, Bullsbrook East, W.A.

FATHER'S PYJAMAS, cut as shown in diagram left, make child's pyjama pants.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824450

WHERE RELAXATION IS YOUR TRAVELLING COMPANION

Aboard the new Brisbane Limited Express, twinette and roomette compartments ensure complete privacy—and all the comforts of home

Tasty meals are served in the buffet diners of most air-conditioned trains. Where there is no buffet diner, a tray service to the passenger's seat is available.

Aboard an air-conditioned train there is complete relaxation in an atmosphere that is always Spring . . . time to catch up with your reading . . . to watch the ever-changing scenery parading by the wide-vision windows . . . time to take a nap in the adjustable, armchair-type luxury seats . . . to stretch your legs, too, should you feel so inclined.

That is why travel by air-conditioned train has an indefinable appeal to all age groups—for the young it is exciting . . . full of interest; for the not-so-young it is restful and relaxing.

And always, aboard an air-conditioned train, cosiness and comfort are your constant travelling companions. Whether you go alone or as one of a group, there is no more relaxing, enjoyable and economical way to travel than by air-conditioned train.

Bookings for travel on air-conditioned trains may be made up to 12 months in advance of travel between capital cities, and generally up to one month ahead of travel within the State. For full details, inquire at any railway station, railway travel agency—or ring 2-0942. For reservations, ring 61-9461 between 7.00 a.m. and 10.00 p.m. daily.

RAIL-AVIS PLAN. Now you may reserve a car for your private use when you reach your destination! Simply state your requirements when making your train reservation — or ask the train conductor to make arrangements for you in transit.

DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAYS · NEW SOUTH WALES

NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT

RAILWAYS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824451

EXCITING NEW FACES FOR 1962

BRETT HALSEY

BARRY COE

GARY LOCKWOOD

GIGI PERREAU

FOLLOW THE SUN

TUESDAYS 7.30 CHANNEL TCN 9 SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824452

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● When I go to town I'm usually careful to leave for home early, before the after-five rush-hour begins. A few days ago, though, I was trapped into staying in town until half-past five.

I FOUND myself for the first time in years on one of the underground platforms at the height of the horrible rush.

As usual, I'd managed to station myself midway between the carriage's doors, so that I was well to the back of the press as everyone surged forward, and I thought I'd be lucky if I managed to get a toehold right in the entranceway.

But then, to everyone's astonishment, three or four young men simply stood aside with their hands on the carriage door and allowed every woman in the crowd on to the train before they got on themselves.

If you think it's odd to be astonished by that, it just proves you're not a regular traveller on Sydney's trains.

Once we were on the train, of course, we found that practically all seats were occupied by tired businessmen who'd climbed aboard at an earlier station.

But that little bit of unexpected courtesy from the young men had put everyone in a good mood, and I heard one woman say to a friend she was travelling with, "Good heavens, they're a lot more polite on your train-line than they are on our bus route."

I was so overcome by this myself that I mentioned it to Kat when I got home, thinking that as she's a regular rush-hour traveller in term time she must have noticed this change in masculine manners.

"They must have been visitors from another planet," Kat said. "On the trains I travel on, nobody ever stands aside for anyone else and the only people who ever stand up to give elderly women a seat are other women."

Cancer and women's check-ups

THE reason I was so late on this particular day was that I'd been to the Cancer Detection Clinic at one of our Public Hospitals.

This is something I do every year, thanks to our family doctor, who bullies all his women patients into an annual visit after they're 35.

"Everyone needs a regular check," he says, "and it's no good coming to me or to any other G.P. — we just haven't got the facilities and the equipment for making the tests."

I know lots of women who've kept away from these detection clinics at the various public hospitals because the idea of exhaustive tests and expensive equipment suggests to them the whole thing must be a painful and embarrassing ordeal.

From the patients' point of view it's no more than an ordinary gynaecological examination, but done by specialists with so much skill and knowledge that it's a good deal less of an ordeal than the usual examination.

There's a sliding scale of fees (from 10/6 up to £5), according to the family income, and you can claim against your medical fund for the cost.

My own feeling is that, even if it cost you the maximum fee and you couldn't reclaim it, it would still be a fiver very well spent—as an insurance for your family that you'd still be around and on deck while they need you.

My only complaint is that you've got to be prepared (at least at the hospital I go to, and I bet it's the same at others) to give up the best part of half a day to an examination which in actual fact takes a very few minutes.

Young mother finds waiting hard

CAN anyone explain why the entire medical profession (doctors, nurses, and hospital administrators) are incapable of working out an outpatients' system that **works?**

Next to me, on the nice hard backless benches provided for waiting patients, was a young mother positively gnawing her knuckles with anxiety—partly over the examination (it was her first visit and she hadn't a clue what to expect) and partly over her baby, left at home with gastric flu and a temperature of 101 in the care of an older sister.

I could put her mind at rest over the first part of her worries, but there wasn't much anyone could do about the baby, and she had thought she'd be home again within an hour of leaving it.

She was there before I arrived and she was still there when I left.

I felt bad about this, because obviously I and a dozen others had gone in ahead of her out of our proper turn, but there's no arguing with a starched white uniform with a bundle of forms in its hand.

I can only hope that when she finally got away someone on her bus or on her train had the decency to get up and give her a seat. She would have needed it.

He'd let her tote the rubbish tin

BUT, to go back to the question of crowded transport and the way so many young men allow women of all ages to remain standing:

I know all the arguments—that if women want equality they've got to accept equality in all things, that if they're not tough enough to take it they ought to go back to Kinde, Kirche, and Kuchen, where they belong, etc.

But all I can say is that if I were Katherine's age and going out with a lad who rushed about opening doors for me and standing behind my chair to see that I was comfortably seated at the table, I'd take a long, second look at him if I found he was the sort that pushed his way on to trains and grabbed seats without looking round to see who'd been left to stand.

He'd be the sort that found ordinary civility such a strain that he'd have worn out his stock by the end of the engagement.

And after they were married his girl would find she'd have to open her own doors, lump her own suitcases, and tote her own rubbish tin out to the front gate on Monday nights.

Modess *because*

"MAGIC CHANNEL" OF PROTECTION

UNDETECTABLE DEODORANT

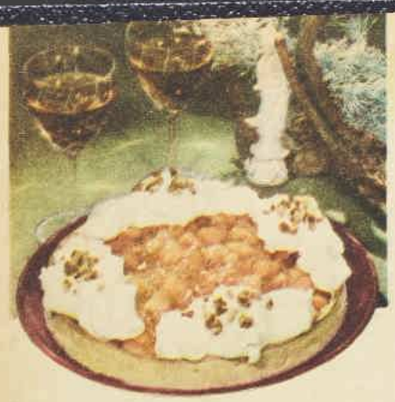
FULL-LENGTH SAFETY SHIELD

Only Modess gives you so many refinements —only Modess gives you such a wide range: Modess with MASSLINN cover . . . Modess Super . . . Modess with Gauze cover . . . and now New Vee-Form by Modess, shaped to echo the lines of the body.

Modess . . . and Modess Belts —they're made for each other.

PRODUCTS OF Johnson & Johnson

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824453



Passionfruit and papaw flan.

TROPICAL DESSERT WINS £5

● A delicious tropical combination of papaw and passionfruit makes the pie filling in the main prize-winning recipe in our cookery contest this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for a creamy fruit and rice dessert, tasty baked fish, and simple mint and pineapple flavored rolls.

All spoon measurements are level.

PASSIONFRUIT AND PAPAW FLAN

Pastry: Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 4 tablespoons iced water.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute. Beat egg-yolk and sugar with water. Add to flour, mix to firm dough. Roll out pastry on floured board to ¼in. thickness, fit into 8 or 9in. flan-tin or pie-plate. Trim edges, prick well. Bake in hot oven until golden color (about 12 to 15 minutes). Cool, fill with the following:

Filling: Three dessertspoons gelatine, ½ cup hot water, ¾ cup sugar, grated rind 1 orange, 1½ cups cold water, juice 6 passionfruit, 2 cups diced papaw, ½ pint whipped sweetened cream, chopped walnuts.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Combine in saucepan the sugar, grated orange rind, and cold water. Heat until boiling, add gelatine, and stir until completely dissolved. Cool mixture and allow to partly set, fold in passionfruit pulp and papaw. Place in refrigerator until partly set, then spoon into baked pastry-shell. Pipe or spoon whipped sweetened cream round edge of pie, sprinkle over few finely chopped walnuts.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Smiles, Box 10, Dalby, Qld.

MINTED PINEAPPLE ROLLS

Three-quarters cup grated tasty cheese, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon chopped mint, 1 beaten egg, 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup well-drained shredded canned pineapple, little milk.

Beat together in basin the grated cheese, sugar, and chopped mint, add beaten egg and mix well. Work in sifted flour and salt alternately with pineapple. Mould into little rolls with lightly floured hands, glaze each with milk. Place on greased oven-slide, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve warm spread thickly with butter. Serve with salads or casseroles.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Tam, 56 Smith St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

RICE IMPERIAL

Three cups water, ¾ cup rice, 1 cup milk, ¾ tablespoon grated orange rind, vanilla, pinch salt, 3 eggs (separated), ½ cup sugar, extra 1½ cups milk, ½oz. gelatine softened in little cold water, ½ cup slivered glace fruits, 1½ tablespoons orange-juice concentrate (or substitute Kirsch if preferred), ¾ cup cream, extra 1 dessertspoon sugar, ½ cup red or black currant jelly (thinned with 1½ tablespoons orange concentrate or Kirsch), extra whipped cream, glace cherries and angelica to decorate.

Bring water to boil in medium-size saucepan, add rice, return to the boil; drain, return rice to saucepan. Add milk, grated orange rind, ¾ teaspoon vanilla, and salt. Cover tightly, simmer gently about 20 to 25 minutes, or until rice is very tender and liquid absorbed. Set aside. Make soft custard by combining egg-yolks, sugar, and extra milk in top half of double saucepan over simmering water. Stir until custard thickens and coats silver spoon. Add the softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Fold custard into rice, allow to cool. Marinate the slivered glace fruits in orange concentrate or Kirsch, add to the cooled mixture. Whip cream, add extra sugar and few drops vanilla. Fold into rice mixture, turn into fancy mould or glass dish. Chill well about 4 hours, or until firm. Unmould on to serving-platter, top with extra whipped cream. Spoon over the thinned currant jelly, garnish round dish with whipped cream, glace cherries, and angelica.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Walker, 94 Evandale Street, Floreat Park, W.A.

BAKED SEASONED FISH

One medium-sized mullet or any other whole fish desired, 1 cup cooked rice, half a green pepper (chopped), 1 onion, ½ teaspoon curry powder, 1 egg, salt, pepper, 1 small lemon, 1 dessertspoon peanut oil, 1 dessertspoon vinegar.

Combine rice with grated onion and chopped pepper. Add beaten egg, lemon juice, and seasonings; mix well. Prepare fish: Wash and scale fish, trim fins, remove eyes, but leave head on. Stuff seasoning into cavity of fish, secure with thread or skewers. Pour oil and vinegar into ovenproof dish, place fish in carefully, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 to 25 minutes or until tender, basting occasionally with pan juices. Serve hot with vegetables in season.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Mitchell, 3 Charlotte St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

Uncle Toby's FRUIT SALAD breakfast

No cooking required!

Do it easy! Put 2 heaped dessertspoons of Uncle Toby's straight from the pack into a plate. Add any sliced-up fresh or tinned fruit, sprinkle mixed dried fruit over the top. Add a little milk. Let it stand for a few minutes until oats are soft and creamy. Add more milk if you wish.

Get all the natural protein in the nicest tasting way!

Your morning Uncle Toby's has all the natural protein of the whole grain. It supplies you with day-long energy. Milk and fruits add extra minerals and vitamins to keep your summer vitality at its peak. Make this daily treat for all the family.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL BREAKFAST OF ALL

SPECIAL SUMMER PACK

Inner foil seal and replaceable airtight lid ensure constant freshness. Contains same full 2 lb. net.

Give your family the nourishing goodness of Uncle Toby's Oats — summer style. Straight from the pack, it's delicious!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824454

MEN lose their temper more often than WOMEN

By CHARLES FRANK

● *Did you know that the average man flies off the handle twice as often as the average woman? It's usually a THING that makes him angry (something wrong with the car, say), whereas a woman's wrath is generally directed at PEOPLE.*

RECENTLY psychologists and psychiatrists have made several interesting studies of anger. Below are some experts' findings.

American expert Dr. H. Melzer irritated 200 human guinea-pigs and studied their anger at first hand.

He discovered that men hit the roof more frequently than women. On an average a male loses his temper six times a week, as against three female explosions.

These were not necessarily cases of towering rage. But the doctor's conclusion was that where man flies into a huff twice a woman will do so only once.

Men, he discovered, principally get angry at lifeless objects. Nothing can upset them so much as a car which will not spring to life, an object over which they stumble in the dark, something they have mislaid, or a hammer which has hit their thumb instead of the nail.

But with women it is different. They are, he found, chiefly irritated by the attitude of their fellow human beings. Inanimate objects leave them cold.

Hat tiff

A woman who cannot find her powder-puff is most unlikely to fly into a rage. However, if a neighbor goes out of her way to belittle or even ignore a chic new hat, simmering resentment is likely to result.

People appear to suffer most irritation just before a principal meal. Almost 50 per cent. of all emotional outbursts occur an hour before lunch, says Dr. Melzer.

Anger is not, as might be assumed, an indication of neurosis or an unbalanced personality. At the Institute of Psychiatry in New York 400 people were tested on ill-humor, 200 of them normal, the rest mentally unstable.

In almost every case the normal "patients" became angrier after provocation than the mentally unstable.

A mentally healthy person is far more likely to take umbrage than one who is not fully adjusted and is therefore affected by apathy and dullness.

Indignation, anger, and rage are common, everyday emotions. According to the latest analytical research they are comparatively harmless, and sometimes healthy.

It is quite a different matter, however, with uncontrollable fury, which may be associated with hatred.

Outbursts of real fury or hatred only tend to reveal character weaknesses, and are certainly not attended by bracing or invigorating aftereffects.

Sigmund Freud said that civilisation owes its rise to a displacement of our ugly emotions and actions, and, fortunately, uncontrollable rage and sheer hatred are rare emotions today in ordinary life.

Research has also demonstrated that persons who during their infancy or early childhood have passed through critical illnesses are more prone to react angrily to irritations and provocations.

This deep-rooted cause of unbridled anger has been investigated by Dr. George M. Stratton, of California, a Professor of Psychology.

"These unfortunate people," he said, "are often easily upset after their experience of illness and do not know why."

Many a woman feels better after a good cry, and this release from tension probably helps her temper to stay good.

How often does it happen that Mrs. Smith tells her husband at night that she gave So-and-so "a piece of her mind"?

Husband sighs and goes to sleep, but he should be glad, for he should realise that his wife is now feeling much better.

Once we understand why a hot-tempered man throws his weight around we are on the road to helping him regain his equilibrium. (Maybe.)

As most people know, subordinates usually control their emotions more effectively than superiors — even though the subordinates may feel like hitting the roof.

Scolds boy

Take a case at the office. The secretary tells the boy to fetch a jug of tea. The youngster runs across the road and comes back with a tasteless, lukewarm beverage.

The office boy has no particular interest in this type of drink (which his mother makes much better, anyway). The secretary, on the other hand, has had a bad day and scolds the boy, who can ill afford to answer back.

Had the director been present, the secretary would undoubtedly have kept the peace.

The office boy, in the meantime, being unable to froth up naturally, damages objects such as ashtrays, crockery, paper, or wooden wainscoting —or maybe takes it out on his young sister at home.

Greek philosopher Aristotle said:

"Everyone can lose his temper. There is nothing much to it. But to become angry with the right person, at the right time, to the right degree, for the right purpose, and in the right manner—that is not in everyone's power."

A MOTHER'S STORY — "I yelled at the children"

● **Oh, how I scorned all women who raised their voices above what I considered the refined maximum for a lady.** ***That was before I married and had children.***

AFTER a few years as a mother I found myself getting more and more vocal and the children more boisterous and noisy.

One day, as I stood on the back steps and yelled lustily at my rather unconcerned brood, I suddenly seemed to hear myself for the first time for years.

I was completely appalled.

As a teacher, I had never found it necessary to scream like that at the children. Why was I changing so, and becoming the very type I had always viewed with disgust?

Of course, being a housewife and mother, cook, sick nurse, and general factotum is a tremendous and full-time job for a woman.

The tension of being "on call" 24 hours a day while the children are small does take its toll of one's nervous system.

It is so easy to become lost in the monotony of it all, missing all the joy and satisfaction that a family brings.

I went inside (leaving my disobedient infants to play on in guilty joy), sat down, and thought it all out.

When I was training as a teacher, an elderly mistress gave the young ones this advice:

"Be quiet with your classes. A noisy teacher means a noisy class.

"Issue few, but essential, commands, and see that you are obeyed. Remember if your class is not behaving quietly they are probably copying **you.**"

She herself never raised her voice, and her class was the happiest, best-behaved class in the school.

"Well," I now thought, "this is going to be much harder than teaching, but I'll apply the same principles.

"Self-control"

"After all, screaming and yelling are just loss of self-control."

It was very hard, particularly after my former behaviour.

Good results did not come all at once, but gradually the children had a quietly spoken mother whose few and essential commands were obeyed.

And gradually they settled down, too, and became quieter.

They had the security of firm discipline, more interest shown in their work and play, and they definitely knew what to expect in their mother's behaviour.

No longer was it laxity one day and screaming temper the next.

I discovered a special way, which suits my nature, to keep peace in our home.

Instead of flying into a rage over things I go away to another part of the house, and there tell myself quietly just what I think of the offender.

It is no use just **thinking** it—that does not give any release from emotion. I **say** it, even if it has to be whispered to myself.

Then I find I can go back quite tranquilly and cope quietly.

In fact, it often sends me back into circulation with a smile, looking at my offending husband or offspring and thinking:

"If you only knew what I have just told myself about you!"

● By a Queensland mother who asks to remain anonymous — in case (she says) her family discovers her trick for keeping her voice and temper down.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824455

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antique plate, porcelain, and furniture.

● *This American trebleplated teapot is heavily adorned.*

Could you give me some information about the age of my teapot? It stands about 7in. high. The knob on the lid is in the form of a sphinx, the spout is decorated with shields, the base with heads of deer, and the legs are hoofs. — Mrs. J. Morris, Panania, N.S.W.

This is an American "trebleplate" teapot (shown left) dated about 1880. It is electroplated Britannia metal, and the term "treble" indicates it has been plated three times, thus giving longer durability.

● *Exquisite cup and saucer was made in England about 1820, is porcelain.*

● *This pair of attractive candlesticks is in 18th-century design.*

I would greatly appreciate your opinion on these pieces. They are a cup and saucer, a pair of candlesticks and a table.—B. D. Moore, Bega, N.S.W.

Your cup and saucer (shown at left above) was made in England somewhere between 1820 and 1830. The photograph does not show the porcelain clearly enough to judge the factory of origin. This is an exquisite cabinet cup and saucer and could have been made by Spode, Chamberlain, Worcester, or Swansea. If the latter, it is rare. It has been painted by one of the best artists of the day.

The candlesticks (shown above) are an 18th-century design and if early specimens could date about 1775-1785.

If they do not bear any hallmarks they are plated, indicating that, if not Sheffield plate, they are Victorian electroplate reproductions.

Your table (not shown) is dated about 1845 and is a good example of the early-Victorian era.

● *Heavily carved chair was once in a photographer's studio.*

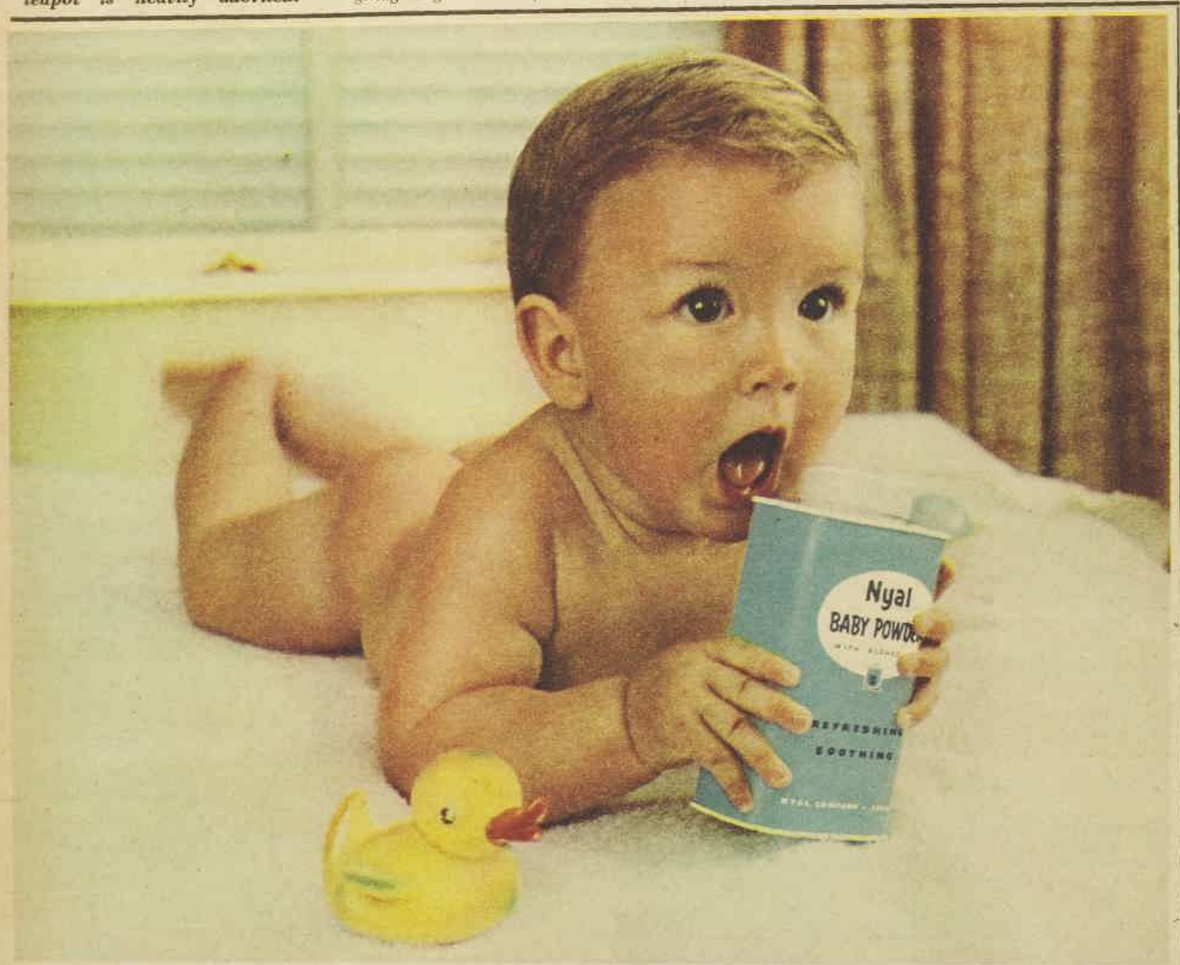
This chair was purchased more than 20 years ago. It had been owned by a photographer who used it in his photographic work. I think the wood is English oak. There are no ebonised marks on it, but there is a mark like a large "7" under the seat. Could you please give me some information about it?—B. Nay, Normanhurst, N.S.W.

The chair (above) is Edwardian and is between 50 and 60 years old. The design is Italian, but I think it was made in England. This type of chair was frequently used in photographers' studios.

★ ★ ★

My pottery vase stands 19in. high, is black on the outside, glazed white inside, and has gold handles. A Roman chariot and two figures in Roman dress are on the front and sides.—Mrs. A. B. Sidney, Epping, N.S.W.

This attractive vase is English Staffordshire pottery made about 80 or 90 years ago.



Next time you 'change' baby...change to NYAL Baby Powder

PINK FOR GIRLS! BLUE FOR BOYS!

Silky-soft, moisture-resistant NYAL BABY POWDER and super-creamed, pure NYAL BABY SOAP are both now packed in this attractive colour-choice which every mother loves — pretty PINK for GIRLS, handsome BLUE for BOYS!

Moisture-resistant powder keeps baby safe from chafe

Because it actually *resists* moisture, NYAL BABY POWDER forms a s-o-o-t-h-i-n-g film of protection between wet nappies and baby's tender skin. It gives safe, sure protection against irritation-causing moisture. A sprinkle of NYAL BABY POWDER at "change" time keeps baby cool, comfy and contented even through hot summer weather.

REGULAR USE STOPS CHAFING Regular powdering with NYAL provides the important "in-between-change" protection so necessary to prevent chafing. Silky-soft NYAL BABY POWDER cannot "cake" – it *protects* and *refreshes* throughout day and night to *keep your baby comfy and contented.*

ENJOY BABY'S DAY-LONG DAINTINESS Experience the refreshing, light, fragrant perfume of NYAL BABY POWDER . . . keeps baby's body fresh and sweet.

Made from the whitest, purest talc (specially processed and sifted through silk), NYAL BABY POWDER is beautifully fine to the touch. Two gentle antiseptics (boracic and alphozone) are carefully blended to give you a powder which is protective, too!

FOR ADULTS, TOO, NYAL BABY POWDER gives pleasant after-bath comfort – brings quick relief from heat rash and similar skin irritations.

Regular, 2'6; Economy, 4'9; Giant, 5'6.

Nyal
SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

NYAL BABY POWDER

Nyal Company • Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Limited • Ermington, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824456

USEFUL HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These useful hints sent in by readers will save time in your cooking, sewing, and cleaning. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

MARRY nails or tacks stuck into a cake of soap when doing odd jobs around the house or yard. The soap, as well as holding the nails, helps to drive them quicker. — Mrs. R. Miller, 29 Fourth St., Adamstown, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To make cut flowers last longer, always cut the stems on an angle so they will not rest hard on the vase and prevent the intake of water. — **Mrs. M. Matheson, 178 Cox St., South Windsor, N.S.W.**

★ ★ ★

I find a pastry brush very useful for cleaning fluff and cottons from the inside and underneath parts of my sewing-machine.—Mrs. B. Walsh, 9 Murrell St., Glenroy, Vic.

★ ★ ★

To give pork chops an unusual flavor, dip them in beaten egg, then in the sage-and-onion stuffing mixture now available in packets. Fry in the usual way. They taste delicious.—**Mrs. L. F. Cobban, Oxford P.O., Tas.**

★ ★ ★

Preserve recipes and hints clipped from magazines by painting them over thinly with colorless nail varnish after pasting them in your scrapbook.—Mrs. J. Moffat, c/o St. James Service Station, St. James' Park, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Do not empty your vacuum-cleaner on an open newspaper. Eliminate flying dust by using instead a strong paper bag large enough to put the open end of the cleaner bag into and to shake in the dirt easily. The bag can be used many times.—**A. Hulton, 77 Cumberland Ave., Cumberland, S.A.**

★ ★ ★

Hang a bunch of mint in a cupboard to give a pleasant fragrance and keep flies away.—Mrs. Nellie Miller, 42 Empress St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Delicate and valuable lace can be ruined by ironing. To avoid this, pull lace very gently into shape, place between sheets of clean white blotting-paper, and press under a heavy weight until dry.—**Mrs. E. Smith, 64 Brett St., Waratah 2N, N.S.W.**

★ ★ ★

Add a small amount of bicarbonate of soda to the water when washing the refrigerator. This gives a pleasing freshness and helps eradicate any clinging food odors. — **Mrs. R. G. Schmidhauser, "Sugarloaf," Wallumbilla, Qld.**

★ ★ ★

Instead of hemming your plastic shower curtain, pink the bottom with pinking shears. The curtain will drip-dry quickly and wear longer. — Mrs. Vida Lyons, 11 Cotswold Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

To retain the mirror-like finish on your stainless-steel sink, dry well, sprinkle lightly with plain flour, then polish with a soft cloth. — **Mrs. J. L. Dempsey, 16 Church St., Burwood, N.S.W.**

★ ★ ★

When turning up the hem of a dress, use paper-clips to hold them in place instead of pins. The clips won't mark delicate fabrics and you can slide them along as you work. — **Mrs. I. Croad, Salonika St., Sorrento, Vic.**

Sprinkle talcum powder round the legs of your kitchen cabinet to keep the ants out. They won't walk across the powder.—Mrs. W. Harmon, 17 Mansfield Ave., Caringbah, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Fruit stains should be sprinkled with salt while the stain is still wet. The salt will absorb most of the stain and what remains can be washed out with warm water — but don't use soap. — **Miss Susan Partridge, 23 Hunter St., Singleton, N.S.W.**

Marking school clothes

UNTIL children are old enough to read their names, they often get upset trying to find their own clothes on the pegs at school.

I cut up an old cotton dress with an easily recognised pattern, then sewed a patch pocket made from it on my little daughter's shoe bag. Squares of the same fabric were stitched inside her hat and raincoat, and others were stuck inside the heels of her ordinary shoes and gym shoes. She now knows that "her" pattern denotes her things, and she doesn't have to ask teacher. —**Mrs. Lila Long, 79 Greene St., Spotswood W14, Vic.**

★ ★ ★

MAKE patches on children's clothes attractive by using a fabric of a contrasting color and cutting the patch in the shape of a toy. Applique to the worn garment.—**Miss H. Southey, 11 Sinclair Ave., Moonah, Hobart.**

OUR TRANSFER

PLAYFUL animal motifs to decorate children's clothes are from our Embroidery Transfer No. 199. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/-.

WHATEVER YOU WERE USING BEFORE,

NOTHING WASHES AS CLEAN AS 1962 SURF

DRAMATIC TEST PROVES 1962 SURF WASHES CLEANEST

1. See it on TV. This shirt was washed in another well known washing product — then ironed.

2. Now it's washed again — this time in 1962 Surf — to test 1962 Surf's amazing cleaning power.

3. See! 1962 Surf gets out deep down dirt other products leave behind. The dirt's in the water, the shirt is cleaner, whiter — proof that *nothing* washes as clean as 1962 Surf.

No scum from Surf! With 1962 Surf in the water *scum cannot form*. There's no soapy scum to dull your wash. Your machine stays sparkling clean — always working with top efficiency.

SEE IT ON YOUR LINE - THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824457

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● Our Home Plan this week is a versatile design that can be built on a block of almost any shape and size.

THE house is split-level with its two main wings linked by an entrance hall.

These wings can be placed in any position on your land—to face a view or for maximum privacy.

The sleeping wing on one level has three bedrooms and a compact bathroom, with a separate toilet.

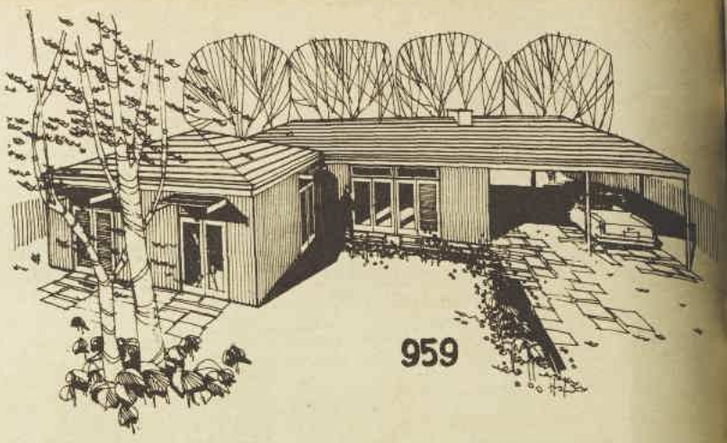
Large bedrooms

The main bedroom is spacious — 14ft. by 11ft. — and has built-in cupboards. The second bedroom is a corridor shape, 14ft. by 9ft., with one wall of built-in wardrobes.

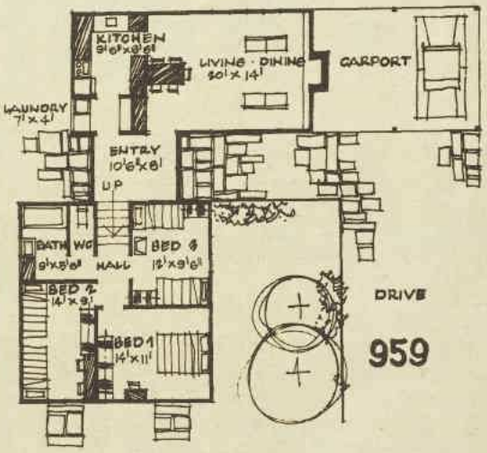
The entrance hall linking the sleeping wing with the living and utility area is 10ft. 6in. by 8ft., and opens into both the kitchen and living-room.

The dining area is combined with the living-room, and this whole area can be extended if necessary by building out over the space now taken up with the carport (see floor plan).

Plan No. 959 can be built in timber or brick. In timber the area will be 11.1 squares; in brick, 12.2 squares.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows the two wings of Plan 959 with double carport allowing room for future extensions.



FLOOR PLAN shows entrance hall linking split-level living and sleeping areas.

How to use our service

We offer the choice of thousands of different designs based on our basic plans. Secure our series of booklets and choose the house which most nearly fits your needs. Our architects will alter the selected plan to fit in with your wishes and to suit your site. The full plans and specifications can cost as little as £10/10/-.

Send coupon now for further information. If you contemplate building a home, this service can save you a lot of money. **THIS IS A COMPLETE ARCHITECT-DIRECTED HOME-DESIGN SERVICE FOR YOUR USE,** and all normal architect services are available.

Phone or call at your local Centre at—

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O.), B0951, ext. 220.
MELBOURNE: Myers (32044).
HOBART: FitzGeralds (27221).
ADELAIDE: The Building Centre, 47 South Terrace (51-1798).
BRISBANE: McWhirters (50121).
GEELONG: Myers (X6111).
TOOWOOMBA: Pigotts (7733).

OR FILL IN COUPON BELOW AND POST IT TO YOUR NEAREST HOME PLANNING CENTRE.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service."

COUPON

Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....STATE.....

☐ **Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)**

☐ **Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)**

Coming to Sydney?

then stay at the Metropole. Wonderful service, fine food, you'll revel in comfort.

ROOM TARIFF — Single from 40/-, with bath, 70/-. Double from 75/-, with bath, from 115/-.

Rates that cut travel costs!

HOTEL Metropole

Bent Street, Sydney. 'Phone: B 0522. Telegrams: Metropole, Sydney.

To the woman who could weep because her skin beauty is drying out . . .

If you've tried creams and heavy moisturizers with only fleeting results, it's because most moisturizers merely sit on the skin. Too soon, the moisture evaporates . . . and back come the lines and the dryness. And after 25, the skin that needs moisture most, can hold it least.

But now from Revlon comes the first positive, round-the-clock way to moisturize against ageing dryness . . . the 'Moon Drops' Moisture Method. What is it? A remarkable treatment programme: four different moisturizing formulas to replace your ordinary skin creams and lotions. Together, the four 'Moon Drops' formulas work day and night to help your skin store and hold natural moisture inside.

Once you've tried the 'Moon Drops' Moisture Method, your skin need never know another dry spell.

'MOON DROPS' FACIAL FRESHENER 'wakes up' your skin.

'MOON DROPS' MOISTURE FOUNDATION treats your skin all day under make-up.

'MOON DROPS' MOISTURIZING CLEANSER removes make-up while it replaces vital moisture. And even as you sleep, the deep moisture benefits continue with 'MOON DROPS' MOISTURE BALM.

THE 'MOON DROPS' MOISTURE METHOD BY Revlon

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824458

Garden seat to make

● *Preliminary stage (left). After the bottom layer was fixed, a second row of slabs was added above it. At right, the complete seat set in rock paving which forms a path along the base. Seat-ends are decorated with miniature conifers in concrete pots.*

● A paved rock-garden seat is simple to build, especially if the site is backed by a small earth mound or set against an uneven higher level.

NO boxing is needed when the shape of the seat may be cut out of a clay or soil bank.

The size and shape is a matter of personal choice, but it is wise to have the seat reasonably wide for comfort, with a gentle backward slope to the sides and back and also to the front base below the seat.

This is not only more comfortable to sit in but it enables the flat rock slabs to be more easily cemented into position.

By
ROSALINE REDWOOD

Having cut out the desired shape of the seat, select flat paving-stones to fit into a rough jigsaw-puzzle pattern.

Remove the slabs and cover the soil underneath with a mortar mixture of three parts of coarse sand (preferably with some small stones among the sand) and one part of cement, with enough water to make a stiff, easily worked mortar.

The small stones help to prevent shrinkage and, later, cracking. A layer about two inches thick should be enough for the base.

Then damp each rock slab and fit it into position, working the mortar neatly between the slabs and trowelling to a smooth surface along all the joining sections.

The simplest method is to start at the seat area and work up the back. Then finish by working from the ground base up to the seat ledge.

This way, the rocks will have a firm foundation on which to rest as the work proceeds, and thus are easier to cement into position.

The result will be an inexpensive permanent garden seat that retains the warmth of the sun and offers pleasant relaxation and perfect harmony with landscaped surroundings.

WASHING MACHINE GUIDE Get cleaner washes—longer life from your machine

Read why all Leading Makers approve 1962 Surf for your washing machine

Your washing machine is precious and you should make sure that you're giving it the kind of care that will ensure years of trouble-free performance. Leading washing machine makers conducted three-month tests using advanced supplies of 1962 Surf. Things they were looking for were: cleanness of the wash, rinsing ability and the effect of Surf on their machines. Here are the results of these tests. Read what the maker of your washing machine said about 1962 Surf:

RESULTS FROM MANUFACTURERS TESTS

IF YOU OWN A HOOVER

Hoover said: "We've tested 1962 Surf—definitely approve its use. Surf's suds are just right and rinse away most efficiently. Surf beats the soap-scum problem."

THIS IS WHAT SIMPSON SAYS

"Surf was outstanding in our Two Speed Wringer model. Clothes were all wonderfully clean, even by our high standards. When tests ended the machine was show-room clean."

TIP FOR POPE OWNERS

"We recommend Surf for our machines," reports the Pope Company. "In the Spin-o-matic, Surf gave wonderful results at all wash temperatures. No formation of soap-scum in machine."

WHAT KELVINATOR HAS TO SAY

Here is the Kelvinator report: "We found Surf gives an exceptionally clean wash. Surf suds last through the entire wash cycle, yet they rinse away most efficiently, leaving no soapy scum deposit."

THE RESULTS OF WILKINS SERVIS TESTS

Said Wilkins Servis' Production Engineer: "Every item in each 9 lb. load was washed wonderfully clean with Surf. Even after repeated wash-loads, Surf left the machine free of scum."

POINTS FOR LIGHTBURN OWNERS

"We recommend 1962 Surf," said Lightburn. "We're proud of our Automatic and we want all Lightburn owners to be as proud of its washing results. So we say, use Surf every wash."

IF YOU OWN A MALLEYS WHIRLPOOL

Read this report of the Surf Performance Tests. "Washing results — all garments spotlessly clean. Rinsing—the suds rinsed away fast. Machine after use — perfect condition—no scum."

WESTINGHOUSE EXPERTS REPORT

"We tested Surf thoroughly and we unanimously approve Surf's use. Surf's cleaning action is most effective. There were no traces of powder residue or soapy scum. Rollers were clean as new."

TESTED AND APPROVED BY LEADING WASHING MACHINE MAKERS

Surf

FOR THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH

SF 1168.WW 11.5.C

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824459

TIRED, ACHING LEGS
VARICOSE VEINS

"I wear Surgical Stockings . . . but no-one ever knows"

Scholl
Soft-Grip
SURGICAL NYLONS

The luxury of surgical stockings perfect in fit, superfine, seamless, never detected, yet providing surgically accurate support. Scholl "Soft-Grip". For every woman who wants relief from varicose veins, with the assurance that on all occasions she really looks her best.

All fittings from Chemists, Stores, Surgical Suppliers, Scholl Depots.

ALSO • SCHOLL ELASTIC YARN
SOFT-GRIP • SCHOLL NYLON MESH

I'M POUNDS BETTER OFF
Because I Take
FORD PILLS

Ford Pills keep me free from irregularity, sick headaches, tiredness and depression. I'm always sparkling with health and energy and never away from work. No wonder I'm pounds better off!

Ford Pills are safe and sure . . . and so economical, too! Regain good health, feel fit and well, buy a tube of Ford Pills today.

Slim off your overweight—write for a free FORD PILLS DIET CHART to G.P.O. Box 4155, Sydney.

Get your Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere

FORD PILLS

produced her theory and banged it into the conversation as though challenging them to trump it. "Of course, it was suicide. They set their car going toward the Hole and shot themselves."

Brian Flaxman shook his head; he even looked a little contemptuous. "No. You agree with me, Charlie?"

The sergeant nodded. "No doubt about it, I'm afraid. Murder, and by someone who knew this part of the world. I'm not familiar with all the details yet. I'll bring myself up to date when I get back to Pint-Pot. I don't understand about the gun, however. You're sure it's yours, Brian?"

"Quite sure," Flaxman said, "recognised it at once."

If he had any idea of the sensation his words caused, he gave no sign of it.

Nobody said anything, but Lucybelle, who was carrying the tray through the door when he spoke, pulled up and stood quite still. Flora, looking at her, thought her eyes might pop out. She felt rather than heard Eileen's quick intake of breath, but the next moment Eileen, who in her own way was as much a fighter as her brother, said: "They must have stolen it when they were here. I remember, you told me it was missing, Brian."

But her words rang a little hollow.

It had been Flaxman's gun.

"You were in Germany after the war, weren't you, Mr. Flaxman?" Matchett inquired, in a significant voice. "Maybe you ran into Miss Meyer some time."

The sergeant's head jerked up, but he said nothing, waiting with everyone else for Flaxman's answer. It was Mr. Bonney, however, who answered: "We were in a lot of different places, the Major and I. Where were you, Mr. Matchett?"

The answer came back with a snap. "Oh, up New Guinea way, slushing round in the mud and dodging Nips."

His inquiry, however, had given pause to the sergeant; it was as though the deeper possibilities of the situation had suddenly been opened up to him. He did not say anything; he simply sat there thinking

Continuing . . . DEATH SLEPT HERE

from page 29

about them, and the others at the table watched him think. Until Peter asked: "Were they robbed? That seems the most likely motive to me."

"They had money on them," Sergeant Ames said shortly. Where before he had been liberal with his information, now all at once he imposed an embargo on his thoughts. "Though I understand a ring is missing. An emerald ring. Miss Meyer was wearing it. That's gone."

Flora knew, from the flicker of Matchett's eyes, that this

self to speak. "I don't know of any. It's possible that the blacks took the ring."

He spoke brusquely, as though the subject bored him.

"No," Matchett broke in, "you can take my word for sure, Sergeant. Count the blacks right out."

Flaxman looked at him bleakly and Matchett grinned back. The sergeant watched them both.

"Talking about the blacks,"

see it, the girl's within her rights. He's her tribal husband, you know. She grew up with that crowd and naturally she wants to go back. But I wouldn't worry too much. I had a talk with her before lunch, and from what I can see she'll have that buck of hers tamed in a very short while. She's a smart girl, that one."

"Too right she is," Matchett agreed, "That's what I've been saying right along."

But Eileen had had enough. She stood up. "I think you men have a lot to talk about

and it was her right to ... the reply. The insult to M... chett had been delibera... cruel, but Eileen was like th... as insensitive to the subject... of life as a bulldozer. Now, ... all times, was not the time ... antagonise Matchett.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Mi... and Lucybelle were standi... by the outer door, talki... quietly together. This was ... unusual that Flora stop... Then Lucybelle went out.

Mrs. Mindy said, but wi... out her usual spirit: "She's ... bad one, that girl. It's go... riddance if she clears out wi... that bloke."

"I'll miss her," Flora sa... with a smile. "And I thi... you will, too, a little. Wo... you bring the coffee-pot out ... the verandah, please? The me... are having tea."

"That poor copper's had ... hard morning," Mrs. Mind... nodded, "I'll make it ... strong for him. He says the... two was shot with the ... gun. That true?"

"It looks like it. It ma... have been stolen."

Mrs. Mindy put the big ... pot on the table. Clearly sh... had a question in her mind a... Flora waited for it. It cam...

"Miss, what color is an emerald?"

Flora had expected th... "The ring that's missing, you mean? Green. Why?"

"Oh, good heavens!"

"Is anything the matter, Mrs. Mindy?"

The big woman's head shook violently. "No, Miss, nothing ... the matter with me. I'm fine."

"Because you've just made the tea without putting in the leaves," Flora pointed out.

Mrs. Mindy, however, did not smile.

. . . .

At three o'clock, Flora went out with Peter when he went to check one of the outstation bridges. She felt as though she had been let out of school.

For it had been a hideous afternoon. No sooner had Mrs. Mindy put the coffee on the verandah table and returned, glum-faced, to her kitchen, than Eileen started in with her questions. "Now, Flora, tell me

To page 53

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

must be the ring that he had given her.

"I've got a ring," Jane announced, including them all in her radiant smile. "It's in my dolly's suitcase."

The sergeant laughed, but Eileen said quickly: "Be quiet, Jane, don't interrupt. Sit still, Andrew."

"Do you remember if there were any strangers about at the time it happened?" Ames frowned lightly, looking at Flaxman. They were no longer friends discussing an interesting case, but policeman and outsider. It was noticeable. "I read the reports, of course, at the time, and as I remember it, there weren't."

Flaxman shrugged. Since Matchett's challenge to him, he had remained silent. It was as though he could not trust him-

Eileen said in her forthright way (the subject should be changed, she had decided, so she would change it), "I think you can be of assistance to us in another matter, Sergeant. Our maid, Lucybelle. She's got it into her head that she's got to go off with that man, the one they call Hitler of all things."

"I christened him that," Matchett told her, with a chuckle.

She did not even glance at him. "It means going back to tribal life for her, Sergeant, and it would be a shame, a wicked thing. Could you not take her back to Pint-Pot with you, away from the influence of this Hitler?"

Sergeant Ames shook his head. "I'm afraid I can't do that, Miss Flaxman. As I

and you'll talk more easily when we're not here. We'll have our coffee on the verandah. Flora, would you mind asking Mrs. Mindy to bring it out? Come, on, children."

"Can I have my chocolates now?" Jane asked, as she passed through the door, "I ate all my lunch, Flora."

Before Flora could speak, Eileen snapped: "Certainly not. You're not to touch anything that man gave you. You come with us."

It was impossible that Matchett had not heard, though he did not turn his head. Eileen had meant him to hear.

Flora, too angry to speak, went out to the kitchen. She could not trust herself with Eileen, just then, for it had been to her that Jane had spoken about the chocolate

Breville SAVES £'s on haircare

with the BREVILLE B8 HOME HAIRDRYER and the 919 HOME HAIRCLIPPER

FREE HAIR STYLE BOOK
32 pages of simple, step-by-step, fully illustrated instructions. You can't go wrong!

DRY YOUR HAIR AT HOME IN COMFORT AND SAVE

Dozens and dozens of different, glamorous hair styles can be yours with the Breville Home Hairdryer . . . soon pays for itself in money saved!

ONLY £21.10.0
OR EASY TERMS FROM 7/6 WEEKLY

IT'S SO EASY TO DO-IT-YOURSELF AT HOME

with the Breville Electric HOME HAIRCLIPPER SET.

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T GO WRONG!

ONLY £9.19.6
OR EASY TERMS FROM 5/- WEEKLY

5-PIECE SET, Model 919. Everything you need, including control comb and illustrated instructions ..... only £9/19/6
8-PIECE SET, Model 707 ..... only £12/10/0
12-PIECE Deluxe SET, Model 857 only £14/14/0

FREE Step by Step Fully Illustrated INSTRUCTION BOOK

AVAILABLE AT MOST GOOD STORES Write for FREE literature to World Distributors: CANVIN & COLES Pty. Ltd., 67-69 Murray St., Pyrmont, N.S.W. Phone 68 4138.
AWW BHD & HHC 7-2-62

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824460

Continuing . . . DEATH SLEPT HERE

from page 52

at that Matchett man said you yesterday out at the oon. Don't leave out a single ord."

Carol, who did not care for ee, had automatically taken her sewing. She had not nted to come out here, she uld rather have stayed at le with the men, but she d come just as she did everyng Eileen told her.

All the time Eileen talked, sewed away, her face exsionless; there was just the ddle jabbing in, jabbing out. what was being discussed erested her, she did not show

Flora's head ached. The fee tasted of boot-polish. And the time there was Eileen's ice rasping at her mind, dragg the words out of her.

She had not, however, told een what Matchett had said, t Brian Flaxman was once rried to Ilse Meyer. Only to ter had she told this. Before ich, she had seen him draw brother-in-law aside, but did not know what had sed between them . . .

PETER, riding lden Boy, set the pace, a hard ce. For a while, neither oke. It was good just to ride the brilliant sunshine, to feel cobwebs of worry and unse blow away in the clean air.

It seemed no time at all bere, ahead of them, Flora ard the river. Its grumbling ar was like the underground mble of a train. Topping a e, she saw it below, a monrous S inscribed on the greyen land.

Peter pointed towards a high, rrow, perilous - looking oden structure some two ndred yards farther on. There's the famous bridge," said, "wait there under the ees, Flora, out of the sun. I on't be long."

Flora watched him gallop olden Boy toward the ridge, his strong body straight n the saddle. Then she, too, oved into the shelter of the ees.

She stared out at the river, cinated by the swirling hurry it as the turbulent brownllow water flowed south with booty of destruction, dragng on the branches of the ughly rooted trees as it went. would not last, soon its level ould drop, the flood would come a trickle and the trees ould be left high again, their oded roots exposed to the n. But not yet. Already the toppy water lapped the river's fined banks.

After a while, Peter reurned. "Come on, let's be on ur way. It's sticky here."

"Is the bridge all right?"

"As right as it will ever be."

He did not, however, turn olden Boy, but simply sat here, looking at her thoughtully. It occurred to Flora gain how remarkably blue his yes were. Usually, they eld a distinct twinkle, but ow, at this moment, they were rave.

At last he broke the silence: "Flora, is it true that you are y way of being an heiress? To ountless millions, as the sayng is?"

Flora smiled. "In a small way. No millions, I'm afraid. Eileen told you, of course?"

He nodded, and said rather grimly. "She did indeed. She seems to think you're out here for some fell purpose of your own."

Something would have to be done about Eileen, and that soon. Flora said tersely: "I can imagine. Forget it, Peter. She doesn't know the way my mind works."

He glanced at her quickly, then away. Their horses were moving now, but by a strange coincidence they kept side by side.

"I'm very interested in that mind of yours," Peter went on, "in its workings. I'd like to know how it reacts to the possibility of a year or two in the Gulf country. There's a perfectly filthy wet season, no neighbors to speak of, and no company except mine."

Flora stared hard at Doonin's ears. "Are you proposing to me, Peter?"

He turned to her then, and Flora experienced such happiness that it seemed she was not riding Doonin at all but was floating in the air. There he was, young, good-looking, honest, and lovable as nobody else she had ever known had been lovable. That he should love her was the wonderful thing.

"I suppose I'm making a mess of telling you," Peter said. "But when this Meyer mess is cleared up, I'll say it with roses. Roses the same color as your hair. I dream about your hair, Flora."

She blushed. She said to herself that she was behaving like a sixteen-year-old, but she could not help it, she was too happy. She had thought herself dead when, two years ago, David had died, but now she was alive again; alive as she had never been before.

"Where are you going to find roses out here?" she asked him, and though she was smiling, her voice was a little uneven.

"For you, I'd find them."

She believed him, and for a moment there were no problems at all anywhere in the world.

The horses were now so close together that Peter was able to put his arm around Flora's waist without any difficulty at all. "I was afraid, you see," he went on, "that you might not stay at Keralji. I'm worried about your being there, darling, for it does look as though we've got a double murderer on the premises, but I felt I couldn't let you go. Every day I've been loving you more. Haven't you noticed?"

Flora did not answer, for both his arms were around her now and time had stopped and the world was theirs entirely. The river was a million miles away. Even the horses stood like statues.

He kissed her, then said, while his hand stroked the smooth silken hair above her forehead: "You're so utterly beautiful. I just can't believe anyone as beautiful as you can be real. I love you so much, it frightens me sometimes. I just wanted you to know that, no matter what happens."

It was Flora who broke away. "We must go back," she said, a little breathlessly.

"They'll be waiting for us." He nodded, and they set out, the horses side by side.

It was in Flora's mind, as she did not doubt that it was also in his, that this was not the time to talk of their own future. The threat to Keralji was too real, too pressing.

No roses; not yet.

A question had been bothering Flora, and half-way back to Keralji she asked it.

That a little while ago Peter had held her in his arms seemed like a dream now; but it was a dream they shared.

"Do you think your brother-in-law is involved in what's happened?" she asked him.

"He's involved all right," Peter replied. "I had it out with him before lunch, Flora. Matchett was right, Brian was married to that woman. Old Bonney was in it; he's known all the time." He frowned, remembering.

"It was in Germany, after the war. She treated him badly and he divorced her. I think she only married him to get a passport. There was a lot of that sort of thing — still is, I think, with people wanting to get into America. Her arrival on his doorstep at Keralji was something of a shock, as you may imagine."

Flora could indeed. "What did she want?"

"Money. She'd seen his picture in a Melbourne paper after a cattle show and she came up to see what she could get out of him. She wanted him to set her brother up in a photography business and to make some sort of settlement on her. She'd make trouble with Carol otherwise. Brian gave her some cash to keep her quiet and a lot of promises, and off they went. You know the rest of the story."

"Does Carol know — that he had been married before, I mean?"

"No. Heaven only knows what will happen when she does. I wouldn't blame her for clearing out, but there are the children to be thought of. Brian should have told her."

This was difficult to say, but Flora said it. "They're not happy together, are they, Peter? I know he's older than she, but it's more than that."

"Yes, it's more than that."

FLORA waited, and after a pause he went on, speaking almost against his will. "Carol has always had this thing about security, you see.

"You knew she was adopted, Flora? Unfortunately, she wasn't told in the right way and she was fourteen when she found out. Her whole world crashed, I think. She was so upset about it that Mother finally sent her to boarding school, because she wouldn't even talk to us. She never got used to the idea. Of course, she should not have married Brian, but she was mad keen to have a place of her own. The worst thing she could have done."

And yet, Flora thought, Carol took no interest in Keralji. That was the extraordinary thing.

"I was away when she met him," Peter went on; "when I came back, they were already married. I knew it wouldn't work out, and I was right, unfortunately. That's one reason I came here as manager, to give Carol a bit of moral support. But I can't stay forever. How she'll react when she discovers Brian had been married before, I dread to think.

"The trouble is, Brian really loved that Meyer woman. Carol has always been second best. He thought it was all finished, that's why he never told Carol. To do him justice, I think he honestly believed he was acting for the best."

Here, at last, was the explanation of Brian Flaxman's reserve, of that feeling Flora sometimes had that he was looking back into the past at a private memory which held terrible pain for him. He had loved Ilse Meyer and she had betrayed him. As if that was not enough, she had come here after money and had died, horribly, out at the Hole.

He had not even been free to confide in anyone; he had had to pretend she was a stranger. Now his past life was no longer private but would soon be common property. Already, it was being trampled by Matchett. Flora was desperately sorry for him.

"Do you think," she asked, "that Eileen knew?"

"Probably. Though I don't think he confides in her much."

"That woman broke his heart, I think."

They had mounted the last rise now, and there was Keralji below them.

"Look," Flora exclaimed, and she pointed at Mickey Matchett's caravan.

Two figures were standing at its door, in close conversation. One was unmistakably Matchett. The other was Sergeant Ames.

"Now he knows, too," Peter said, and there was bitterness in his voice.

. . . .

Flora went to bed early that night. She was not tired, but it had become a necessity for her to be alone.

There was nothing intangible about the trouble at Keralji any more. It was there in the eyes, in the silences, in the terseness of what was said.

She undressed and slid into bed. For a while she tried to read. Peter had given her a copy of his book which had been published in New York, and which dealt brilliantly with the aboriginal legends of the north, but even this could not hold her, though it gave pleasure to have it in her hands because it was Peter's.

There was a silence over the house, but it was a deceptive silence. She found herself listening for something to break it.

She knew that in the next

To page 54

Fashion FROCKS

● *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"DORIS." — Attractive frock has fitted waist - length jacket with a wide shawl collar. Material is spotted cotton, in navy, red, ming-blue, strawberry-pink, all with white spots.

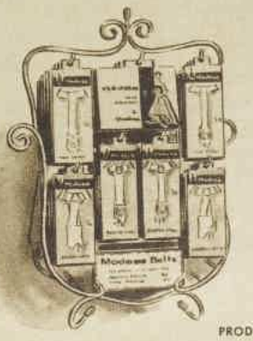
Ready To Wear: Sizes 34 and 36in. bust, £5/4/6; 38 and 40in. bust, £5/8/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 34 and 36in. bust, £3/12/6; 38 and 40in. bust, £3/14/6. Postage on both cut-out and ready-to-wear styles 6/6 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 62. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Modess Belts *because*

So comfortable, so secure — Modess Belts ensure perfect peace of mind. Now in a choice of pink or white.



Choose from the wide range of Modess Belts

VEE-FORM — All-white nylon belt that lasts longer. Its unique "V" design adjusts to every change of position.

ADJUSTA-FORM (with pins or with clips)—Easily adjustable. Available in both pink and white.

FINE-FORM — Economy belt. Available in both pink and white.

PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Printed by Cupress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824461

Continuing . . . DEATH SLEPT HERE

from page 53

room Carol was lying in bed as she herself was lying, staring into the dark. Carol, who was about to have her security destroyed all over again. It hurt to think about that.

The men were still up. They would be talking. No doubt Sergeant Ames was listening and was preparing a list such as policemen prepared in detective novels. But this was real. The names on that list represented people, people that Flora knew. She was no longer an outsider.

Because of her love for Peter she was involved; now Carol's fate also involved her, because she had told Peter she would be a friend of Carol, and would stand by her whatever happened.

There was lightning playing about the horizon, lighting the room with blinding flashes, and they reminded Flora of the great storm of the previous night. In a way her love for Peter was like the flame of the candle by which she had stood as she looked out upon that tempestuous night, for without it she would indeed be in darkness in this trouble which had overtaken Keralji.

Nevertheless, she closed her eyes, wiped her mind clean. She had seldom needed sleep more than now, when the morrow would call for a refreshed mind and renewed courage. These things would come only from sleep . . .

It was not a cat. Wide awake now, Flora knew it was not, never had been, a cat.

She sat bolt upright in the bed, and when a blaze of lightning showed her the room, she held up her right hand stiffly and looked at it; terror was like a blow between the eyes.

She must have fainted then, for when she awakened again the high point of hysteria was past and she was able to think.

She found that she still held her hand thrust away from her. She was trembling all over.

It had not been a cat. She knew what it was. She had dreamed she heard something under the bed, and, stretching her hand below to pull out the cat — for that was what her sleeping mind had decided was there. She even visualised Poppet, her mother's Siamese, and looked forward to giving her a cuddle — her hand had been taken by another hand, in a firm though not tight clasp, and the intimate feel of that hand remained there even when she came shudderingly awake; she could feel its imprint on her palm, about her cold fingers, its sliding touch.

Once before she had felt it, on the night before David died, two years ago.

The Macdonald Beastie, that was what it was. "Once her father had felt it in his sleep, he had told her. He would not, however, tell of what followed.

Too shocked to be frightened, Flora left the bed and pulled on her dressing-gown. Then she went into the hall.

She did not care where she went, but it was in her mind to go through the house and on to the verandah, stand there and smoke a cigarette, become sane again. Approaching Mr. Flaxman's office, however, she heard voices, and because the door was ajar she could not go past.

As she hesitated there Flora heard the sound of a chair being scraped back, and then Flaxman said loudly: "You can't prove such a thing . . ." There was so much anger and pain in his voice that it might have been another man speaking. "Not a damned thing. Tomorrow you get off my land, do you hear? Right off. I don't care where you go, but you'd better put some distance between yourself and me while you can."

Flora did not hear what was said in reply, for, covering her ears, she had turned at once and retraced her steps. But that Mickey Matchett was in the office she did not doubt.

It was for this that Matchett had brought his caravan to the station. This was the showdown. With his usual vulgarity, he had goaded and prodded at people — at Brian Flaxman in particular—to this end. After tonight nothing would ever be the same again in Keralji. He had his own methods of obtaining information, of acting on it.

No doubt he had his own ideas of meting out justice to the killer of The Mere, and he would not care who was from the doing of it.

FLORA went to Jane's room, because to look at a child was surely to find balance. Children made sense out of everything, by the very existence in the world.

She was taken aback to find Jane's bed empty. There was no storm to frighten the little girl and send her in to Andrew for comfort.

Flora hurried into Andrew's room. Jane had to be in there, she told herself, but she was not. The boy was deep asleep, on his back, his left arm flung wide.

Jane was not in the bathroom, she was not in the schoolroom; she was nowhere.

Flora stood in the corridor. Now she knew fear; what she had felt before, in these weeks, was nothing—nothing, compared to this.

She turned and hurried back along the corridor. It did not matter at all now that she interrupted Brian Flaxman in the middle of a private quarrel. Jane was his daughter.

As she turned the corner, however, Flora heard a crash, a crash with a human cry in it. She reached the door of the office and met Brian Flaxman coming out. He walked past her without a word, without a look. He did not even appear to see her. His mouth was a grim line, and his eyes held such a blaze of anger as made her shrink back. She called his name, nevertheless, but he continued on, and she heard the sound of his heavy tread on the verandah, then silence.

Flora looked into the office then and saw, lying in the middle of the floor and with blood about his mouth, the body of Mickey Matchett.

Flora had been standing there only a moment, it seemed, when Peter spoke behind her.

"Mind out, darling; let me see."

Wrapped in an old green dressing-gown, his dark hair tousled, one foot in a slipper and the other bare, he had come soundlessly into the room. Brushing past her, he dropped to his knees to examine Matchett. It was not the bruised looking cut on the chin that interested him, however. It was the slowly bleeding wound on top of the head.

"He fell against the desk," he explained, turning toward her. "I don't like the look of this. Get some water."

To page 55

24 energy breakfasts like this in every packet of Weet-Bix

Here is the energy food youngsters need—straight from Australia's golden wheatfields! Toasted to tempting crispness. Served in a second and rich in true grain flavour, they keep your energy level up for hours! Great value, too, with 24 man-sized breakfasts in each large packet...about 1½d a serving!

Big size full-colour picture plates of Australian Wildflowers now in every packet. Watch packets, too, for other special 'surprise' offers!

Serve **WEET-BIX** for *'superific'* energy!

W2

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824462

Continuing . . . DEATH SLEPT HERE

from page 54

Flora, and dig out bandages, will you. He can have my bed. Did—Brian do this?"

Flora nodded. "I think so. They were arguing, Peter."

"Hell!"

In the doorway Flora encountered Eileen Flaxman. Whether or not Eileen had overheard their conversation she did not know, but the older woman, after one searching glance at her, asked no questions, but simply went to kneel beside Peter. Her expression, when she looked at the wound on Matchett's head, was grave.

Flora hurried to the kitchen and filled the electric kettle. Her fingers were so cold they fumbled at the plug. Words kept running in her mind as she moved about: "Don't let him die, don't let him die, don't let him die."

When she turned around it was to find that she was no longer alone in the kitchen. Carol was there, Carol, wide-eyed and pale, an exquisite but out-of-place figure in her wrap of heavy Chinese silk. Her small feet were thrust into embroidered slippers.

Although Carol was older than she and was the nominal mistress of Keralji, Flora's first impulse was to soothe her, to soften the truth.

"Mr. Matchett's had an accident," she said, avoiding the stare of those frightened eyes, "he's hit his head. But it's all right, Peter's there."

"Brian did it," Carol said, almost conversationally as though she were emptied of emotion. "He did, didn't he? Didn't he? It was Brian?"

SHRUGGING, Flora said, "I don't know exactly what happened. I wasn't there. The less said the better at this stage, I think."

She had to have a story for Sergeant Ames. He was in there already; she had heard the tread of his heavy boots in the hall.

"It was Brian," Carol repeated, "Oh, Flora, I'm so frightened. When's it all going to stop?"

She was shaking perceptibly, but it was not to Flora that she turned for comfort but to Mrs. Mindy; Mrs. Mindy, elephantine in an Army disposals greatcoat, who had entered the kitchen by the side door.

"The poor Missus," Mrs. Mindy intoned, her broad hand stroking the silken shoulder. "The poor, little Missus. There, there."

But her eyes, those dark eyes which, like her uncomplicated generous soul, belonged to the aboriginal rather than the white race, looked a worried question. Flora nodded. For whatever was going on here, Mrs. Mindy was in it.

Eileen came into the kitchen. She did not even glance at Carol. "Peter's put him in his bed," she said. "He has slight concussion. Not serious, but he needs complete quiet. Where's that hot water? Will you come in with me, Mrs. Mindy?"

Flora said, before Mrs. Mindy could open her mouth: "I'll come. I've done first-aid."

Eileen looked at her approvingly, though with surprise. "Well, as long as you can stand the sight of blood. You, Carol, for heaven's sake get yourself back into bed. You'll catch your death in that ridiculous wrap."

Carol winced as though she had been struck.

Suddenly, Flora remembered Jane, and she caught Eileen by the arm. "Was Jane in with you? She's not in her room."

"Jane? No, of course not; why should she be?"

Flora actually felt her face go pale. "Then she's gone. I've searched everywhere—before Mr. Matchett had his fall. She's not in the house, I'm sure of it."

Mrs. Mindy uttered a queer wordless moan, but Eileen merely looked annoyed. She never could think of more than one thing at a time. "Nonsense, Flora, she's probably in with Andrew."

"No, she's not there, I looked."

"Well then will you look for her, Mrs. Mindy?" Eileen said, "she must be somewhere. You're being hysterical, Flora."

Flora shook her head, but she followed Eileen to Peter's room. If Jane were in the house, then Mrs. Mindy would find her. She must be in the house, anything else was a horror. But it seemed only a few minutes ago that she was awakened in cold fright with a premonition of disaster coming so strong that she had nearly screamed aloud.

She told herself that this was, had to be, the product of a troubled imagination, of the atmosphere of death that Mickey Matchett had brought to Keralji.

She did not, however, believe this . . .

Mr. Bonney was standing outside Peter's door. He stepped aside to let Eileen and Flora through. Sergeant Ames and Peter were beside the bed.

Mickey Matchett looked like a dead man as he lay there, his eyes slightly open, though, unseeing. There was a basin on the table and, beside it, an opened first-aid box.

Without delay Eileen sat down and began to sponge at the oozing wound. She was at her best in a situation like this. The cloth came away stained with blood, horrible. When Flora stepped forward to assist her, however, Sergeant Ames shook his head. "I'll see to it, Miss MacDonald, I'm used to this sort of thing."

Considerably relieved, Flora gave him place.

She had never been inside Peter's room before, and now, despite everything else, she was interested. It was a large, uncrowded room. Shelves squeezed tight with books lined the walls. Under the window was Peter's desk with his small typewriter on it and paper, paper, paper everywhere. It was here, she knew, that he had finished his book which only a little while before she had held in her hands before turning out her light.

"I can't live without writing, Flora," he had said once, "but I feel the way the poet Roy Campbell felt, that writing should be an overflow of rich living. To extend one's body and one's mind, that's what I want to do."

Flora liked his room.

Suddenly interrupting her thoughts, Mr. Bonney spoke at her shoulder. "Where's the Major?" he asked, in a low, hoarse voice which no one but herself could hear. "He hit him, didn't he?"

Flora nodded, and just as quietly said, "I think he went out. Try to find him, Mr. Bonney, please."

"Jane's gone," she added, wanting suddenly to shout to make them all stop what they were doing and go out to look for the little girl. "She's not in the house, Mr. Bonney, I'm sure of it. Tell Mr. Flaxman that. Something's happened to her."

He gave her a startled look and went out.

Peter turned around. "What's that about Jane?"

"She's disappeared," Flora told him. "I was looking for her when this happened."

He did not take it seriously. "Oh, she'll be in with Andrew. Or Carol, maybe."

"No. She isn't. She isn't anywhere. No one will believe me." She looked at her watch. It was twenty minutes since Mrs. Mindy had gone to look for Jane, but still she had not come . . .

Jane was gone.

Eileen remained with the now bandaged Mickey Matchett, but the others gathered in the kitchen where Flora had made tea.

Sergeant Ames leaned against the broad, well-scrubbed table and lit himself a cheroot. He asked no questions about what had happened in the study, for he knew: Brian Flaxman had knocked Mickey Matchett down and had walked out of the house. He was putting the "why" of this together in his mind now. He avoided looking at Carol.

Then, at last, Mrs. Mindy came in. It was to Flora that she said in a voice close to tears: "She's gone, Miss. I looked all over."

"Who's gone?" the sergeant demanded.

"Jane," Flora told him, "she's not in the house."

Carol uttered a sob and covered her face. "He's killed her, too," she whispered. "Brian's mad. He's done it. Why doesn't someone find him, it's all his doing."

"Be quiet," Peter told her, almost savagely. "That's nonsense, Sis, and you know it." He looked at the sergeant.

"She's overwrought, she doesn't know what she's saying. This has all been a great shock to her."

The sergeant put down his cup. "You were first in the study, weren't you, Miss MacDonald? You said you passed Brian Flaxman in the corridor. Did he have Jane with him?"

Flora shook her head. "She was gone before that. I was on my way in to tell him."

"The cubby-hole," Peter exclaimed suddenly, "that's where she'll be."

Mrs. Mindy looked up. "I already been there. I been everywhere. I bet that Lucybelle's got her, that's what I bet. You'll see."

THEY looked at her in amazement. She nodded. "That's right. She's cleared off with that man of hers, the one him in there calls Hitler. It's true, Sergeant. I looked in her bed and she's gorn."

"Has she taken her things?" Flora asked, unable to believe it.

Mrs. Mindy snorted. "She'll be wearing her skin, Miss, and that's about all. But she took her bamboo bag and her Jap silk dress, and her beads and pretties. She'll put on side in that tribe, if I know her. To start with. That man of hers, he's a wild one."

Flora remembered Hitler as she had seen him the day before, a primitive man certainly, but a man who walked his world as though he owned it, which in a sense he did, and she could not help but think that Lucybelle, whose spirit under its tatty trappings of civilisation, was as wild as his, had chosen shrewdly.

"But why?" Peter demanded. "Why should she take Jane? It doesn't make any sense, Mrs. Mindy."

The big woman shrugged. She put a hand, almost tentatively, to touch, to stroke, Carol's shoulder. There was infinite tenderness in the gesture. "There, there, I'il Missus, there, there." To the others she said: "All afternoon she's bin hanging round that kid. Going in to look at her and asking me where she was. She says to me one, two, three times, Sergeant, 'you bin keep Jane safe,' and I got fed-up with it because Jane's no business of hers, see, and I told her that. Now she's taken her out into the black night. Me mohair rug's gorn, me good one. I bet she's got the kid wrapped in that."

Sergeant Ames stood up. "It could be you're right, Mrs. Mindy, and Lucybelle has taken the child. If that's the case, there's no need to worry, because she's safe with the blacks. But she'll have to be brought back. Now I suggest that everyone get dressed. Mr. Ingleby, you and I had better go out to their camp right away. We'll get the men up and they can spread out a bit. They can't have gone far."

What the sergeant said was right, Flora knew: if Lucybelle had taken Jane, for whatever motive, then Jane was safe, for the aborigines loved children, and would never hurt one. Nevertheless, her anxiety remained.

PETER caught up with her in the corridor. He took her by the elbows and shook her slightly. "Flora, don't look like that. My dearest girl, don't look like that. We'll find Jane. She couldn't be anywhere else but with those two. You stay here and try not to worry. You look all in."

Flora tried to smile, but could not. "That's easy to say, Peter. But what's going to happen to Mr. Flaxman? Suppose Mickey Matchett dies?"

"He won't die. We have Eileen's word for that, and she usually knows what she's talking about.

"Brian isn't the kind of man to take insults lying down," he added. "Matchett asked for what he got. The sergeant will know that. This isn't like the city. Matchett came here looking for trouble and he found it. That's what it boils down to."

"He thinks Mr. Flaxman murdered Ilse Meyer and her brother," Flora said wearily. "That's what they were arguing about."

"Well, I don't. It's not his style at all, murder. But one thing at a time, darling. Jane first. I'm off now to get dressed. Keep an eye on Carol, will you? She's taking this very hard."

"Be careful," Flora called after him.

But he was already gone.

Flora went to her room and pulled on shirt and slacks. Returning to the kitchen she met Eileen Flaxman in the corridor. Eileen looked worried. She had on a thick dark blue dressing-gown tied with an old-fashioned silken cord, and her fingers with their square unmanicured nails jerked at this cord as she talked. "Is it true that Lucybelle has gone off with that black and taken Jane?" she demanded.

"It looks like it."

Eileen frowned. Flora remembered that it had been Eileen who had brought Lucybelle to Keralji, who had encouraged her to adopt Christianity, who had tried to civilise her. Now it was finished, all over, and Lucybelle was gone without even the backward glance of saying goodbye. Eileen's life was full of disappointments like this. She was a lonely woman and tonight, all of a sudden, she looked it.

"My brother is back," she said in a low voice. "This is very dreadful for him. "You know how fond he is of Jane."

As she was speaking Brian Flaxman himself came into the corridor.

He looked at Flora without embarrassment, and it was obvious to her that he had forgotten completely that he had met her when coming out of the office after striking Matchett. That is, if he had noticed her at all, which she doubted.

Something in her own appearance seemed to strike him, for he put his hand on her arm and spoke quietly. "Now don't you worry yourself too much, my dear. I'm sorry you're involved in it. I'm going out with Ames now, and we'll bring Jane back, I promise you that."

"They won't hurt her, Brian," Eileen said hesitantly. "You'll find her safe, I know it. I—I couldn't bear it if anything happened to Jane."

He looked at her and his expression changed. "I hope so. For their sake, I hope so. She'd better be all right, Eileen."

Flora had never seen him look so stern, so coldly angry. This was the man who had achieved such distinction during the war. If anyone had hurt Jane, that person would pay for it. He was impressive in his anger. Carol was a fool, an utter fool, not to have put value on this husband of hers. It was her fault that the marriage had crashed.

Mr. Bonney was by himself in the kitchen, sipping tea and poking at his own old brown pipe when Flora went out. There was something different about him, and then Flora realised that he had not combed his thick moustache. Or did men comb moustaches? She did not know.

"The major's gone out where those blacks are camped," he explained. "He didn't mean to hurt that fellow in there. He didn't know he'd hit his silly head on the table."

"That's right," Flora agreed quickly. "He struck out and went out the door. It was an accident. Mr. Matchett hit his head."

Whether this would satisfy Sergeant Ames, however, she did not know.

All of a sudden, Eileen put her hands to her throat. She did not say anything, she did not need to: her dismay and horror, kept in check by the need to attend to Mickey Matchett, to preserve a confident front before her brother, was all there to be seen in her eyes. She uttered a queer little choking gasp, then turned away so they could not see her face.

Mrs. Mindy came into the kitchen. She picked up the

To page 56

SYLLABIC PUZZLE

● From the following 27 syllables, form nine words according to the clues given below. All words have at least two syllables. When all words have been correctly guessed, the first and third letters taken in order vertically will make the beginning of a well-known nursery rhyme.

al — ar — at — den — dor — dra — gly — hair — hie — lab — lan — low — ma — mai — mis — na — phics — ra — re — ro — ti — ti — tic —tice — tist — tude — yel.

1. **Species of fern:** .....
2. **Height:** .....
3. **Part of the eye:** .....
4. **Color:** .....
5. **Ancient writing:** .....
6. **Ocean:** .....
7. **Playwright:** .....
8. **End of war:** .....
9. **Canadian Province:** .....

● *Solution on page 62*

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

STOP! FIBROSITIS PAINS

with amazingly effective A.R. TABS. Wonderful A.R. TABS spread right through ache-bound muscles, soothing away stiffness and pain, allowing you to move and work normally. Follow the directions carefully and A.R. TABS will positively relieve the agonies and suffering caused by Fibrositis. For Fibrositis and all joint and muscular pains get A.R. TABS — 8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

WAR27

Ask for A.R. TABS

DALE dehydrated GOAT'S MILK

Direct from U.S.A. in sealed tins. Pasteurised, spray-dried. Pleasant-tasting, no objectionable odour. Convenient, economical — no waste. 1 lb. tin makes 9 pints.

Uniform quality all year round, and no shortages. In special diets recommended as a replacement for cow's milk.

From chemists and Sanitarium Food Stores

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824463

Continuing . . . DEATH SLEPT HERE

from page 55

big teapot and poured herself another cup of tea. Cold it was now, but she drank it down thirstily. Then she looked across at Mr. Bonney. "This is a bad business. Real bad."

He nodded.

Flora glanced up. "Mrs. Mindy, you asked me what color an emerald was, in the ring that Ilse Meyer had, earlier on today. I meant to ask you, but I forgot. Have you seen a ring like that? If you have, you must say so. Please tell us now, before the sergeant gets back."

Mr. Bonney dropped his pipe.

"Of course she hasn't seen it," Eileen said wearily. "Don't you start playing detective, Flora, please."

Before Mrs. Mindy could reply, Carol was suddenly there. She was fully dressed, in slim gabardine slacks and a loose silk shirt. She was tying a scarf about her fair hair.

She said flatly: "I can't stand being here any longer. I'm going out."

It was so unexpected that they simply stared at her, Mr. Bonney with his mouth open. She looked back at them defiantly. "I can't bear it, that's what I'm telling you. I know what you're thinking. You all hate me, every one of you. It doesn't matter to you that my husband's a murderer and my little girl's disappeared. It's yourselves you think about, and Brian; we've got to protect Brian."

Her lips were shaking so much she could hardly speak.

"It's Brian, Brian, Brian. I'm going out in my car to get away from here, from the whole lot of you. I don't care if I never come back."

Eileen said, with the cold smile of one who has given up pretending, "I don't give a hoot what you do, Carol. You just suit yourself. You always do."

Flora, however, stood up. "I'll come with you."

Carol was already on her way out. Over her shoulder to Mrs. Mindy, Mrs. Mindy who loved Carol so, Flora said: "I'll look after her, don't worry."

But Mrs. Mindy had dropped her head on her crossed arms and was sobbing dismally . . .

Carol's car was a new model. She was a competent driver, Flora knew.

"Where are you going?" Flora asked.

Carol did not look at her. "I don't know. I don't care. I didn't ask you to come."

"It may be an idea," Flora told her—play it for normalcy, her mind said, pretend nothing's been said—"to go in the opposite direction to the aborigines' camp. If Lucybelle doesn't want to be found, she may have gone that way."

Carol nodded and swung the car. Flora was glad now that she had followed Carol. The cool night air cleared her head. Anything was better than sitting in that kitchen and waiting, waiting, waiting.

The car's even drone had a calming effect. Flora would have liked to let her head rest back, but she could not; she must watch for Lucybelle, though if Lucybelle did not wish to be seen then no eyes belonging to a white would see her. She was a black shadow among black shadows, flitting swiftly on her bare flat feet across the earth.

Once Lucybelle had said, with an expressive gesture, "Me belong that place, Missy, not here."

Just as a cat could change in a second from a placid house-pet into a huntress, so Lucybelle would change from a gangling servant into a woman who knew exactly what she wanted. "That place" was the open country.

Once Flora had gone with Lucybelle out to the aborigines' encampment a few miles from Keralji, and on the way Lucybelle had entertained her, had showed off like a child conducting a visitor around a house, by pointing to a bush, to a mark on the ground, to an almost imperceptible movement behind a clump of grass, to a hundred commonplace things which, to her, were not commonplace. She was able to interpret these things.

Mickey Matchett had said that when an aboriginal Hitler crooked his finger Lucybelle would follow. He had been right and Lucybelle was gone. The fact that she had not said a formal goodbye made sense, because to Lucybelle the people at Keralji were simply people at a camp where she had stayed for a while before moving on. She had told them she would be going off with Hitler some time, and now she was gone.

So far, everything made sense. Not the rest, however.

"Why should she take Jane?" Flora demanded. "Why, Carol, I can't understand it!"

It was Carol's voice that answered, but it did not sound like Carol. "You saw my husband tonight, didn't you? Maybe Lucybelle thought he was going to start in on the children after he'd finished with that Matchett man. He's mad."

"But he wouldn't touch little Jane." Flora lit herself a cigarette. She extended the packet to Carol, but Carol, staring straight ahead, did not appear to notice it.

She went on: "He was angry with Matchett, goaded, and he struck out wildly, I think. It takes a different sort of mentality to harm a little girl, his own daughter."

Carol said nothing.

Flora added uneasily: "Peter doesn't think he murdered those two Meyers, Carol. Really, he doesn't. It's not his style, he said."

"You don't know Brian. I do."

"But he's your husband," Flora pointed out. The car was moving fast and she felt vaguely alarmed. This was not the place to hold such an exacting conversation. She went on quickly: "You don't want him to be locked up for life, do you? Haven't you any faith in him at all?"

Still Carol did not answer. She turned her head, however, to look across Flora to where a new sound had troubled her consciousness, the sound of the river.

At first Flora had thought it was the wind, this sound, but now, as the car found a new level, she saw it, not twenty-five yards to the left, the turbulent rush of waters which, earlier in the day, had almost awed her when she first looked down on it from the top of a hill.

There were high clouds in the sky tonight, fleeting westwards, making the starlight fitful, and the water gleamed like oil under the patchy light of these stars. Even so, she could make out the swirling surface of the flood. It was like a swiftly moving belt of a huge machine, keeping pace with the car. It made her dizzy looking at it.

"I don't care what happens to him," Carol said, without any feeling in her voice. "He had no right to marry me, Flora, none at all. I'm going to tell you something. I trust you. I heard him with that woman when she was here

To page 57

FROM THE BIBLE

- ***"Let us not be weary in well doing."***
  (Authorised version.)
- ***"Let us never tire of doing good."***
  (New English Bible.)
  — Galatians 6:9.

BM180/61

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824464

after all that time and what she did to him, he still loved her. Flora, he'd have brought her here. He told her he'd divorce me. And do you know what she did? She laughed. But she'd have come, when she thought it over. You could see what she was like."

She had known all the time, then, about Ilse Meyer and Brian Flaxman's marriage to her. Here was the reason for the estrangement, the silences, that barrier-like steel between husband and wife. But she had done nothing about it, that was the awful, the extraordinary thing.

"He probably spoke without thinking," Flora said, aware how lame it sounded. "It must have been a tremendous shock, having her arrive like that. He wouldn't have left you and the children, not when he thought it out."

"He never loved me," Carol remarked, almost casually. "All these years he's been carrying the torch for that woman. Once, when he had fever, he thought he was talking to her, not me. Nobody's ever loved me, Flora. You wouldn't understand that, but it's true."

"Peter does."

"Does he? As soon as he's married to you he'll forget I exist. Has he asked you yet, by the way? He will. I'm not really his sister, you know; I was adopted. If I went on driving this car and never went back they wouldn't even miss me, Flora. It's true."

Nothing I say gets through, Flora thought. That day when Carol was fourteen and she first heard the word "adopted" a shutter had come down over part of her mind.

Carol spoke of love as though it were a thing you could wrap up in a parcel and store away, not use. It was like the exquisite dresses she kept hanging in her wardrobe, dresses for which she had no occasion to wear.

The car roared on.

FLORA said, "I'm your friend, Carol, remember that, whatever happens. But don't make decisions in a hurry; don't think about the future yet; wait till things settle down. I mean to say, there are the children to be considered. I dare say that's why you stayed with Brian, even knowing about Ilse Meyer. For their sake."

She, Flora MacDonald, would have stayed, though not like this; she would have done something constructive about the situation. But not Carol, not Carol with the shuttered mind. She had picked her marriage to pieces as she would unpick a piece of embroidery that had gone wrong, and in the end scraps were all she had left.

"I stayed because this is my home," Carol said, sounding surprised. "Why should a woman like that drive me out? Keralji is as much mine as Brian's. I have my rights."

Flora said, trying to keep the disgust out of her voice: "And the children, of course; it was the children you were thinking about really, wasn't it?"

Please heaven let it be so, she prayed; nobody could be as shallow and as selfish as that. If Carol had loved Keralji, it would have been different, maybe, but she did not; she just lived there, lived off it. It was other people who put their lives into the land.

But the light, brittle voice went on: "The children wouldn't have cared. It isn't me they love. Andrew follows Brian around like a dog. He's ashamed of me because I don't like riding horses. I've tried; goodness knows how I've tried. But they're difficult children, so noisy. They're just not interested.

"Even Jane," she went on, and once again she was talking of a thing, as she had talked of love, not of a little girl who was a world within herself. "Jane isn't fond of me. I taught her to sew, and she likes it, but she won't show me what she's doing. She was working on something the other day and when I asked her what it was she put it away. Even when I slapped her, she wouldn't tell me what it was. I asked her again today and she ran away."

Her voice was not quite as steady now as it had been, and Flora was glad, for if Carol could cry a little about someone other than herself, then there was hope somewhere.

She said eagerly: "I know what that thing was, Carol. It was to have been a surprise. For you. She's making you a runner for your dressing-table; it's a present for your birthday next month. That's why she hid it from you. She thinks the sun shines out of you, but you pick on her so much, naturally she gets on edge a bit. But all she wants is to please you; that's why she's making you this runner."

Continuing . . . DEATH SLEPT HERE

from page 56

Carol turned, looked at her. Never had Flora seen such a look. "Is that true? You're not making it up?"

"Of course it's true. I don't tell lies."

The small hands closed tightly on the wheel. Carol's lips moved, but no sound came out.

"It's a bit shaky, her stitches I mean," Flora went on, taken aback by the intensity of feeling that had been exposed to her. "But she's working at it, hard."

The car swerved. Carol was driving with her hands now, not her mind. Her mind was seeing something other than the road. The shutter's down, Flora thought, and was glad.

Then she jerked upright, cried out: "The river, look out, it twists ahead there."

Carol did not seem to hear. She looked again at Flora, her eyes like two torches. "We've got to go back, Jane."

"Jane's all right. Lucybelle will take care of her. Watch out for that twist."

"No. No. She's in the trunk, Flora. She's in the trunk."

As suddenly as if a huge hand had reached down, seized, and spun it, the car swerved on wildly screeching tyres. Here the rising river had overflowed its banks, the ground's surface was wet and treacherous.

The water seemed to leap towards the car.

Flora shouted, "Turn into the skid, Carol; into the skid."

Her hand groped for the door handle; found it a moment only before the car hit the river.

She heard Carol scream . . .

The water spun her, tossed her, drove her down, then up. It was as if she were in a barrel bouncing down a hill. It would have been easy to give up and stop fighting against the violence of it, but she could not, because Carol's words went round and round in her brain like a record repeating itself.

"She's in the trunk, she's in the trunk, in the trunk, the trunk."

Jane.

Flora knew which trunk.

She remembered the way Carol had paused outside the dining-room door, had asked in a queer voice: "Do you hear anything? A knocking? Do you hear it, Flora?"

Jane was in the linen trunk which had an automatic lock.

Flora did not think of these things; the images simply passed across her mind while her body fought the river. She fought not to swim but simply to stay close enough to the surface to breathe so that when the chance came she would be conscious enough to take advantage of it.

And then, quite suddenly, she was free of the water's force. Her hands reached up, caught the roots of a tree; she dragged herself out of the river, all her strength in her hands.

She could see nothing at all. When, however, she raised her head she was

To page 58

My romance is as faded as an old evening dress.

STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE

while you

FIGHT TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY!

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay.

Protect *your* teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate.

Children love its extra minty flavour! You'll love it too!

★ Get the big family size and save 3/-

ONLY THE COLGATE WAY IS THE SURE SAFE WAY TO STOP BAD BREATH AND FIGHT TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY

That is why more people buy COLGATE than any other Dental Cream in the world.

Just one brushing with COLGATE STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY as no other toothpaste can — ANY COLOUR — ANY KIND

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824465

Be a trim, youthful Ryvita family

THE CHILDREN— full of fun and energy

DAD—trimmer, younger looking than ever

YOU—proud of your new slim figure

TEENA— slim, attractive, vital

Enjoy more light family meals with sustaining RYVITA CRISPBREAD

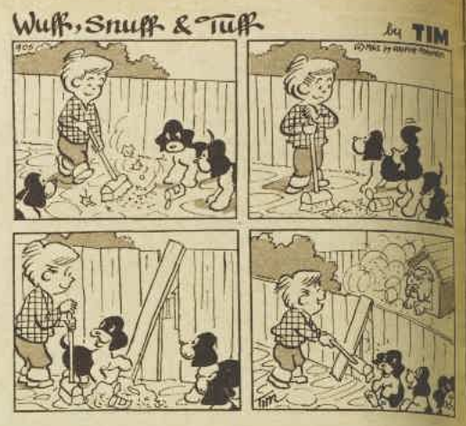
This Summer, make Ryvita your daily **family** bread. Serve cool, light sustaining meals and snacks built around the whole-rye goodness of Ryvita Crispbread. You and Dad will see unwanted inches disappear. You'll notice new **vitality** in all your family.

Ryvita is rich in whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins. None of the fats and sugars of heavier breads.

Make **your** daily bread **RYVITA**

makes you fit—keeps you slim

YR719R



Continuing . . .

DEATH SLEPT HERE

from page 57

startled to see the sky above her, the stars still, the moon shining palely. Like an animal on all fours, she climbed up the bank.

Later, looking back, Flora had no idea for how long she walked. She fell over several times, she knew that, there were deep cuts on her hands to prove it, and once she fell so heavily she bruised her shoulder. The wind blew against her, and in a way it was like being in the water again, fighting the current. Her long red hair was loose and kept trailing over her face, it made her cry, the effort of pushing it away. But her feet kept on going. Her thoughts were all the time ahead of her, and her feet carried her forward grimly to catch up.

Then there was a car and voices and hands holding her, faces peering.

"Take it easy, miss," Sergeant Ames said, "you're all right now. "Where's Mrs. Flaxman?"

Flora gestured toward the river, but she said: "In the trunk. Jane. Jane's in the trunk."

Brian Flaxman's voice: "We know that. We know all about that."

Just for a moment she saw his face, lit by the glare of a torch. Curiously calm it was, quite blank of emotion. The pain and the anger were gone, and she had the thought that whatever had happened, awful as it was, was over, finished, and he had found a kind of peace that only comes after a situation is played out and horror exhausted. She tried to speak but could not, and that was all she could remember.

. . . . . .

"It was the ring," Eileen said heavily, "that's why she did it. She always craved beautiful things and she took the ring off Ilse Meyer's finger after she killed her. She put it away, but Jane found it. Do you remember at lunch yesterday Jane said she had a ring in her doll's suitcase? She meant that one.

"Carol made the child show it to her and I suppose she realised at once that the poor little girl would give her away sooner or later. So she waited till Jane was asleep and then she carried her into the dining-room — she was very strong, though she didn't look it—and put her in the trunk. She meant her to die. Her own daughter."

"I don't believe it," Flora said flatly.

She turned her head on the pillow and looked toward the window. Outside, the sun was shining, she could see in the distance Chinaman's Hill with its single tree. She remembered how, two days ago, mounted on Doonin, she had paused under the creaking branches of that ill-omened tree to look down at Keralji, how, she had asked herself, feeling a little foolish, whether she were not imagining that sense of unease, of something being terribly wrong. Now she had the answer.

"I just can't believe it," she repeated.

EILEEN had nursed her, as she had nursed Mickey Matchett. She looked tired, but she sat straight-backed in the chair. All the tenseness there had been between them was gone now. Eileen no longer disapproved of her, for she was no longer an outsider.

"It's true, I'm afraid. It's better to face these things. Carol died in that car, and it was better she did, because living she would have had to face terrible charges. Brian and I, we've closed our eyes to a lot of things for a long time now, but it had gone beyond our power to help her.

"My brother should never have married her," she went on, after a pause. "He hasn't talked about it much, Flora, but I think it was her doing rather than his. He was lonely and unhappy, and she was young and gay and pretty. She thought she would be mistress of a big establishment with servants under her and money to burn.

"People who read about cattle stations, though, they don't always realise how demanding the life is. It's a good life, but a full one. You've got to give yourself wholly to it. Carol couldn't or wouldn't do that.

"I thought at first I'd help her find her feet and then be off, but I couldn't go. She had no idea of running things. She couldn't stand the sight of fresh-killed meat, for one thing. Then the children came, and I stayed on for their sake. She had no interest in them, in their sicknesses, poor little mites. She hated even hearing them cry."

Eileen was frowning now. "When those two Meyers came here last year and then disappeared in their car, I felt in my bones that she was mixed up in it. I saw her looking at my brother sometimes, as

To page 59

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824466

though she hated him. I couldn't bear then, so I went to Darwin. Oh, Flora, it's been dreadful, and there was nothing I could do. I knew it would end badly, but never, never like this."

"Carol knew all the time that your brother had been divorced from Ilse Meyer," Flora said. "She thought he was going to turn her out and bring that woman here. That's why she did it, why he killed her. She was off balance somehow; a part of her mind didn't work. I don't honestly think she realised what she was doing."

Eileen nodded at this. "She kept a diary. We found it when we went through her things. She wrote everything down, everything. She talked to that book. It's all there. By the way he'd written it, it was Brian't fault. I think she had convinced herself that it was he who had really killed them, not herself.

"The same with Jane. It was his doing, not hers. You heard her that night. Though it was she who put the child in that dreadful trunk. That trunk! I've had it taken away, Flora. It's going to be burnt. I can't bear to think of Jane inside there, even for a minute."

"She was coming back," Flora said quickly. "She'd turned the car; that's how we skidded." It was hard to talk about it, but she had to. "She was coming back for Jane. Will you tell your brother that? I think it hit her then, what she'd done."

WITH a smile, Eileen said, "That's the best thing, the very best thing, I've heard in all this terrible business. She'd have been too late, of course, but at least she was coming back. It will give my brother great happiness to know that. It's Lucybelle we have to thank for saving Jane, of course.

"She'd seen the ring, Flora; so had Mrs. Mindy," Eileen went on. "Mrs. Mindy knew Carol was mixed up in the death of those two unfortunate people, but she was fond of her, and just didn't know what to do, so she did nothing. But not Lucybelle. She saw Carol take the ring away from Jane. She kept her eye on Jane all day after that, for she knew what Carol was capable of.

"She was on the verandah, apparently, when Carol put Jane into the trunk during the night. Well, as soon as Carol went back, Lucybelle took Jane straight out again and decamped with that wild man of hers. We can never hope to repay Lucybelle. The sergeant found them at the camp, and she told him the whole story.

"By the time the men came back here, though, it was to find you had gone out with Carol in that car. Sergeant Ames was going to—to arrest her, of course."

"How did she kill those two people?" Flora asked.

Eileen shrugged. "Luck. Luck, all the way. It's in her diary. She told them to take a short cut by the lagoon and then she went out in her own car with Brian's gun, met them, and shot them dead. She had no reason for shooting the man; it was just that he was with his sister. It's been a nightmare, Flora—a horrible nightmare. But now it's over."

"Will you stay here and look after Andrew and Jane? They're very fond of you, you know. I hope you'll stay."

Eileen's face brightened. "I intend to, my dear. I won't ever leave here again. The sergeant's going to do what he can to keep the whole thing quiet, because of the children."

"How's Mr. Matchett?" Flora asked.

At this Eileen uttered an angry exclamation, sounding for a moment her old self. "He's coming along very well. But he'll be with us for a while, until that head of his heals, more's the pity. I'll be glad to see the last of him. He wants you to come and see him when you can. A most tiresome patient, Flora, as you can imagine."

"I rather like him," Flora said, smiling faintly. But the Flaxmans would never accept Mickey Matchett. Flaxman had no time for the go-getters of the world. Matchett worked for himself in the immediate present, Flaxman that young Andrew would have a proud inheritance in Keralji. This was not quite fair to Matchett, but that made no difference where Brian Flaxman was concerned.

It was good to think of Andrew, of Jane. In them, surely, Brian Flaxman would find a new equilibrium. The worst part, the not knowing—that was all over now.

Eileen stood up. "Here's a visitor for you, my dear. A most persistent one."

She was gone.

Continuing . . . DEATH SLEPT HERE

from page 58

Turning her head, Flora found that Peter was there.

He was only thirty-one, but he seemed older today. His dark eyes were strained, and there was a weariness in his face that it hurt her to see. Carol had said that no one would mourn her, but she had been wrong, as she had been wrong about so many things. Peter would mourn her. It had made no difference to him that Carol had been his adopted sister, but she had never been able to see that.

"She was on her way back to Keralji when we skidded," Flora told him quickly. She wanted to put her arms around him, to draw his head close, to shut out all remembrance of the horror that had possessed them, but she did not; she used words instead. For there were things he did not know.

"She wanted to save Jane. Always remember that, Peter; she was coming back. She was going to get Jane out of the trunk."

It did make a difference; she could see some of the tension go out of him.

Then she added: "When are we going up to the Gulf country?"

For words were not enough.

He raised his head and looked at her quickly. "We?"

"You mentioned it when we were out riding yesterday that you wanted me to come with you. Do you still want me to?"

"Want you to? There's nothing in this world I want more. Do you really mean it, Flora. After all that's happened . . ."

"I know this isn't the time to talk about it," she said. "But in a way, it is. It's the future that's always important, not the past. I just wanted you to know, that's all. That I love you very much."

Later she would talk to him of Carol, but not yet.

Suddenly she heard a noise in the corridor, something that sounded like a giggle, and she started anxiously. "What's that? Who's out there? Peter, there's something in the corridor."

He smiled. "It's only Lucybelle. She's put off her elopement for a day or two, until everything's settled down. She's the local heroine at present for saving Jane.

He added: "Right at this moment, I think she's watching through the crack in the door in the hope that I'll kiss you. She's got a one-track mind, that girl."

"It would be a pity, after all she's done, to disappoint her," Flora said thoughtfully. "Wouldn't it?"

His eyes lit up. It was as though, in that moment, he had realised what she had said, that she loved him, and that they had a future and the past was all gone. He stooped, kissed her. And in the corridor Lucybelle uttered a delighted whoop and, dropping her tea-tray, sped out to the kitchen to spread the news.

(Copyright)

JJ 638

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824467

12 GOOD REASONS TO USE TAMPAX

1. Completely comfortable
2. Invisible in place
3. No odour can form
4. No belts, pins, pads
5. Insert it in seconds
6. Easy to dispose of
7. Worn internally No chafing
8. No need to remove for baths
9. Conceals readily in handbag
10. No need to touch Tampax itself
11. More poise, more freedom
12. It's the modern way!

Tampax internal sanitary protection comes in 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super) at chemists and stores everywhere.

TAMPAX
Internal Sanitary Protection

Continuing . . . THE GIRL ON THE BEACH

from page 17

happened. Laura had decided to fly up to see her mother over Labor Day. I didn't go, because I was finishing an important brief. The plane lost a wing in a thunderstorm near Baltimore. The plane lost a wing, and I lost everything. I lost Laura.

That September night, when the call came through, I shut the door of the cottage and locked it and went back to the city. Now, ten months later when I unlocked it again, everything was the same. The book I had been reading was face down near the phone. The net I had intended to mend was hanging from a hook. Laura's sunglasses with one earpiece missing still were on the bookcase. Her straw hat with the scarf threaded through it perched on top of a lamp. Some of her face powder still dusted the glass top of her dressing-table.

I was prepared for this, braced for it. I had a whole list of things to do. Sweep out the film of sand that had filtered under the doors during the winter storms. Wash the salt off the windows. Clean out the icebox. Check the surf-casting gear, change the lines, oil the reels. Keep busy. Keep occupied. Don't think.

IT was late afternoon when I arrived; I knew without looking that the tide was going out. It's strange, but something in me seems to follow the tides, some dim, uncanny instinct. There must be some explanation. All life came out of the sea, didn't it? The cells of our bodies still are bathed in saline solution; perhaps they can feel the slow, insistent tug of the moon. Or perhaps, more simply, if you love the sea enough, your ear can tell the difference in the sound of the surf. Anyway, I knew.

The cottage crouched there in the dunes, not fifty feet above high-water mark. We had built it too close to the sea for safety; even a near miss from a hurricane would be the end of it. But Laura had liked it that way. "Let's have a little danger," she said, "even if we have to arrange it." She liked flying, too.

By the time I finished sweeping out the sand the sun was almost down. I went out on the balcony and stood there with the broom in my hand. I felt overcontrolled, overcalm, as if I were standing before a locked door that I did not intend to open. And yet I had a feeling that somewhere there was a key.

From left to right now the pelicans were slanting across the burnished water. Night after night Laura and I had sat and watched that twilight parade, saying nothing or very little, the south-east wind coming to us gently, spiced with the faint sweet scent of oleander.

Sometimes we'd sit until the moon came up, orange and enormous at first, half hidden by cloud rack, then a silver coin spinning across the dark floor of heaven, drawing a trail of splintered diamonds across the restless sea.

Nothing had changed. The same wind still blew. Off to the south, across the little river, the islands lay deserted, mile after mile of tangled jungle and empty beaches. A hundred yards to the north, lights were beginning to glow in the Blanchards' cottage. They were a pleasant young couple with two or three small children. Molly Blanchard was a pretty redhead; she and Laura had been good friends. Ted Blanchard, an architect, commuted every day to the city. I liked them both, but somehow I found myself hoping that they would not notice that I had come back.

I stood there while the daylight faded. Finally I brought a folding chair and put it on the balcony. And then I did what I suppose was a foolish thing. I brought another one and put it beside the first. I sat down, and after a while I made a discovery. It was that if I closed my eyes and kept them closed I no longer felt alone.

It was not simply that I could imagine Laura in the other chair. It was stronger than that. It was as if I somehow could recall her — not in the ordinary sense of remembering but in the sense of summoning her back, back from some blank and misty nowhere into a kind of half reality that was strange and inexplicable and a little terrifying, but also unbearably sweet. As long as I kept my eyes shut, I could see her—I could see her sitting there in the other chair, leaning forward, sun - browned shoulders hunched a little, profile clear and calm against the darkening sky.

And while there was no sound except the whisper of the wind and the murmur of the sea, I had the feeling that if I could just listen more intently I would hear her voice, or the creak of the chair as she leaned back in it, or the faint, far-off echo of her laugh.

Suddenly the telephone rang in the cottage, and instantly I was alone again on a shadowy balcony with an empty chair beside me, facing the empty sea. I stood up, feeling a spark of anger lance through me at this interruption. I went inside and picked up the shrilling instrument. "Yes?"

"Mark?" It was Molly Blanchard's voice, a little uncertain, embarrassed. "Just thought I'd call up to—to say hello and that we're glad you're back."

"Thanks, Molly," I said. "How'd you know?"

"Ted saw Jim Neville in town today. He said you were coming. Look, Mark, why don't you walk over and have supper with us? My sister's down for her vacation. Maybe we could play some bridge, or just sit around and—"

"Thanks, Molly," I said again, "but I have a million things to do. Give me a rain check, will you?"

"Tomorrow night, maybe?"

"Maybe." I knew she was just trying to be kind. "I'll call you, Molly. Say hello to Ted for me."

I slipped the phone back into its cradle. Outside, now, it was almost dark. Through the window I could see the lights of the Blanchard house, but felt no impulse to leave the cottage—none at all. I told myself that it was because I didn't want to have to make small talk with a stranger.

All I knew about Molly's sister was that she was a schoolteacher in another part of the State. But that was not the real reason. The real reason was that I wanted that queer feeling of almost contact with Laura to come back.

It did not come again that night. I turned on the lights, fixed myself some supper, and did some of the things I had planned to do. The loneliness was there, the dull, aching sense of loss, but I was used to that. Ten months is a long time. To combat it, I had devised little stratagems. If I was in one room, I would pretend that Laura was in another, not far away, out of sight, but within call if I should need her. Foolish, of course, but there was comfort in it. Most of the time, if you stop to think about it, what we believe is that which we want to believe.

ABOUT midnight I took a sleeping-pill and went to bed and went to sleep. But I woke suddenly at dawn. All around me was the hush that comes just at the turn of the tide. I must have been dreaming, because I had the distinct impression that someone had been calling me. I got up and went out on the balcony. The air was soft and misty and silver; the planking and the railing were wet with dew.

In the east was the first faint smear of crimson. The beach lay vast and empty, the damp sand broken by a series of lagoons left by the receding tide. In one of them I saw a splash as a mullet jumped.

To page 61

● If a man's after money, he's money-mad; if he keeps it, he's a capitalist; if he spends it, he's a playboy; if he doesn't get it he's a ne'er-do-well; if he doesn't try to get it, he lacks ambition; if he gets it without working for it, he's a parasite; and if he accumulates it after a lifetime of hard work, people call him a fool who never got anything out of life.

—Victor Oliver

"PUT YOUR SHOES ON LUCY!"

Yes, look after your feet and you'll always be able to put your shoes on in the hot weather—thanks to **Baume Dalet**—the highly successful Continental foot ointment. Rub away the misery of sore, tired aching feet. Don't endure unsightly foot swellings or aching muscles. **Baume Dalet** penetrates quickly to the trouble source, letting its healing ingredients go swiftly to work.

Ask your family chemist for **Baume Dalet**, 6/- tube.

Baume Dalet A FOOT OINTMENT OF GREAT PENETRATING POWER

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

All the family will love it. only 1/- Everybody's

BACKACHE? like this

Can't move without agony?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a stab of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

If you or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, bad backs, neuritis, kidney and bladder weakness or constant headaches, start the MENTHOIDS treatment right away. MENTHOIDS, with helpful diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

YOUR BOOKSHELF *with JOYCE HALSTEAD*

"Every Advantage"

John Verney (Collins), 20/-.

Understated English humor, gentle charm, and elegant prose in a successful satire about the upper classes and the public-school system. Paul Pot, now 50, tall, gangling, awkward, a fairly unsuccessful publisher, whose wife has left him for his best-selling author, looks back on his own life. He had lived as a young boy in India, where his father was in the Army. Eavesdropping from his nursery quarters, he picks up a lot of scandal he doesn't understand, and passes it on with disastrous effect, via the small daughter of one of his father's junior officers.

He has never been able to work out why his mother and father died so suddenly; why he and his twin sisters were packed off back to England under a cloud to live with an aunt and uncle; why his uncle was suspect. Sadism at his public school gave him complexes which took half a lifetime to overcome. Yet Paul is a lovable character, hopelessly vague, drifting through life with hit-and-miss ineptitude, until old Dr. Jones drops his bombshell — then he is suddenly a new man.

"And His Charming Lady"

Lucille Iremonger (Secker and Warburg), 26/-.

Purposeful, zestful writing marks this book's first long chapter describing what it is like to be a British M.P.'s wife (the author's husband is Tom Iremonger, Member for Ilford North); supporting one's husband from the Selection Committee stage, through the strenuous campaigning, when he is elected, and with the infinite commitments.

After that exhilarating account, the following chapters on wives of past famous politicians fall flat. The studies of Mary Anne Disraeli, crazy Lady Caroline Lamb, and Lady Charlotte Guest one feels one has read before. Better is the chapter on Mrs. Gladstone. But they're potted histories, not worthy of that first glad burst of prose.

until it rains cats and dogs

. . . your clothes will never be *really* white without *real* blue – and *real* blue is Reckitt's Blue.

All white things in cotton, nylon and other fabrics, must have *real* blue in the wash or rinse to keep them sparkling white – *really* white. So, however you wash, remember, only *real* blue gives *real* white and *real* blue is Reckitt's Blue.

Reckitt's *Liquid* Blue

Made especially for your washing machine.

Use it at the rinse cycle or as a separate rinse for whites you can be proud of.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824468

Continuing . . . THE GIRL ON THE BEACH

from page 60

Nothing else moved. It was too early even for the pelicans.

I went back into the cottage, put on some swimming-trunks, took the cast net from the hook where it was hanging. In past summers Laura and I had often gone casting for mullet in the tidal lagoon. Sometimes she would bring her own net; sometimes she would act as spotter for me.

"There's one!" she'd say, pointing at the faint swirl in the water. And the big net would shoot forward and flare into a circle and fall with a crash, blanketing a segment of the gleaming sea. You had to be quick and graceful with a cast net—and sharp-eyed. Laura was all three.

Now, with the warm water swirling around my knees, it was easy to imagine that she was behind me, her voice quick with excitement ("Mark! Over there!"), her squeak of mock terror and dismay when she stepped—or thought she stepped—on a crab. As the light grew stronger, so did this impression, until something in me was half convinced that she was there . . . so close, so very close.

But when finally I went back to the cottage with the dripping net only one set of footprints marked the tawny sand—my own.

It was later that morning that I found the diary. I was clearing out the bureau, putting Laura's things in a box to be sorted out later or given away. Very steady, very calm. I was braced for this, too. And among them was a little pocket diary, an appointment book, really, with four or five lines for each day and notations in Laura's quick, impatient hand. Nothing very significant — usually one-line entries, or sometimes none at all. I leafed through it until I came to the date exactly a year ago and my hands grew very still.

July 9: Went casting for mullet at sunrise with my own true love. Surf-fishing in afternoon.

ONE year ago to the day. Coincidence? Of course. What else? And yet, why had I wakened so early? What had impelled me to take the net, walk out into the pearly light exactly as we had done a year ago? No wonder I had felt close to Laura. I had been duplicating every move.

I remembered the surf-fishing that day, too, on one of the lonely beaches to the south. I had taken three weeks off in July. We had fished almost every day, trying one place after another, taking lunch sometimes and eating it in the shade of scrub oak or palmetto. Or perched on top of a dune watching the great rollers come creaming in, stately and slow.

Swimming when we felt like it, letting the sun dry the brine on our bodies until they were salty to taste or dusty to touch. No one there but ourselves. No other life but the birds and now and then the gleaming black back of a porpoise or sometimes the scuff marks of a great sea turtle's crawl along the sand.

Now this is not going to be easy to put into words, but I must try. As I stood there with the diary in my hands the idea came to me that perhaps time was not merely horizontal, as I had always thought, like an endless tape unwinding or a river flowing past. The thought came that it might rather be vertical, with each successive moment placed on top of the last, concealing it but not annihilating it; so that these concealed moments continued to exist, underneath a layer of time and beyond the reach of ordinary perceptions, but still there if only one could brush aside the veil.

The thought also came that if anything could penetrate the veil it would be the sort of love that we had had—Laura and I. I found myself remembering the strange feeling of almost-contact on the balcony the night before and again in the lagoon at dawn. And something seemed to whisper that if I just kept on doing the things we had done together I might somehow break through, even for a moment, and meet her once more—meet her half-way, perhaps because she might be trying to get through to me, too.

This idea did not seem fanciful or ridiculous. It was completely real, perhaps because I wanted to believe it so much. It seemed to me that if we could relive just one moment together—any moment—then I could go on indefinitely alone.

You see, when you lose someone so unexpectedly, you think of all the moments that you took for granted, that you didn't appreciate, that you let slide through your fingers like grains of worthless sand. You will do anything, try anything, to get one of them back.

So I tried. That afternoon I took the surf-casting gear and crossed the little river—you could wade it at anything less than high tide—and walked far down the sunlit beach to a place where the tides had carved a series of shallow bays running back into the dunes. On the points of land between these bays the diagonal seas broke with a sound like smothered thunder, and it was in this surf that the game fish swam when wind and tide were right.

BUT it was not fish that I was after now. I was after something far more elusive. I wanted to see if I could find a fragment of the past and make it real again—more real than the present. And something inside me kept whispering that perhaps I could.

In that area of dunes and bays there were half a dozen points that offered promising white water, and I planned to fish one of these each day on the first of the flood tide. That was what Laura and I had done the year before, standing knee-deep or waist-deep in the seething water, the long rods flicking the hooks and lead forty yards or more.

I would take the first point first and move on down the beach until I came to the last one, where the wreck of an old shrimp boat lay half buried at the foot of the dunes. That was what we had done a year ago. The diary showed it plainly and, anyway, I could remember.

I could remember it far more vividly than anything that had happened since. I could see the sunlight on her hair and the spray on her sunglasses and the way she'd look up at the gulls overhead. I remembered how

To page 62

AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting January 31

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ If quite young you make a new friend of your own age and sex who brings luck and happiness. If older, a first date leads to a permanent friendship, followed by romance.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tues., Saturday.
★ The more people you know the luckier you are likely to be, both socially and in business. Much depends on the first impression, so attend to dress and grooming; it will bring results.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, tan, orange. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Ability to plan ahead, to foresee the moves, to grasp a situation at a glance will stand you in good stead, particularly where rivals are in question. But don't promise what you can't perform.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ You must picture what you want before you can work towards it. Original constructive thinking based on the intuition and imagination peculiar to your sign will help you find the answer.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ Don't come down hard on people whose intentions may be good but their efforts clumsy or ill-judged. Praise wherever possible and share the credit, although much of it may be due to your leadership.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Those going back to school are under favorable stars; there is the promise of high marks ahead. Those starting on a new job, especially if they wear a uniform, find they have the right niche.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, navy, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ You may find an article of value in a quiet corner or you suddenly see in a shop something you have long been seeking. You may run into the person you most wanted to meet.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ You are likely to turn your back on recent activities. What you begin now will be apt to last for several months and you view the future with pleasurable anticipation. Be adaptable.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, violet. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Many of you will be trying to master new skills. Beginner's luck carries you a certain distance but you may get discouraged and inclined to give up the idea. Stick to it a little longer.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ You develop a yearning to hit a difficult target. The case demands plans and a willingness to go without, at present, for future benefits. Allow a little money margin for emergencies.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
★ You are undergoing a period of change and might face disappointments. Have a general idea of what you hope to do, but be prepared to adapt yourself to quickly altering conditions.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, rose. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Many of you will be quietly busy with projects which interest you. Minor successes will be greeted with pleasure, and although major events are unlikely you may be glad to be alone more than usual.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

make Wrightbilt the best seat in the house

Today . . . at your favourite furniture store . . . prove for yourself that Wrightbilt is your best furniture buy! Created by top designers and built and assembled by experienced craftsmen . . . Wrightbilt furniture offers you the perfect combination of luxurious comfort, superb quality and gracious styling! All this plus the famous Wrightbilt lifetime guarantee makes it an automatic choice for your home . . .

The Wrightbilt range includes chairs, convertibles, 2 & 3 piece settees and 3 piece units.

W6/61

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824469

Continuing . . . THE GIRL ON THE BEACH

from page 61

she fled in panic from a harmless sand shark. I remembered how she lay in the shade of the old wreck and almost went to sleep. I could even remember fragments of dialogue. "The man was right," she said drowsily, "who said that salt water was a cure for everything."

"In one of three forms," I reminded her. "Tears, sweat, or the sea."

"You can have the tears and the sweat," she said. "I'll settle for the sea."

I knew that if I found her anywhere it would be near this same glittering, fathomless sea.

That afternoon I fished the first two hours of the flood tide. I released the fish I caught; I had no desire to add to the death in the world.

All the time I kept listening, waiting. But there was nothing, no sound, no sign. I was not discouraged by this. I did not expect it to be quick or easy. I knew the mood and timing would have to be exactly right, like the tuning of some infinitely sensitive radar.

Twice there were man-made interruptions. Once a light plane flew low along the beach, dipping its wings in friendly salute. An hour later it droned back. The pilot waved, and the thought came to me that even such a minor distraction as this might somehow interfere, as the telephone call the night before had shattered the strange sense of closeness on the balcony. And so I decided to avoid all such contacts, if I could.

Twice that night, back at the cottage, the telephone rang — perhaps Molly Blanchard, perhaps Jim Neville calling. Both times I ignored it. I decided to fish the early-morning instead of the afternoon tides. There was less chance of seeing or meeting anyone. The less involved I was with the present the more chance I had of making contact with the past. It seemed as simple to me as that.

Each day then I crossed the little river, withdrew into my private world of salt and sand, sun and silence. Each day I felt the remoteness wrap itself more stealthily around me, until I myself became an impersonal, waiting thing—patient as driftwood, lonely as a seagull's cry. Each morning the tide was an hour later. Each morning I moved to a point farther down the beach. Each morning I felt more removed from reality and closer to—to something.

It was on the fourth morning that I found the writing on the sand.

It came as a shock, unexpected as a blow in the face. I was walking south along the beach, the sun already up, my shadow slanting off along the sand. I had almost reached the point where I intended to fish—and wait and hope—when I saw them. Ten words, written on the damp sand:

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways."

I stood still, staring at the words for a second — or an eternity — I was convinced that it was a message from Laura. She had known this sonnet, loved it. Surely, then, this was it. This was the breakthrough. Surely these words were from her to me.

But it was all too real. The writing was crisp and fresh. It was below the last high-water mark, so it had been written very recently. A fragment of shell that the writer had used still lay there. There were faint traces of bare prints that led down from the soft sand and back again.

I stared down the beach. Nothing. Just the long, shifting lines of surf and the sea wheat stirring on the dunes and a gull circling over the old wreck. I could see no one. But someone had to be there.

I put down my gear and started walking faster. At the base of the next point, where it jutted into the sea, were some more lines:

"I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme."

I began to run then. I knew where the writer had to be. I also knew that these were no random writings. Browning, Keats, whatever — they were aimed at me. And even as I ran I felt a strange emotion — half anger, half [illegible] I couldn't tell which.

I came around the prow of the old wreck and stopped. She must have been [illegible] me coming, but she did not look up at first. I stared down at her, bracing myself with one hand against the weathered wood.

SHE was about my own age, or a little younger. Her fair hair had red lights in it. When she finally looked up, I saw that she was not beautiful, like Laura, but neither was she plain. Her face had a kind of serenity in it.

"Hello," she said. "I'm Molly's sister Susan."

Susan. Susan the schoolteacher. She was wearing brown Bermudas and some sort of pink blouse. She was holding binoculars. I could see a faint pulse beating at the base of her throat. "You've been looking for her, haven't you?" she said gently. "She's not really here, you know."

I looked over her head, down the long beach, across the world to where the sea met the sky, and I knew she was right. No matter how many ways you love. No matter how close you try to come to easeful death.

"I haven't been spying on you," she said. "Not really. I come out here almost every day to watch the shore birds. But Molly told me about you. And so—" She gave a little shrug.

Still I said nothing. I had the quiet conviction that this girl — this woman — already knew how I felt, how I had been feeling. Perhaps she had been through something like this herself. Perhaps she had learned insight from the poetry she taught. Anyway, she knew.

She pushed back her hair and looked at me. "I think I've had enough for today," she said. "Let's go on back, shall we?"

Back to the world, she meant. Back to people. Back to life. Back to living. And still I stood there, not moving, not saying anything. Sometimes it's hard to let go of a dream.

She held out her hand. "Help me up, will you?"

I put out my own and helped her up. Her fingers were light and strong and warm and alive. "Ready?" she asked.

For a moment I didn't reply. I stood there, listening. The world seemed very still, but even as I waited something changed. Some far-off stirring of the wind, some faintest change in the sound of the surf. It was like the ghost of a whisper, but I knew what it was. The tide had changed. It was the turn of the tide.

"Yes," I said. "I'm ready. Let's go."

(Copyright)

3 big trays from 1 tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk!

COSTS SO MUCH LESS! SO EASY & A SINGLE WHIP DOES IT!

because Ideal Milk is more than Twice as rich!

Basic one-whip mixture

All you need: 1 12-oz. tin Ideal Evaporated Milk; 1 teaspoon of gelatine; 1 tablespoonful of warm water; 1 teaspoonful of vanilla; 2 oz. sugar or 1 tablespoonful of golden syrup.

Method. Place tin of Ideal Milk in refrigerator for 2 hours. Mix gelatine with water and allow to dissolve. Add dissolved gelatine with sugar or golden syrup and vanilla, to chilled Ideal. Beat until double in quantity (thick). Place in trays and freeze. Makes approximately 3 pint trays — in any flavouring you like.

Or, if you prefer, you can make just 2 trays plus 4 servings of Fruit Whip, as below:

Use only ½ the basic mixture to make 2 trays. Then to the other half add pulp of 2 passionfruit or your choice of sliced fruit in season. Pour into serving bowls (or moulds) and place in the refrigerator to chill. Makes 4 servings of delicious Fruit Whip.

It's wonderful what you can make with Ideal! So pure it's recommended for babies.

More than twice as rich! Nestlé's Ideal Milk is concentrated, creamy, delicious! It's actually the most pure milk you can buy — thick, nourishing and full of flavour. Just pierce the tin and pour . . . rich creamy Ideal Milk is simply delicious with sliced fruit . . . poured straight onto breakfast cereals . . . perfect for "creaming" Nescafé or Ricoré! So many uses . . . so handy in the kitchen! And Ideal's so pure it's recommended for babies.

The blue and white stripes tell Ideal is more than twice as rich.

SYLLABIC PUZZLE SOLUTION

From page 47

1, Maidenhair. 2, Altitude. 3, Retina. 4, Yellow. 5, Hieroglyphics. 6, Atlantic. 7, Dramatist. 8, Armistice. 9, Labrador.

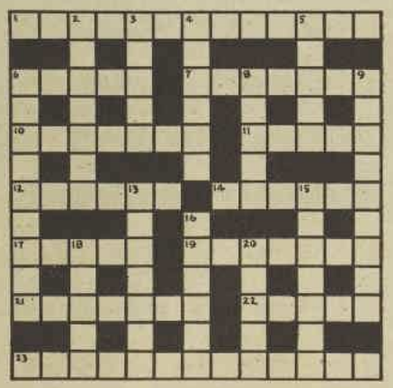
Answer: MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824470

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE is in Hometon, a city with a big bank and famous zoo. Brains, a criminal, is planning to rob the "burglar-proof" bank. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Put a devil and a saint on a fixed allowance of food to have an indubitable proof (13).
6. Recut a small bottle (5).
7. Japanese coin in a Karakhastan lake is a place for storing weapons (7).
10. Not many expressing the reverse of another term (7).
11. Draw up the shoulders (5).
12. Fierce red ant (6).
14. Swallow up as in a whirlpool (6).
17. Fossil resin visible when a lamb eructates (5).
19. Town in Egypt where a famous stone was found (7).
21. Consume gradually a small company with a broken order (7).
22. Ascend using probably the limb which is attached (5).
23. Train can't last for such crossing (13).

DOWN

2. Furnished with a horse (7).
3. Must be out (3, 2).
4. Morbid condition caused by external injury (6).
5. Just outside the bull's eye (5).
6. Vehicle with Arab interior (9).
8. The common Indian antelope in ass (5).
9. Chief support of Elia? (3, 2, 4).
13. Highly strung over sun (7).
15. Disentangle (7).
16. Pressing a short man of good breeding from Abraham's birthplace (6).
18. Its capital is Rangoon (5).
20. Freshly coined rupee (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F7418.—Kookie frock, either in one-piece or is a two-piece suit. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. As suit it requires 4⅞yds. 36in. material, while the frock with bias bodice takes 3½yds. 36in. material. Frock with straight bodice requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F7540.—Smart two-piece ensemble, with optional sleeve lengths. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. With three-quarter sleeves it requires 2⅞yds. 54in. material, with short sleeves, 3⅞yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F7541.—Jumper-suit, with box-pleated skirt and optional sleeve lengths. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. With short sleeves requires 4½yds. 36in. material, with three-quarter sleeves takes 3⅞yds. 54in. material. Both take 5yds. ribbon in two colors. Price 4/-.

F7471.—Teenage jumper suit, with permanently pleated skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Sleeveless style takes 4½yds. 36in. material, 1½yds. 3in. lace; three-quarter sleeves, 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F5673.—Trim frock for a little girl, sizes four to 10 years. Requires 1¼yds. to 3yds. 36in. material and ⅓-3rd yd. contrast. Price 3/-.

F7542.—Twist frock for teenagers is permanently pleated. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 603.—OVERBLOUSE

Overblouse is available cut out ready to make in printed cotton. Colors are blue-and-white check with red flowers; lime-and-white with pink flowers; beige-tan-and-white with pink flowers; and pink-and-white check with blue flowers. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 18/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 19/11. Postage on all sizes 2/9 extra.

No. 604.—APRON

Pretty waist apron is available cut out ready to make. It is trimmed with white bobble braid, and made of gingham. Colors are pink, green, lemon, blue, and red, all with white. Price 8/11. Postage 1/- extra.

No. 605.—GIRL'S PYJAMAS

Cool matador pyjamas for four- to ten-year-olds are available cut out ready to sew in printed cotton. Colors are white with caramel, white with royal-blue, white with red, and white with aqua. Sizes four and six years, 24/6; eight and ten years, 26/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824471

After action satisfaction

Alive with flavor

There's rich, honest-to-goodness, toasted tobacco flavor in every Princeton you smoke. For satisfaction, especially *after action satisfaction,* smoke Princeton, the toasted cigarette that's alive with flavor.

* *Made for the Riggio Tobacco Corporation of New York Limited*

THE TOASTED CIGARETTE IN THE TURN-TOP BOX

WORLD COPYRIGHT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824472